THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

1877 — 1933

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

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CONTENTS FOR JULY

THE
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CENTURY
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THE WORLD CONFERENCE

I THE POLITICAL BACKGROUND

Never has an international conference opened amid less genuine optimism than the World Economic Conference. Both in America and in Europe the man in the street makes a bitter jest of this grandiose convocation of all the nations of the earth. He knows by experience that it is ordinarily difficult enough to arrive at a bargain between two men, and much more difficult between three, and he thinks it improbable that sixty-six can agree upon anything except to fight. The delegates themselves probably share this opinion, but most of them can console themselves with the thought that they are going to have a nice long holiday at a considerable distance from home. The representatives of all but half a dozen States, in fact, are there only for the benefit of the London hotel-keepers.

The Powers that matter are the United States, Great Britain (Greater Britain, if you will), France, Germany, Italy, and Soviet Russia, with perhaps Japan. But Japan in these last few years

has specialised, diplomatically, in the suave utterance of courteous platitudes which in effect tell the rest of the world to go to blazes. So long as she is at the distance of 5000 miles from Pearl Harbour, 2000 miles from Singapore, and 9000 miles from Malta, there is no reason why she should do anything else. She has no intention of surrendering those Eastern markets where her cut-throat prices promise almost a monopoly. The other six Powers are far more interlocked. Five of them at least are earnestly desirous of a general resumption of international trade and international prosperity. But all their hagglings over tariffs, exchange stabilisations and the rest, will and must be implacably determined by their political rivalries—*i.e.*, their diverse and severally vital interests. *A priori* sceptical of the Conference, the United States is acutely conscious of being the colossus at the council table. The fact that she is a sick colossus in no wise diminishes her sense of the urgency of her own needs. Nor does the disconcertingly novel realisation of her impotence in Europe and the Far East lessen her hope again to dictate the course of world trade currents. That is entirely legitimate. The conflicting aims, conscious or instinctive, of the various Powers are each and all respectively 100 per cent. legitimate to the Power concerned. The life force beats in each of them.

Until recently, and perhaps even now, Europe has utterly failed to realise the extent and the intensity of the disaster which has smitten the United States. Four years ago no American would have believed it possible. The huge and glittering structure of an apparently eternal prosperity—in which, be it remembered, more millions of people happily enjoyed the amenities and luxuries of civilisation than ever anywhere—collapsed catastrophically with a destructiveness in ratio to its skyscraper height. Nowhere in a stricken world, outside China, was human distress more acute and on so vast a scale. Now perhaps the nadir of the disaster has been reached and passed. Certainly, and characteristically, the American people is to-day filled with an energetic determination to reconstruct, and that swiftly, which is observable nowhere else. Other peoples may stoically resign themselves to the philosophy of Dr. Pangloss when he spat out his last tooth. The American insists that something must be done about it. It is in that spirit that the American delegation has come to the World Economic Conference, though weakened by internal dissensions and hampered by the incipient revolt against the autocracy of President Roosevelt in the ever-democratic United States. They are determined to recover prosperity, but quite legitimately it is American prosperity with which they are concerned. Let the other fellows look after themselves.

Contrary to popular belief, immense as are its internal re-

sources, the wealth—the surplus over bare necessity—of the United States was never derived from taking in its own washing. From the Declaration of Independence the American nation has always been an exporting nation. First exporting tobacco and timber and Yankee notions to the West Indies, then cotton and tobacco to England, then with the opening of the West becoming the granary of Europe, then in the post-war era flooding the world with the automobiles and other machine products of its colossal industrialisation, it has always been that export surplus which has made the American people rich and not merely settler peasants living on their home-grown produce. Two conditions dominate that export flow. One is economic—that the American price ratio shall be such as will enable American products to compete. The other is political—that no other Power shall prohibit American access to foreign markets.

The second condition is the one which hitherto has chiefly exercised the American people. Unfortunately, Great Britain can win a war—*i.e.*, in the last resort, possess any political power at all—only by blockading her enemy. The maintenance of effective power to blockade is a matter of life or death to her. On the other hand, America has never admitted the right of any Power to interfere with American trade to any country with which an American citizen chooses to deal. Hence the Freedom of the Seas in President Wilson's Fourteen Points. The British declining to accept that point, America insisted on a naval parity which would in future effectively prevent a British blockade. Hence, from the American point of view, the real inwardness of the successive Disarmament Conferences; the United States quite legitimately desires to obtain that parity—which in strategical fact would be a superiority in any given area—as cheaply as possible. The other day indeed, being eager, for the sake of American prestige, to wring some positive achievement out of the current Disarmament Conference, Mr Norman Davis seemed—almost—to concede something of that hitherto ultra-sacred principle. The United States, he announced, after due consultation with other Powers, and being itself completely satisfied which was the aggressor in a conflict, might possibly not interfere with a blockade against that aggressor. But the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate promptly nullified even that. Other nations may be bound by pacts which the United States is incessantly active in promoting. The United States itself retains the fullest liberty of action. It is a spirit inherent in the nation, dating back to its beginnings. It is in the same spirit that [illegible] it comes to the Economic Conference.

Partly owing to the universal shrinkage of purchasing power, partly owing to tariffs and quotas, yet more owing to the British

abandonment of the gold standard, the United States finds its export market gravely curtailed. It is imperative that that market should be restored. Formerly also, so long as Great Britain clung to gold, the United States, being under post-war conditions the final recipient and ultimate arbiter of the gold-flow, could largely dictate British policy. Therefore, in the abortive Debt negotiations earlier in the year, the United States proffered some remission of the debt in exchange for a British return to gold at the old parity. This being declined, the United States executed a *coup de théâtre* by itself going off gold, at the same time easing its internal debt situation and annihilating some of the British advantage in a depreciated exchange. A few months ago the Americans were vainly begging the British to stabilise their currency. The Economic Conference opens comically with the reverse of that tableau—the British desperately imploring the Americans, for the benefit of the world, to do precisely what they themselves had refused to do only the other day.

Naturally, the chief desire of the United States is to remove the tariff and quota barriers to its exports, while reducing its own tariffs as little as possible in reciprocation. Not yet will America admit the axiom that goods can only be paid for by goods. At the same time an important section of American (and other) opinion presses for a stabilisation of exchanges on a metallic basis which shall include silver in a fixed ratio to gold. From the American point of view this would do more than impose a definite limit to an inflation now seen to be necessary and inevitable. The revalorisation of silver would not only restore the buying power of the great Oriental markets and thus benefit the entire world; it would also, since the United States is the greatest potential producer of silver, offset the British Empire's position as the greatest producer of gold. Ranking almost equally is the wheat problem. Inasmuch as the United States Government is already committed to the artificial restriction of its home wheat crops, it is important that the other great wheat producers shall *pari passu* restrict theirs. To enforce this demand the Administration holds in threat over the wheat markets a surplus of over 350,000,000 bushels which could be dumped at cut-throat prices. As to the War Debts, the bugbear of Europe, no American President dare propose cancellation, although the Administration is perfectly aware that they can be paid only at the cost of further crippling American industry. America would prefer to leave them conveniently and indefinitely in suspense, the mere fact of their existence giving the United States a political lever over other countries, and particularly over Britain, loath to default as being herself a great creditor nation.

Great Britain's attitude in all this is comparatively negative and passive. She is of course as anxious as anyone else to see a

rise in commodity prices which shall restore prosperity to Canada, Australia, Malaya, East Africa, and the Sudan. Also she is naturally desirous of reducing as far as possible the tangle of tariffs, quotas, and exchange embargoes everywhere restricting her hitherto world-wide trade. But chiefly, it would seem, she is desirous of retaining the commercial advantages which came to her fortuitously as the result of her quite involuntary abandonment of the gold standard. The British Empire being the greatest purchasing unit in the world, vendor nations—and particularly in such an economic crisis—had to fix their prices in sterling, or not sell at all. So, automatically, was created that immense 'sterling area' which so perturbs the United States. Until the United States itself went off gold, prices continued to fall in terms of gold while automatically remaining stable in terms of sterling. British industry revived in all except coal and cotton, British exports increased. Great Britain naturally endeavoured to stabilise this comparatively fortunate situation, with its immense potentialities for the future—(*a*) by the Ottawa Conference, aiming at a ring-fence round the Empire, (*b*) by commercial treaties with such debtor countries as Argentina, where United States exports were out-distancing British although Britain took the major part of the exports of Argentina, and such adjacent 'breakfast-table' countries as Denmark, valuable for the convenient provisioning of the British Isles in time of war while they afforded a market for British industrial products in competition with the United States and Germany.

Politically, therefore, the Economic Conference finds Britain chiefly on the defensive. Quite by chance, she found herself suddenly freed from the post-war virtual overlordship of the United States, and she proposes to retain that freedom if possible. She would like to see all the War Debts entirely cancelled, but not at the price of again subjecting the London finance market to New York. She recognises that the revalorisation of silver would restore the Chinese market and perhaps entirely dissipate the unrest in India, but she dislikes putting the United States in the position of a co-producer of a metallic basis for credit. Conversely, though now—except for the 'old brigade' element among the bankers—nationally sceptical of the efficacy of gold as a basis for credit, she hesitates to precipitate its universal abandonment, as she could do, for example, by offering to pay the United States in gold as long as the stock lasted, since that would itself annihilate the advantage accruing to the British Empire as the chief producer of the currently sole precious metal.

Nearer at home Great Britain has to consider the suddenly urgent question of a Germany which not only cleared off its pre-war overheads by the inflation, but, having subsequently

re-equipped itself to the last degree of industrial modernity at foreign expense, now announces repudiation of all foreign payments, including interest on the Dawes and Young Plan loans. In other words, the situation whose mere threat caused the great financial crisis of August 1931 has now arrived. Measures certainly have been taken in the interim to soften the shock, but the situation is none the less unpleasant for the London banks, and still more for those American banks which so imprudently poured credits into Germany. It is the climax to the most impudent large-scale piece of collective dishonesty the world has ever seen. It is, again, adroitly contrived blackmail with a double profit, even as was the sale of £500,000,000 sterling worth of waste-paper marks to the outside world which from 1920 to 1923 aligned neutrals and ex-Allies against France in the illusory hope of a German revaluation. In the subsequent period the colossal loans extravagantly poured into Germany similarly entailed the alignment against France of the lenders, and secured for Germany first an earlier evacuation of the Rhineland and then a complete wiping out of reparations at Lausanne. More recently this tender interest in a Germany which held so much imperilled money caused the British and American Governments to look benevolently upon the German demand for equality of armament. The nervous fear that Germany might impatiently do something desperate sent the British Prime Minister careering around Europe to cobble up the Four-Power Pact, which Germany interprets to mean an acknowledgment of the principle of revision of the Peace Treaty, while an outmanœuvred France querulously protests that it does not mean anything of the sort. Never was a better illustration of the cynical old adage that the best way to receive consideration is permanently to owe money. These things having been accomplished, Dr. Schacht now coolly and lucidly informs the world that the billions of marks of German private debt have gone the way of reparations. There is no money in the till. As a corollary, under threat of a new German inflation and bankruptcy, Germany regrets she must demand, not only the irrelevant right to rearm, but a special consideration in the matter of markets for the production of her vast industrial plant, free of overhead, and virtually built gratuitously for her by her greatest rivals. If not, crash!—and another cataclysmic intensification of the world crisis, with the World Economic Conference blown up at the outset. If it be permissible to do this kind of thing in an immoral world, that is the way to do it. In American slang, the most dishonest of other nations are mere pikers compared with German Michael.

It is a very unpleasant situation for the United States, only just emerging from an unprecedented bank crisis, and with some

of its greatest banking institutions heavily involved in Germany. It is more unpleasant for Great Britain. While Britain could complacently contemplate a moderate strengthening of Germany which would counterbalance the French hegemony, this new clamorously '*Deutschland über Alles!*' Germany of Herr Hitler, with its regimented youth and its disconcerting insistence on the mystic virtues of war, is far from being the Germany of the amiable Herren Stresemann and Bruning. The old Germany of the Weimar Republic seemed safely in the hands of international finance, whose blood-brethren could nod reassuringly to one another from New York, London, and Berlin. The new Germany has declared uncompromising war against finance-capital and the race which chiefly controls it. Not unnaturally, international finance is strenuously working to form a new alignment against its former *protégé*. Unless Hitler is to dissipate the intoxicating mass enthusiasm whereof his *Dritte Reich* is the projection, he must certainly—Versailles defiantly torn up—assert the German right to rearm, and provocatively at no distant date reopen the question of the Polish Corridor and of Silesia. Save for certain circumstances we will discuss later, that would almost surely mean war in Europe. Britain has no desire whatever for war in Europe, or indeed anywhere else. Apart from the danger to civilisation therein involved, it might be difficult to avoid being herself drawn into it. Whichever side she took, she would find the Dominions singularly cold. Whichever side she took, she would risk coming into controversy with the United States on the vital issue of blockade, while the naval power of America is by no means the negligible factor of 1914, and Southern Ireland is, in all but name, an independent—and hostile—republic.

Even a peaceful Germany, liberated from the necessity of paying its debts, is to-day a difficult problem for Britain. If the tangle of discriminatory tariffs, quotas, and exchange embargoes is cut away from a world released to that normality of trade which is its greatest need, British industry—still taxed to pay for the Napoleonic wars in addition to the last one—must compete with German industry lightened of all such burdens. That is not a pleasant prospect for British industry. On the other hand, how discriminate specially against Germany? The main purpose of the World Economic Conference is to abolish all such discriminations. And always Germany has in hand her threat to crash if she is not very kindly attended to. That is an eventuality which would leave France comparatively cold. But France does not believe it will happen. Ever since the war was miraculously won, nothing good has ever accrued to France from any international conference. From each of them she has emerged with some of her victory filched away from her. Every Frenchman is con-

vinced of it, and not without cause. For a variety of reasons France has been in the unpopular minority at every diplomatic dog-fight of the post-war era. She goes to this Conference in a mood at once bitter and stubborn.

France, in fact, is in a very bad way. Her fortuitous post-war hegemony of Europe is more precarious than ever. If desperately, the average Frenchman hangs on to the gold standard—with the piteous cry that he has already been four-fifths despoiled—the financial situation is rapidly becoming one of crisis, and perhaps catastrophe. Export trade and the tourist traffic are things of wistful memory. Internal industry shrivels day by day, and—Italians and Poles eliminated—is now entirely French *chômage* swells alarmingly. A series of characteristically impotent Governments does nothing but hand on ever more fantastic deficits to the next on the list. Meanwhile, universally closing their places of business, gigantic mass meeting after mass meeting of urban *contribuables* gathers, under the watchfulness of a formidable concentration of police, to protest with a passionate vehemence against the burden of taxes which is crushing them into bankruptcy. Nor are the theoretically favoured *agriculteurs* in better shape, despite the artificially maintained high prices of their produce; with correlative high prices of labour and everything they must buy, they also invade the capital to protest against imminent ruin. A dangerous mood of revolt is becoming rapidly and ubiquitously cumulative. If it is not yet the spirit of 1789, it is the spirit of 1788. Not now is it an exasperated protest against a privileged and spendthrift *noblesse*. Now, in similar economic circumstances, it is a protest against a vastly parasitic bureaucracy. The democracy of universal *pots-de-vin*, embogged and enmeshed in its own corruption, cries despairfully for a leader. But, *pace* the '*Action Française*,' no leader is visible. It is still the hour of M. Necker and M. Turgot.

The one dominant feeling in the mind of every Frenchman is fear of Germany. At the last elections, assured by the Socialists, all more or less of the German-Jew Second International, that a policy of amiable conciliation could alone avert the danger which an uncompromising *chauvinisme* must provoke, the country swung heavily to the left. Now France bitterly repents of those elections. A new Germany has suddenly emerged from the chrysalis which the cynics always suspected. And France is now told disconcertingly, by those same Second Internationalists, that she must have no truck with Hitlerite Germany, that she must emphasise her hostility, and range herself in coalition against the common enemy. At the same time France is uneasily conscious—despite her immense air force and her millions of six-months trained troops—that effectively she is impotent to do

anything. Simultaneously she is conscious that the Four-Power Pact, speciously defended by French statesmen who in reality loathed it, was a far-reaching diplomatic defeat.

The Four-Power Pact, which France had to endure as a curtain-raiser to the World Economic Conference, means, if it means anything at all, that the principle of an eventual revision of the Versailles Treaty is conceded. Such a revision can only be at the expense of Poland and the Little Entente. France, of course, had no wish for any revision whatever. She mutters even in her sleep, 'The Treaty, the whole Treaty, and nothing but the Treaty, now and evermore.' Her friends having helped her to overthrow the tiger, left her sitting on the tiger's head, and she is scared to move a muscle half a millimetre lest she lose something of her hold. But, thanks to the initiative of Britain, she was manœuvred into a position where she must adhere to at least the similitude of the Pact, unless she wished to reveal herself in open hostility to Italy as well as to Germany; precisely what she did not wish. So, with all possible dilution of the unpleasant draft, she agreed.

The Little Entente, choosing the lesser of two inescapable evils, swallowed their anger and sulkily assented, at the same time registering the ominous fact that France could no longer fully protect them. But Poland, the great eastern satellite created by France and for France in replacement of the vanished Russia of the Tsars, flatly refused to have anything to do with it at all. That sudden independence was and is a startling phenomenon. It meant several things. It meant that although at distant Paris Soviet Russia was considered to be a potential enemy of Fascist Germany sufficiently formidable to make worth while a Franco-Soviet treaty otherwise absurd, Poland—nearer to the reality—judged the situation quite differently. Poland knows that the old menace of Soviet Russia has utterly disappeared, that the U.S.S.R. is in so appalling a condition that at any moment, and particularly with any additional strain, it might collapse utterly into disintegration. Poland therefore has now only her German frontier to worry about. Since France clearly cannot protect Poland from an eventual claim for the revision of the Corridor, Poland must look out for herself. Her refusal to have anything to do with the Pact, with the implied rebuff to France, meant that she considered herself strong enough to stand alone and seek other alternatives for safety. She might, for instance, come to a friendly accommodation with Germany on the basis of [illegible] with the granary of the Ukraine left open to a Germany always obsessed with the fear of blockade. That is another story. The outstanding result of the Four-Power Pact was that it seriously weakened France's system

of satellite alliances, and shattered her prestige with them. In the meantime, international finance and the Second International had arrayed England against Germany with bitter words in the House of Commons. Britain was the one possible friend. Britain was, to put it mildly, perturbed at the ruthless American devaluation of the dollar. France did not like that either. So France slips her arm into Britain's for a rehabilitating *entrée* into the World Economic Conference.

Perhaps by the time this article appears that first battle of the Conference will have been decided. It is a battle of immense importance. Notoriously, the Bank of England—divorced in this from British industry and commerce—believes that the eventual restoration of sterling to a gold basis, with a lower parity to the dollar, is an essential for abiding prosperity. France does not want to devaluate the franc (the *petits rentiers* are a political force not twice to be lightly provoked), and, even more, she wants gold to continue as the essential basis of credit. The huge French gold reserves, to every Frenchman, are a source of political strength—at least, so long as gold is money. But if America, recently taught that the biggest heap of gold cannot prevent bankruptcy, continues her present financial policy, France cannot possibly remain on the gold standard without ruin. Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium must automatically go off also. Then gold would be no longer money. French financial power would vanish in a puff. But happily the all-powerful directorate of the Bank of England is fighting the battle for gold—against America. So Britain is once more the *très cher ami*, and France will even consider taking off the 15 per cent. extra import duty.

Italy, with an immense programme of public works very artificially financed, would probably not object to a general devaluation of currencies. Politically, she is a friend of Hitler both on doctrinal grounds and as a counterpoise to France, with the proviso that she would prefer an Italian-controlled Danubian confederation between her and an aggressively nationalist Germany. Further away she more or less patiently envisions North-east Africa and the Eastern Mediterranean as the scene of her economic and political expansion. She has just won a notable diplomatic victory. Probably for the moment she will pursue a merely opportunist policy, snatching at any other convenient little advantages which may present themselves. The Roman Empire of the twentieth century consolidates itself with more long-sighted deliberation than the original hasty critics of the *Duce* ever imagined.

From this imperfect, but at least realist, survey of the political rivalries underlying the collective economic distress of the world it can be seen that the biggest of all conferences has small chance

of immediately providing the millennium. We need not, therefore, despair. It is at least possible that not the greatest expert—let alone a collection of experts automatically reduced to their lowest common denominator—could, by fiat, regulate to maximum advantage the immensely complex mechanism of modern life. It may be possible that only by clash and strain of the forces at issue, by the inexorable will to survive forcing mankind to compromise with its theories, will a readjustment be reached. It may be that the correct method is for each of us to set his house in order, without bothering so much about his neighbours. We will hope that the Conference, amiably beginning with passing one another the cigarettes, does not end with throwing the inkpots. But it may be that irreconcilable rivalries, nakedly disclosed by the Conference, may again seek their solution in war. And such a war may not end in universal anarchy, as the pessimists assert, but in an enforced recognition that the shibboleths of nineteenth-century economic life no longer hold good in a world where one machine does the work of a thousand men, and that some system must be found whereby all mankind may profit by the leisure and the abundance created by the machines mankind itself has invented, and not, as to-day, be compelled to starve because the ever-growing multitude of displaced workers has, by that same fact of displacement, no ticket wherewith to claim either the amenities or the necessities of life.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

THE WORLD CONFERENCE

II. The First Round

The World Economic Conference of 1933 will go down in history as one of two things: as either a ridiculous mouse after so great travail, or as a first-class earthquake with prodigious effects. For this Conference, so ill prepared yet so counted upon for miracles, differs in all essentials from its 1927 prototype. In 1927 the world's economic assembly could still handle problems whose immediate origin lay within the ambit of the War—or, at least, of its effects; and for that purpose certain well-defined *ad hoc* measures could be put forward and discussed with some hope of ultimate adherence on the part of the various nations. After all, the purely monetary Conferences of Brussels and Genoa were only five or six years earlier, and in 1927 neither the full effects of Great Britain's restoration of the gold standard nor of the equally significant French stabilisation had made themselves felt. Proposals lay too near the events of 1914–18 to appear clearly shorn of their immediate, often deceptive, post-war covering. Tariffs could still be discussed in 1927 as if they were abnormal legacies of a war-time situation, much as if they were a species of the genus 'prohibition.' Again, it was sanguinely considered that the crushing burdens both of internal and of external indebtedness bequeathed by the war could well be borne if only a commensurate degree of free trading in goods and of free foreign lending by creditor countries could be ensured. The really insistent problems—for example, the over-capitalisation resulting from the combination of war-time and post-war protection, the redundancy of producing units, the fundamental disequilibrium between production for home markets and production for world markets, and the maintenance of nominal debt burdens during general deflationary programmes—all these were obscured by a series of post-war *ad hoc* palliatives resembling that notoriously successful cure which killed the patient.

In 1933, on the other hand, the stage of the entire world had been given a much more sombre but therewith a much more realistic setting. Between 1927 and 1933 the march of economic

events had induced a needed reconsideration of certain ignored economic principles—for example, national 'capacity to pay' and its eventual incompatibility with an exclusive tariff system on the creditors' part, the quicksand basis of international short-term financing for public utilities and industry, the interdependence of a world monetary standard and a world trading community. Reparations had been first 'commercialised' and then (virtually) wiped out at Lausanne in the summer of 1932. War debts remained to cumber the international ground, but even there the focus of international concern was not upon them. Of far greater import were the problems immediately connected with the world's monetary standard and its trading policy. In brief, was there to be a world trading community, with its common canon of rule and custom strictly observed and with its common monetary medium, or was the world to choose deliberately by its unit representatives the primrose path to the economic holocaust of national self-sufficiency? After almost four years of unparalleled economic recession and disintegration the very term 'the trading world' had become a misnomer. World trade had been cut down to a third of its 1929 level, and, with trade policy as with currency policy, every nation had become in fact what it had always claimed to be in theory, but what it had never been—namely, 'sovereign,' a complete law unto itself. The collapse in the price level of primary commodities, already apparent before 1929, led to defaults by countries exporting such commodities, and they were largely the world's debtors. The stability of currencies was next attacked and overthrown by the still falling price level. Tariffs were pushed up, ostensibly in order to conserve those vague imponderables, the national credit and the basis of sound money, from the attack of devaluated currencies; this they did by hamstringing the world's demand and thereby giving the falling price level a further impetus downwards, which in its turn evoked higher emergency tariffs. A crop of restriction on the transfer of international payments followed; and so the grim procession continued, bringing in its train all manner of special duties, levies, emergency measures, and national 'defence mechanisms,' all of which aggravated the world's economic disease without affecting its cause. And if to this complex of maladjustments and of local 'cures' at the expense of the body economic we add the inflammation of already explosive political material—Central Europe, Germany after Hitler, Disarmament, the Far East—we are the better able to appreciate these sentences in the Introduction of the Experts' Draft Annotated Agenda for the 1933 Economic Conference.

In the movement towards economic reconciliation, the armistice was signed at Lausanne; the London Conference must draft the Treaty of

Peace. Failure in this critical undertaking threatens a world-wide adoption of ideals of national self-sufficiency which cut unmistakably athwart the lines of economic development. Such a choice would shake the whole system of international finance to its foundations, standards of living would be lowered and the social system as we know it could hardly survive.

This is blunt speech. How has it been justified in the event? First, the armistice of Lausanne turned out, owing to the American obduracy in the matter of its claims on European war debtors, to be nothing more than a *de facto* truce, with a consequent *de jure* recourse upon Germany for reparations which all the world knew Germany could not pay, and would never pay again. European claimants on Germany for reparations who at the same time were debtors to the United States were left rather in the unhappy position of combatants facing an implacable foe, but cut off from their munition column. Secondly, the politico-economic evolution of the world between August 1932 and June 1933 evinced one ominous common feature—the overwhelming concern on all hands for purely national economic systems, national monetary and investment programmes, national employment considerations, and as high a degree of national self-sufficiency as could in any way be attained, however low the standard of living might fall,—'a poor thing, but mine own!' The patent guiding principle of 'awakened' Germany—virtual independence of foreign supplies and clients, leading to extravagant demands for tropical colonies and East European 'settlements'—was no less the latent inspiration of most nations by the beginning of 1933. 'The lines of economic development,' therefore, could only be understood as the most *economical* lines of development as long as private enterprise obtained, and as long as relative freedom of production and consumption was permitted. At a time of crisis, when the temporary incursions of the State into economic life were deliberately transmuted into models for long-run national economic policies and dignified with the title of 'the new economics,' what could be hoped from appeals for the most economical methods of production and exchange? Thirdly, owing in no small measure to these antecedents, the 'whole system of international finance' was indeed shaken to its foundations between March and June of 1933 by the purely political abandonment of the gold standard and of the gold clause in contracts by the United States. Even more, the American avowed policy of inflation (no longer the latter-day Hoover 'reflation'), coupled with the apparently light-hearted renunciation of the gold obligations at a time when, on international account, she was still a creditor holding almost half the world's monetary gold, dealt a blow to the technique and principle of international financial practice from which it will

take the world no little time to recover, and beside which the consequences of the British abandonment of the gold standard pale into insignificance.

These three factors, therefore, go far to explain the apparent passivity and defeatism with which the inauguration of the 1933 Economic Conference was regarded on all sides. Why prepare anything, when the bases of all international trade have been sapped from beneath? Why talk of tariffs if certain nations are left free to devaluate their currencies at the slightest whim? Why stabilise if the objective is to raise prices by State action? Why abolish quotas if tariff walls can be jumped by astute exchange manipulation? How abolish exchange restrictions and maintain the full services on external indebtedness? How raise prices by restricting production, when that production has to cover a certain annual weight of indebtedness? Why, in brief, discuss even the raising of prices at all, when we can just all default, as the United States did over the gold clause and the gold dollar, and as Britain has done over the war debt instalment? This is a formidable array of incompatibles with which to face an Economic Conference, upon whose outcome depend the standards of living and the very right to existence of whole nations and of the citizens that compose them. In face of such an array it was obvious that one or two outstanding contentious issues would have to form a nodal point, from which the strands of discussion might be gradually unravelled. Indeed, two nodal points soon declared themselves—two in number, but one in origin.

The first point was the question of currency stabilisation, or, to put it more precisely, of an agreement for the initial and temporary working stabilisation of the dollar, franc, and pound. In this knotty point the whole secret of the Conference's weakness was at once revealed in the conflicting and chaotic attitudes of the American delegates on this side of the Atlantic, and of the President and his advisers on the other. This unfortunate bifurcation of opinion gave to the opening week's Conference deliberations most of its farcical appearance. The opening gambits of France and Italy, to say nothing of the other 'on-gold' countries, had made it evident that a definite measure of currency stabilisation would have to be agreed upon before the Conference could even begin to deliberate in earnest the removal of hindrances to international trade, and it was just at this juncture that the American delegation and the cabled advices from across the Atlantic between them failed to give the assembled delegates the lead they required. After the events of March and April in the United States, after a banking crisis and collapse, and after the passing of the Farm Relief and Industrial Recovery Bills, the

President and his advisers might have been pardoned if they thought the course ahead of them plain sailing. Actually, Congress's refusal to adjourn during the protracted debt instalment negotiations, coupled with the American espousal of the inflation programme as the considered way out of the debtor-creditor crisis for themselves, placed the President on the horns of a dilemma. America or co-operation?—domestic inflation or controlled reflation with due regard to the exchange rates?—the national or the international solution?

Nothing made this dilemma more apparent than the negotiations over temporary stabilisation of the exchanges at the outset. Britain had long been pegging the pound on the franc, and London and Paris together had been attempting to steady the decline of the dollar. But it was never expected that the United States would send over delegates, experts, and bankers and then annul their contributions to the general cause from Washington. When, after initial announcements of agreed stabilisation, the *démentis* were issued in America, the atmosphere at the whole Conference underwent a significant change. If it was to be impossible for the American delegation to 'talk stabilisation' at all, at least with any hope of its being able to implement its talk with co-operative action, then France and Italy were not going to talk tariff reductions, quota abolition, or international monetary and credit co-operation. It was clear that the real focus of international concern had all along been the extra-mural conversations of the banking and Treasury officials, and the Conference was left facing the thorny problem how to bring about effective international co-operation while the chief obstacle to that co-operation was to be buttressed for reasons of internal American politics.

It is necessary, therefore, to consider the exact significance to America of this stabilisation question. A nation of 120,000,000 people with a vast free trade market of its own, brought up as a debtor country with all the debtor's preoccupations, of which the predilection for a continuous 'favourable balance' of trade was the paramount consideration, how was it to be contrived that the United States, which had been made the world's greatest creditor almost overnight as it were, should shoulder a creditor's responsibilities? After all, in the case of Britain, it had become a *sine qua non* of international trade up till 1931–32 that financial accommodation, long-term lending, and an excess of imports on 'visible' account, should be viewed with understanding and equanimity. It was not until Britain's complete balance of international payments went heavily against her that her efforts to maintain an artificially over-valued pound became apparent; and even then the abandonment of the gold standard had not given rise to the chaotic state of the exchanges which all other

nations expected, for there was a successful measure of exchange stabilisation between $3·40 and $3·60 to the pound. But that was only rendered possible as a result of a domestic currency and credit policy which, coupled with a balanced budget, allowed of exchange stabilisation. In the United States, on the other hand, once the gold standard and the gold dollar had been so dramatically abjured, a wholehearted drive for raising the domestic price level had been initiated by the President, in the considered conviction that only by purely monetary measures could the restoration of the domestic price level to its 1926 or 1928 equivalent, and therewith the alleviation of the real burden upon all American debtors, be achieved. It was at first thought that the Farm Relief and Industrial Recovery Bills were largely measures of bluff, which would, by their terms alone, hustle the speculator and the *entrepreneur* together into the commodity markets and into Wall Street, with the desired effect. In fact, this did happen, but the consequence was unfortunate, for these markets then identified the raising of the American domestic price level with the external depreciation of the dollar, so that every time the dollar was halted in its downward course there ensued a sharp recession on Wall Street and the commodity markets. This was not in itself singular, since in the months between September 1931 and the spring of 1932 the course of English markets had been parallel, with speculative rises on fears of inflation. The difference in the case of America in 1933, however, resided in the fact that the President and his advisers had developed a 'national' solution which entailed, as the main feature of its programme, the application of 'the real thing'—inflation; and, armed with provisions from Congress that enabled them to initiate this solution, they were *ipso facto* estopped, as it were, from effective international co-operation at the Conference.

It is not untrue to say that the American delegates to that Conference were totally unprepared for two things: (a) they never expected that the stabilisation agreement would be made the immediate objective at the outset, and (b) they were not prepared to be asked their own intentions so peremptorily at the very first. This was probably the consequence of their preoccupation with purely domestic affairs in the kaleidoscopic succession of events since March. The Conference was treated, as a result, to admirable sentiments expressed by Mr. Cordell Hull, while upon the issue of currency stabilisation, from which the possibilities of concrete action took their origin, Senator Key Pittman and the Washington powers made it plain that the domestic progress of the United States could neither be adjusted nor even modified by international considerations. This was the more disastrous for the Conference, in that Britain was really

for stabilisation—at any rate, *de facto*—provided that the United States would stand in on a tripartite working agreement with France. But the way Britain had managed her paper pound, the way she had proved less vulnerable to the economic blizzard since the autumn of 1931 (largely because the brunt of that storm had been faced by Britain between 1925 and 1931!), and the way in which the Exchange Equalisation Account had been viewed in America in conjunction with the British Notes over the debt instalments, all led the Administration in Washington to the conclusion that the salvation of the United States lay in their home market, and in an attempt to be independent of world economic tendencies and influences, though on different lines from those of the Hoover Administration. This time President Roosevelt and his advisers were out to effect the nation-wide economic reorganisation necessitated by the slump and the American legal system; and in that process 'gold' had already gone by the board without a murmur. Congress had expressed its will for radical changes in the legal and economic spheres, and had adjourned after conferring upon the President such powers as only twelve months previously would have been considered worthy of an upheaval on a nation-wide scale; but after the events of the spring of 1933 the American people were in no mood for temporisations and half-measures. Their representatives agreed on two things: (*a*) raising domestic prices by inflationary means, and (*b*) national reorganisation of industry. Once powers to achieve both these things were left in President Roosevelt's hands, and once Congress had adjourned, those hands were tied as far as any epoch-making international *démarches* were concerned. And it was the test of the Conference that at least some measure of effective co-operation in the monetary and tariff spheres by the Americans was demanded at the outset.

What, then, was left to the Conference after the initial setback over currency stabilisation? In the first place, it was unthinkable that the Conference should be allowed to dissolve without anything achieved merely because the first round had been lost from an international viewpoint. Although pessimism reigned at South Kensington, the really significant influence was the general fear of the evils attendant upon complete failure, and the realisation of these evils was general. Two courses were open. Either the Conference could proceed on a plan for contingent removal of the hindrances to world trade, assuming that a measure of agreement, general or partial, upon currency stabilisation would be in the meantime decided upon, or else the Conference might appoint sub-committees of the two main Commissions (Monetary and Economic) to examine the possibility of international or bilateral

or multilateral agreements upon specific solutions for specific problems. Among such problems are wheat restriction, the future relations between creditors and debtors, bilateral or multilateral 'free trade' treaties on the lines of the Ouchy Convention between Holland and Belgium, central bank co-operation in the working-out of agreed credit policy on an international scale, restrictions on the acquisition and disposition of foreign exchange, and so forth. Actually, *coulisse* discussion of these topics was going on all the time, while pessimism as to the general conclusions of the Conference reigned in the hall; for the general pessimism was certainly a much better background for private and particular deliberations than an ill-founded optimism which kept each delegation to itself. As it was, the delegations which had come ill-prepared for sweeping and drastic action found themselves, each and all, facing a series of consequential alternatives in every field which boded ill for their respective nations.

Taking the above alternatives in order, what was to be hoped from a general discussion upon a plan for contingent removal of trade restrictions? In the event, very little, for the 'on-gold' countries, headed by France and Italy, proved adamant over tariffs as long as the United States (and, by implication, any country who might wish to follow so eminently respectable an example) permitted her dollar in the international exchange market to 'go hang' in order to enjoy the fruits of domestic inflation. Italy was understood to threaten a tariff increase if the dollar fell below $4·17 to the pound, thereby deviating from her obligations under the tariff truce. Indeed, it was difficult in any case to see how that tariff truce could even last as long as the Conference while no agreement upon currency stabilisation was forthcoming. On the other hand, Britain, left by the United States to her own devices, fell back upon the traditional policy of cautious national defence; and no clear 'lead,' in default of American indications, was forthcoming from the British delegation. So that, as far as general and sweeping conclusions were concerned, the grounds for pessimism were fully warranted.

The second alternative, however, is much more promising; for here there are obvious methods of approach to the various specific problems, and it is by the particular solutions reached that the general results of the 1933 Economic Conference must be judged. In the field of currency stabilisation itself, it is clear that a measure of agreement between France, Italy, and Britain can be reached, and that this agreement will have to lead to tariff measures against countries whose currencies are not stabilised in some degree. Starting from this point, tariffs themselves can be attacked; and there are at least slight evidences that the British delegates would be ready to make some kind of com-

promise between the vicious system of 'barter agreements' (which stabilises the content of international trade at its lowest ebb) and the Ouchy system, involving regional, e.g. European, tariff reciprocity pacts, open for the adherence of other countries who were prepared to accord the same reciprocal treatment. Even the Dominions are not likely to demand the last pound of flesh from the Ottawa Agreements if therewith they bring international trade to virtual extinction; so that it may well be that they will, in turn, bless the attempt to inaugurate regional free trade (or rather freer trade) pacts. If currency and tariff problems are first settled for the immediate future, the question of the debtor-creditor relationship and its future can be better broached. Here, there will have to be a parallel decision on new long-term lending, especially for the debtor (largely primary-producing) countries who can show budgets actually or prospectively in balance. Nor should it be forgotten that, in default of any effective American co-operation, the world price level can only be estimated as long as there is a measure of currency stabilisation; so that, if the leading countries other than the United States stabilise for only a short time ahead, the effects of inflation in the United States will soon become apparent in the tendency for the price level to rise, with a consequent alleviation of the debtors' burdens. But this does not mask the fact that a general rush to buy in the United States will result, and will, indeed, have to be controlled. To put it quite bluntly, if the United States want to be self-sufficing, they must be so, but at the cost of a complete embargo on foreign transactions of all kinds, and this will mean almost complete 'shyness' of the dollar all over the world on the part of Governments and central banks. In these circumstances it is not only possible but desirable that a speedy agreement should be reached between the leading European Powers, based upon a measure of currency stabilisation, and also comprehending tariff reductions regionally and a freeing of the wheels of international lending and of international trade. By the evidences, the leading European Powers, apart from the doubtful case of Germany, are well on the way to such an agreement, but the actual conclusion will be difficult.

Thus far the 1933 Economic Conference has already done better than its 1927 prototype. It has at any rate made clear to the world the dire alternatives. The American attitude has plainly made a world-wide solution impracticable, and the remedies available are now obviously only partial and specific, and it is in this field of partial solutions that the real work must, and probably will, be done. In the last analysis the nations may unanimously decide to go down the Gadarene slope together, each trying to outdo his neighbour. That is on the cards, and it

is the more dire alternative. But that the possibilities of a less drastic solution are there cannot be doubted. It remains to be seen which alternative will be taken. The great danger is, that the Conference may be permitted to drift, verbose and ineffective, into a pleasant euthanasia. There are, as this article attempts to show, problems enough for immediate deliberation and solution, even without the United States. But they are problems of detail,—of method—and they are above all specific problems. As such they should be 'got down to' at once, with a perfect realisation both of their limited nature and of their insistency for solution. 'If 'twere done . . . 'twere well 'twere done quickly.'

D. GRAHAM HUTTON

THE POUND AND THE DOLLAR

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of the World Economic Conference conversations were begun between representatives of the British, French and American Treasuries and central banks, and these at once brought into the foreground the question of the *de facto* stabilisation of these exchanges. Additional prominence was given to these conversations by a letter addressed a few days later by Mr. Neville Chamberlain to the chairman of the London Stock Exchange requesting the discouragement of transatlantic deals in large blocks of securities. It was easy to infer from this that any disturbance to the exchanges due to a British participation in a Wall Street equity share boom or to the large-scale repatriation of American funds was thought undesirable, and the only meaning to be attached to this inference was that the course was being cleared for *de facto* stabilisation.

In justice to our own and other central banks a word may first be said as to procedure, for the normal procedure is being followed on this occasion. Questions of high monetary policy, such as the abandonment or restoration of the gold standard or the fixation of a stabilisation rate, are determined by Governments alone. They ought not to be permitted to divest themselves of their responsibility, nor ought public opinion to fasten the blame for an unpopular or wrong decision upon the central banks. The function of a central bank is, first, to act in an advisory capacity to its Government, much as a commercial banker advises an important customer, and, secondly, to carry out the Government's decision. This is the sum total of a central bank's duties, and there is no evidence that any central bank has exceeded this limit. In this particular case the Treasury conversations were concerned with policy, while the central bank conversations in Threadneedle Street co-ordinated advice and discussed practical limitations of policy and technique. The immediate object of these conversations was to see if the pound-dollar-franc exchanges could be stabilised during the World Economic Conference. There was ample justification for this attempt, for the pound, the franc, and the dollar between them represent the world's basic exchange triangle, upon which all other rates of exchange hang

Were these three important rates to be subject to wide fluctuations it is easy to imagine the effect upon the general atmosphere of the Conference and the nerves of the delegates, while it would be fatally easy to say that in the absence of exchange stability no decision could be taken upon such matters as tariff levels, import quotas and restrictions, and indeed upon the whole problem of freeing world trade. Thus these conversations were not usurping the monetary functions of the Conference, but, on the contrary, were designed to keep the ring for the Conference, and had time permitted they would doubtless have been held before the Conference met. At the same time, if the Treasury and central bank representatives were able to devise means of keeping this important exchange triangle in equilibrium, the Conference would almost certainly be glad to take over the results of their labours and use them as a basis for their own more permanent proposals.

Now the pound-franc stabilisation rate presented little difficulty, for the recent exchange of 86 francs to the pound has on the whole justified itself as a fair equilibrium rate. Both French and British industrialists have at times recently complained of competition from the other side of the Channel, and on balance the Banque de France's gold reserves have remained reasonably stable. These are very fair tests of the equity of the present rate.

The dollar, whether *vis-à-vis* the pound or franc, presents a different problem, and indeed introduces in practical form the whole question of the over- or under-valuation of currencies. Historically, the problem falls into two parts, which can be explained by putting the following questions:

(1) Was the pound over-valued during 1925–31, the years of the gold standard; and if so, by how much?

(2) What has happened since to modify the answers to the previous question?

Broadly speaking, there is only one way of telling whether a currency is over-valued, and that is by experience over a reasonable period. If a country enjoys an adequate volume of international trade, if it has no adverse balance of payments, and if any acquisitions of foreign short money are offset by acquisitions of realisable foreign assets or by the importation of gold, then it may assume that its currency is not over-valued. If, on the contrary, it finds that its internal prices, wages, and costs are standing above the world level, that it is losing its export markets and experiencing increased foreign competition at home, and that it can only keep its exchanges straight and maintain its gold reserves by borrowing short money from abroad, then its currency is over-valued. To rectify its unsound position it must adopt one or more of several remedies, including the reduction of its

own internal costs, cessation of foreign long-term lending, and in extreme cases the depreciation of its exchanges and/or the forcible restriction of imports. Furthermore, if equilibrium is to be restored, the countries whose currencies are under-valued must play their part. In particular they must lend more abroad and encourage imports. It is because all countries acted as if their currencies were over-valued, whereas over-valuation in one country implies under-valuation elsewhere, that the world has reached its present *impasse*.

This, however, is a digression, but, judged by these broad tests, there is no doubt that sterling was over-valued during 1925–31. Had this not been the case, it is difficult to see how London could have accumulated by March 31, 1931, net foreign short-term liabilities of £254,000,000 [1] without having acquired huge additions to her gold reserves as well. It is impossible to be precise, in the absence of any information as to long-term capital movements, including international purchases and sales of securities as well as fresh capital issues; but the prevalence of severe unemployment in our staple export industries and the rigidity of British wages and costs in face of the rapid fall of world prices was additional evidence of the increasing over-valuation of the pound. A conservative estimate would be to say that, at the time when the pound still stood at $4·866, its equilibrium value was at least 10 per cent. less—that is, $4·38.

The truth is that when the gold standard was restored in 1925 several important facts were overlooked. One was that the general restoration of the gold standard, for which our own return gave the signal, increased the demand for gold, with the inevitable result that the price of gold in terms of other commodities rose and the world price level fell. This fall was aggravated by the fact that the United States had, for the first time in her history, become a creditor nation, and had not learned the rules of the game, for she made the fatal mistake of raising her tariff and restricting imports, whereas it was her duty to encourage them. For a time the inevitable consequences were masked by the boom conditions of 1927–28, which arrested the normal fall of prices, and by America's eagerness (if not rashness) to lend abroad, which deferred the evil effects of her high tariff. There was thus a hump in the normal downward trend of the price curve which began with the general restoration of the gold standard. The hump came to an end with the break of the boom in 1929 and with the cessation of American foreign lending. The downward slope of the price curve was henceforward all the more severe because the normal decline had not previously taken place. It was then that the over-valuation of the pound became

1 *Cf.* Macmillan Report.

apparent, and in a short time it ended in the break of September 1931. Whether the break was due to the withdrawal of short money from London or to an adverse balance of payments is relatively unimportant. Directly, the withdrawals of foreign money were the cause, but indirectly it is necessary to ask how these foreign balances accumulated in London without bringing their own gold reserves in their train, as happened in the early months of 1933. The over-valuation of sterling during previous years was almost certainly the fundamental cause.

That the dangers of over-valuation are now realised in this country is established by Mr Chamberlain's definition of British policy made during the first week of the World Economic Conference. Before we can return to gold, he says, world prices must rise, trade restrictions must be relaxed, exchange restrictions must go, capital must be free and willing to seek employment about the world, and undue fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold must be prevented. All these essentials have been impressed upon us by our experience of 1925–31, and we do not need to make the same mistake again. These essentials apply, though naturally with much less force, to a temporary stabilisation of sterling; but in order to appreciate them in the altered circumstances of to-day we must come to the second question—namely, what has happened since we went off gold?

The easiest way to answer this question is to apply Professor Cassel's well-known test of purchasing power parity. This may be described briefly and unscientifically as follows. Say $4·38 was the equilibrium rate in September 1931. Take British and American prices both as 100 at that date, and at some subsequent date let British prices be 105 and American prices 90. The equilibrium rate at that subsequent date is $4 \cdot 38 \times \frac{90}{105}$, or $3·75.

This test, of course, is very approximate. Before applying it, we have to decide whether to use wholesale prices, retail prices, the cost of living, or even wage rates or production costs in the two countries; and we have to obtain adequate and reliable data. Again, while Professor Cassel's original theory was that the price levels in any two countries governed the rate of exchange between them, there is some statistical evidence that since September 1931 British and American prices have been governed by the rate of exchange, which has been determined largely by other factors, such as the movement of long-term and short-term funds in and out of London and New York. If two curves be plotted, the one showing the actual exchange and the other the purchasing power parity, or equilibrium rate derived from the level of British and American wholesale prices, both follow roughly the same ups and downs, but the actual exchange curve invariably changed

direction some three months ahead of the purchasing power parity curve. This fact alone suggests that the exchange governed prices.

Still, be that as it may, the position at a few salient dates may be usefully studied. In June 1932 the exchange stood at $3·60. The equilibrium rate, corresponding to $4·38 the previous September, was $3·88. In September 1932, at the peak of the 'Lausanne boomlet,' the exchange was $3·49 and the equilibrium rate $3·77. At the end of February 1933, immediately before the American banking holiday, the exchange was $3·44 and the equilibrium rate $3·47, or practically the same. Just before the United States went off gold last April the exchange was $3·41 and the equilibrium rate $3·64, the rise in the latter being due to the first inflationary increase in American prices. In early June, when the exchange was $4·11, the equilibrium rate was $3·84. The February and June pairs of figures require studying in greater detail. At the end of February the equilibrium rate of $3·47 was derived from an American price index number of 79·4 and a British price index number of 100·4, the price level in September 1931 being 100 in each case and $4·38 being taken for the equilibrium rate at that date. In early June the price indices yielding the equilibrium rate of $3·84 were 90·8 for the United States and 103·6 for Great Britain. During the intervening period American wholesale prices had risen by 14·4 per cent. and British wholesale prices by 3·2 per cent. The exchange value of sterling had appreciated from $3·44 to $4·11—that is, by 19·4 per cent.—while the equilibrium rate had appreciated by 11·7 per cent.

The initial movements were those of the dollar alone—namely, in American internal prices, and in the quoted rate of exchange. The rise in sterling prices was a secondary movement, consequential to the fall in the internal and external value of the dollar. The appreciation in the equilibrium rate is again consequential to the movements in American and British wholesale prices. The inference is that if a further increase in American prices takes place, both British prices and the equilibrium rate will be pulled up to a greater or less degree as well. This brings us to the real crux of to-day's problem. If the London-New York exchange rate is to be stabilised *de facto* over the next few months, it should be at the equilibrium rate corresponding, not to the position at the end of February or the beginning of June, but to the position that is likely to exist after a further rise in American prices and a consequential but lesser rise in sterling prices has taken place.

From our own British point of view it is essential that we should not allow the pound to become over-valued once more, and,

basing their judgement upon the above calculations and other results obtained from British and American retail prices and wages, many British authorities oppose the acceptance of a *de facto* stabilisation rate higher than $3·50. These opinions must necessarily carry great weight, but it is permissible to suggest that they ignore two vital factors. The first is that, in the interests of the World Economic Conference, *de facto* stabilisation is essential. To mention but one point, the French delegation is insisting upon it with the full support of their Government, and, should wide exchange fluctuations continue, it is not impossible that it will go back home, which would mean the virtual breakdown of the Conference. This fact alone suggests that we should be ready to accept a compromise rate. The other factor is that the American Administration is set upon bringing about a further rise in internal prices. The passage of the Farm Relief Act, with its 'inflationary' clauses, the passage of the Industrial Recovery Act, the allotment of $4000,000,0000 to highway construction, and the prospects of processing taxes, designed to restrict production, upon wheat and cotton all point to this end. Now, were the American authorities to accept a stabilisation rate of $3·80, they would leave themselves no leeway for a further rise in internal prices, except at the cost of over-valuing the dollar and placing their own producers and exporters at a disadvantage.

We have already seen that a stabilisation rate of $3·84 corresponds to price indices of 90·8 for the United States and 103·6 for Great Britain. Let us assume that we accepted the rate of $4·05, which is the one which was freely rumoured while the Treasury and central bank conversations were going on. Were American prices to rise from 90·8 to 100 and British prices from 103·6 to 108·2, $4·05 would become the equilibrium rate, and neither the pound nor the dollar would be over-valued. If, therefore, we accepted $4·05, we would leave leeway for a further rise of approximately 10 per cent. in American prices, making a total rise of 20 per cent. from their lowest point of last February, and we would thus give the American Administration a chance to carry out their declared internal policy. The risk we would run is lest this further American rise did not take place, but, inasmuch as its failure would imply either a reversal or breakdown of American policy, the risk would appear to be worth running.

Unfortunately, the breakdown of the stabilisation negotiations has come, not from the British or French, but from the American end, for President Roosevelt has refused to accept such proposals as emanated from the London conversations. In other words, he wishes to keep a free hand in raising American prices, and is unwilling to submit himself even to the moderate limitations which a stabilisation rate of $4·05, derived not from the recent

but from a future American price level, would impose upon him. In view of the importance of *de facto* stabilisation, it is to be hoped that this is not the end of the negotiations. Obviously $4·05 must be our limit, and we cannot afford to raise it—at least, until a further rise in American prices has taken place. It is equally obvious that we must press upon him the need for early reconsideration. In doing so, we can point out that all we are immediately seeking is temporary *de facto* stabilisation. Any rate agreed upon will not be immutable, and must stand both the test of experience and examination by the World Economic Conference, as part of their terms of reference. The first need is to protect the exchanges from casual shocks due to large capital movements, and here Mr. Chamberlain has pointed the way in his letter to the chairman of the Stock Exchange. Next a moderate degree of control might be adopted in such a way as to check frequent spasmodic fluctuations, but this would be a very different matter from the permanent restoration of the gold standard at a parity of $4·05 or any other rate. Besides, both we and President Roosevelt would agree in insisting that if an agreed exchange rate gave evidence that it was immobilising British and American prices or trade at their present low level, it should be abandoned or modified at once. All we can do at the moment is tentatively to feel our way, but we ought to begin doing so and not let matters drift.

In reality, there is a fair measure of agreement between ourselves and the United States. We both say that a rise in prices and a revival in trade must precede the restoration of the gold standard, and we both refuse to crystallise matters at their present disastrously low level. Yet in practice we must have temporary *ad hoc* stabilisation as a basis upon which to lay our plans for raising prices by freeing world trade, finance and capital and giving things a chance to move. The real analogy is that *ad hoc* stabilisation is the scaffolding without which we cannot build. As our edifice approaches completion, we can pull down the scaffolding and replace it with something which is more suitable and more durable. But without the scaffolding we cannot make a start.

NORMAN CRUMP

ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

A Study in Democratic Development

Caveat lector: this article is not written with patriotic intent. There is no Empire Day ring about it, nor is it concerned with those bonds which, though light as air, are as strong as iron. Its aim is humbler—to suggest, rather than to answer, some questions which arise from the separate but similar political experiences of two countries, to search for whatever light the precocious history of Australian democracy may throw upon tendencies which are operating within the more complicated, less forthright, democracy of Great Britain. That there is at any rate a superficial parallelism in the political behaviour of the two communities has been perceived by the newspaper writers of Great Britain, who from time to time (according to their political tendency and the circumstances of the moment) exhort their readers to follow, or implore them to eschew, the example of Australia.

The tendency of social and political developments in England to follow a course already mapped out in Australia is most easily traced and most profitably studied over a fairly long period; but sometimes it is strikingly apparent even in the detailed happenings of a single year. Consider, for example, some very recent happenings. In 1931 crisis and agitation and experiment in England seemed to follow with a positive slavishness the pattern set by Australia a few months previously. The slogans and catch-cries which circulated in England—'Equality of sacrifice,' 'The people against the banks,' 'No control of Parliament by outside organisations,' 'A national Government'—were already the clipped and worn currency of political agitation in Australia. If the English did not achieve a 'national treaty' for the deflation of incomes all round, similar to the Premiers' Plan in Australia, they at least discussed it. And before the end of the year, while the Government was cutting expenditure, the English banking authorities were working towards a plan of maintaining home prices at the expense of exchange parity, similar to the anti-deflationary policy upon which the Australian

banks had stumbled.[1] It is true that the English political crisis, when it occurred, moved more rapidly than the Australian, with the result that at the end of the year Mr. Lyons was able to call upon the Australian electorate to 'Follow Britain.' But the Australian elections, delayed by Mr. Scullin's temporary success in holding together a sort of Centre Party (and this success itself was due to the fact that the Australian Labour Party was more mature and experienced than the corresponding body in England), had already been prepared by a struggle within the Labour organisation, a secession, the dramatic elevation of the leader of Labour's right wing into the position of national hero and leader—exactly the same order of phenomena as preceded the victory of the National Government in England. From time to time during 1931 sections of the English Press raised the cry 'Follow Australia'; and really it would almost appear that in the end English democracy did follow !

The adulation of English Conservatives, it must be confessed, is a new and strange experience for Australian democracy, which for half a century has been frowned upon, and frequently lectured, for its dangerous radicalism. But why should England's solid respectability worry its head about these slightly dissipated 'Colonials'? English capitalists, of course, had put quite a lot of money on the Australian horse, and were naturally nervous of the vagaries of its dashing but erratic rider. But this was not all. Conservatives who grumbled about Australia's Socialism, ardent Radicals who imagined that the Australians had created a 'working man's paradise,' and students and publicists with no political axe to grind, all exhibited the same disposition, conscious or unconscious, to see in the Australian mirror a reflected image of England's social and political future. How shall we explain this tendency? When we consider in turn three separate but related topics—the establishment of political democracy, the social ideal for which the new democracy struggled, and the political instrument which it forged for the struggle—we shall see very clearly that, for the last half-century, the social and political history of Australia has contained many striking anticipations of the social and political history of England.

In establishing a complete political democracy England followed slowly in the wake of Australia. Five of the six Australian Colonies had a democratic suffrage as early as the fifties of last century. Vote by ballot was established in Victoria in 1858; its English champions frequently referred to it as the Victorian ballot or the Australian ballot, but they did not win it until 1872—after it had been rejected twenty-eight times by the House of Lords. The principle of payment of members was definitely established

[1] Cf. D. B. Copland, *What have the Banks Done?* (Sydney, 1931)

in Victoria in 1878; British democracy had to fight for it for another generation. The women of South Australia were granted the vote in 1895; English women did not win it until after the war. The contingent or alternative vote (which some British Liberals have recently advocated as a rather poor alternative to proportional representation) was first adopted in Queensland in 1892. In 1896 Tasmania adopted for its urban population a modified version of the Hare system of proportional representation. All these measures, except the last, were quickly copied by the other Australian Colonies, with the result that Australia was a model arithmetocracy while England was still drifting on the waters of a strangely flattened and sluggish Niagara. Indeed, so far was Australian democracy in the van that quite early in the twentieth century it was already a little weary of blessings for which English democracy was still passionately contending. At the very time when English suffragettes were claiming for every adult citizen the right to vote, considerable sections of the enfranchised Australians were finding the vote, if not a burden, at least a bore. Queensland, at any rate, thought it desirable in 1915 to make voting compulsory. Democrats of the John Stuart Mill brand (there were many of them in Australia) who formerly had sought safeguards against the tyranny of the majority began now to be alarmed at the indifference of the majority. In 1927 voting was made compulsory for Commonwealth elections. At this time there were still 'passive citizens' in Great Britain; the disfranchised young women, even if they did not demand the vote with the passion of their mothers and elder sisters, were nevertheless expecting an active share in their country's freedom. But in Australia voters were being forced (by moderate fines) to be free.

When we turn to consider the social ideal for which the new democracy has struggled, we perceive at once that Australia is again in the lead and that England is following her. What use have the newly enfranchised classes made of their power? What have they wanted? Generally speaking, they have wanted Socialism—of a sort. 'Socialism in our time,' which is to-day the slogan of the Independent Labour Party in Great Britain, was more than forty years ago the motto of the Queensland *Worker*. But, despite the Marxian erudition and proletarian enthusiasm of the zealots, the masses of Australia have not cared very much for theory; their Socialism has been rather a desire for very tangible blessings which, to the super-orthodox, might appear to be positively harmful palliatives. Hence there has been created Australia's famous '*socialisme sans doctrines*,' to which, more than anything else, she owes her reputation for sociological pioneering. It is obviously impossible to undertake in a few paragraphs a comparative study of Australian and English

Socialist legislation—this would be a very promising theme for a doctorial thesis. But it will not be difficult to illustrate the main tendencies of Australia's practical Socialism, and to underline in passing the familiar process by which Australian democracy has achieved swiftly and simply the sort of legislation which later, and in a more complicated form, has been accepted in Great Britain.

To Australia's politicians and to the mass of her people Socialism has meant chiefly two things—State intervention in industry, and the use of political power to improve the material position of the poorer classes. As long ago as the sixties of last century Victoria turned aside from the Cobdenism which was still the orthodox creed of English democracy. She was converted by the journalism of David Syme. 'I never could see any virtue in *laissez-faire*,' he wrote. 'It is simply an excuse for incapacity and inertia in affairs of State. It is just what the company-promoter, the card-sharper, the wife-beater, and the burglar would like—to be left alone. It can only lead to national disaster and social degradation when carried out by any community.' During the last three decades of the nineteenth century the Victorians confidently expected that they would convert the rest of Australia to their gospel of Protection, and during the first three decades of the twentieth century—from the days of Mr Deakin to the days of Mr Bruce—the Australians made sporadic efforts to convert the English to the same gospel. They believe that they have succeeded at last. But fiscal protection has become in Australia so much a matter of course that the people hardly realise that it is a form of State intervention in industry. And, indeed, it is upon other more positive methods of intervention—particularly the method of public ownership, the possession and operation by the State of railways, water supply and irrigation channels, coal mines and electricity systems, even of fishing fleets and butcheries and various manufacturing businesses—that the attention of observers has been focussed. 'Things have gone too far,' reported the British Economic Mission in 1929, 'for us to discuss to-day such matters as the construction of railways or works for the conservation and distribution of water by private enterprise. But a very wide field remains open which Australian Governments have, to a great extent, entered, and here we think that these Governments would be wise to go no further.'[1] But was not the Government of Great Britain entering this very field? 'The end of *laissez-faire*' may have come earlier and more suddenly in Australia; but Mr. Keynes had already announced its advent in England.[2]

[1] *Report of the British Economic Mission* (Canberra, 1929), p. 9.
[2] So also had Dicey a generation earlier.

In redressing economic inequalities by taxation and the provision of social services England once again has followed a path which, to Australians, was already very familiar. Education is a good example. As early as 1867 New South Wales had accepted the principle that the State must provide for its children an adequate primary education which was to be free, compulsory, and secular. In England, Forster's Act of 1870, although it brought a school to every district, was far less advanced than the New South Wales Act. Compulsion was not fully established until 1880, and it was not until the early 'nineties that primary education became universally free. And when in 1902 the Parliament of Great Britain definitely laid the foundations of its modern system of public education, both primary and secondary, it was quite obviously influenced by an Australasian example, for the Education Act of 1902 was inspired by a Fabian tract (tract No. 106, *The Education Muddle and the Way Out*), and this tract was written by Mr. W. P. [illegible], who had direct experience in New Zealand of that 'way out' [illegible] urged upon the English.[1]

There is, however, a much simpler method than the provision of specific social services for redressing the economic balance in favour of the under-dog: this is the method of direct money payments by the State out of taxation. In 1898 New Zealand established a scheme of old age pensions—7s. a week, paid by the Government to all persons over sixty-five years of age who were in receipt of less than £52 a year. By 1901 New South Wales had adopted a similar system; in the same year Victoria sent a commission of investigation to New Zealand, and within a few years a rather more generous scale of payments had been established by the Commonwealth Parliament over the length and breadth of the country. Maternity payments soon followed. And since 1927 child endowment has been established in New South Wales. The principle underlying these payments is obvious—it is the socialistic principle of 'to each according to his needs.' The same principle has received recognition in the wage-fixing tribunals of Australia. In Great Britain the Independent Labour Party to-day is demanding a national minimum wage, and the demand is thought by many people to be an impossible one; but in Victoria an Act of 1896 set up Wages Boards whose function it was to fix a minimum wage in sweated industries, and in 1900 the Wages Boards were extended to all industries. The minimum which they fix is, indeed, a minimum for the particular industry. But in most of the States, and in those industries which fall under

[1] Cf. E. Halévy, *A History of the English People, 1895–1905*, pp. 193–[illegible], and [illegible] (Constable), p. 160. Shaw describes Reeves as a shining light of the Fabian Ministry which set our variety of Socialism on foot there.

Commonwealth jurisdiction, there is a living wage, or basic wage, fixed by Arbitration Courts, which exist to substitute social control for the 'higgling of the market,' and to annex industry as 'a new province for law and order.' This basic wage is 'sacrosanct.' The community has in effect pledged itself to recognise and to satisfy in every worker the needs of 'a human being in a civilised country.' In certain respects (for example, in social insurance) the reforming legislation of Great Britain has outdistanced that of Australia; it is nevertheless true that Australia led the way in accepting the socialistic principle of payment according to needs, and is still considerably ahead in its attempts to put this principle into practice.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further Australia's priority in socialistic legislation, and the tendency in English legislation to follow a similar course; the reader is doubtless feeling that he has already been too much bombarded with fact. But the third topic which I wish to consider—the political organisation which the newly enfranchised classes adopted for the achievement of their social objective—is a topic easier to expound, and also of even greater intrinsic importance. For it involves nothing less than the future destiny of the parliamentary institutions which we have inherited. Is working-class political organisation likely in the long run to be consistent with self-government, as the British peoples have come to understand it? Or is modern proletarian democracy destined to prove itself akin to its prototypes of former centuries, and to produce—what ancient and mediaeval thinkers assumed a democracy always must produce, either directly or by a reaction—a tyranny?* The mere framing of such a question may seem fantastic, almost indecent, to English readers. But the question is asked soberly and in cold blood. After all, we in Australia have had a fuller and more varied experience of Labour politics, and should be in a better position for observing their long-range tendencies. Recently we have been able to observe at close hand a Labour Government in New South Wales which took up an 'irreconcilable' position against both the conventions and the law of the Constitution, and which provoked a semi-Fascist reaction (the 'New Guard') equally unconstitutional in tendency. We are able to consider this interesting development in the perspective of two generations of crowded political experience. For the Labour Party in Australia did not, like the English party, waste very much time in modest beginnings. It was founded in New South Wales in 1890 and captured thirty-six seats in the elections of 1891; it held office for a short period in Queensland in 1899; it gave the Common-

* Needless to say, the word 'tyranny' is not used abusively, but in its old precise sense.

wealth a Ministry in 1904. In short, it was a dominating power in Australian politics almost from the day of its foundation.

The English seemed in 1931 to be taken completely by surprise when the Labour Government split into two halves, and its most prominent members were accepted by a Conservative Opposition as leaders of a 'national'—the original Australian label was 'nationalist'—Government. At least, there was not a single suggestion early in the year that Mr. Snowden, before he became a peer, would broadcast to the nation denunciations of the party to whose making he had given his life; nor did anybody so much as dream that within a twelvemonth Mr MacDonald, with Mr. Baldwin as his lieutenant, would be facing a diminished Labour Party led by Mr. Lansbury. But things like these, an Australian would have said, were bound, sooner or later, to happen. The split, or the 'purge', involving frequently the acceptance by the anti-Socialist forces of the leadership of Labour's disillusioned pioneers, had long since been recognised in Australia as a recurring, almost a predictable, phenomenon in Labour politics. The Commonwealth has been in existence only thirty-three years, but three of its ten Prime Ministers—Cook, Hughes, and Lyons—have been expelled or seceding graduates of the Labour Party. The date of Cook's secession lies far back in the eighteen-nineties; and indeed even in the last decade of the nineteenth century the logic of the Labour movement in politics had been demonstrated in New South Wales with sufficient clearness. There was from the very beginning a conflict between two irreconcilable principles. The old British principle, eloquently enunciated by Burke and Blackstone, and very well suited to a limited oligarchy in agreement about essentials, had insisted that the member of Parliament was not a delegate, but a national representative, free to follow his own reason and conscience and to adapt himself as he thought fit to circumstances. The new principle, belonging to an age in which there was no general agreement to maintain the existing social structure, but rather a determination on the part of an organised class to overthrow or modify that structure in its own interest (or, as it believed, in the common interest), insisted that the member of Parliament was a delegate, an instrument of the will of the class which had chosen him.

According to this new theory, the Labour movement as a whole is supreme over every member, however eminent. But the attempt to maintain this theory in detail and in changing circumstances has from the very start caused bitter conflict. In 1891 the new Parliamentary Party of New South Wales adopted a pledge binding its members to vote in the House 'as a majority of the party sitting in caucus has determined'. Six members of

the party immediately refused the pledge, and thereby forfeited their membership. In 1893 the conference of the Labour Electoral League—an extra-parliamentary organization composed chiefly of trade-union delegates—adopted [illegible] pledge [illegible] the effect of transferring the supremacy already asserted by the caucus to the conference itself. [illegible] Parliamentary Party revolted, and its leader, Joseph Cook, complained that the pledge destroyed the representative character of a member [illegible]. Within a year Cook had been rewarded for his revolt by office [illegible] attack on him, Watson and Hughes, were by then already well on their way to political power [illegible] Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth. Thus early in its history the Labour movement proved that it contained within itself [illegible] the opposing ranks for the rebellious leader [illegible] the movement for the heresy hunter, who stepped easily into the [illegible] naturally, as well [illegible] the opportunities which it offers to [illegible] indeed Australia [illegible] which it is designed to [illegible] supremacy of the party will [illegible] a more stringent control; but the tightening of control itself becomes a cause of new revolts.

But how are we to explain this persistent divergence between the will of the whole movement and the wills of its parliamentary [illegible] spokesmen of the movement denounce the treachery [illegible] susceptibility to the 'aristocratic embrace', or its Australian equivalent. No doubt there is a certain amount of truth in these [illegible] insufficient. Perhaps we should ask first, Who speaks for the [illegible] authoritative [illegible] by the Labour Conference. That is to say, it is the [illegible] victorious from the bitter, almost sectarian, battles fought in the

[illegible] Cf. V. S. Childe, How Labour Governs (London, 1923), chaps. [illegible]

trades halls.[7] These battles, however, are very different from the battles which politicians fight in Parliament. The realities which surround the Labour M.P. are different from those which press themselves upon the party executive. The former knows that he cannot (except he has the luck to represent a highly industrialised constituency) retain his seat unless he wins the support of non-unionist voters. The latter is chiefly concerned with maintaining its position at the Trades Hall. The former is forced to reckon with present political possibilities; the latter lives by affirming Socialist orthodoxy and an uncompromising demand for large reforms. In short, the movement outside Parliament tends to be dominated by an acute sense of class; its parliamentary members develop—sometimes even in their own despite—a sense of the State.

In normal times, it is true, each type of Labour servant has some appreciation of the other's point of view; the politician dare not get too far out of touch with the executive which has endorsed his candidature and may refuse to re-endorse it; the executive, after all, desires Labour victories at the elections and must pay some attention to the tactical recommendations of the Parliament men. Normally, therefore, there is compromise. But abnormal times come so very often! At the very least (for we need not speak of wars) they come with every trade depression. And then immediately there arises acute friction between politicians and Executive, between the individual will and the party will, between the Labour Minister and the Labour 'movement.' The movement demands with added urgency the fulfilment of its programme, for is not the present suffering a condemnation of the actual ordering of society? But the Minister is preoccupied in trying to save the existing society, imperfect though it is. The movement grows uncompromising; the Minister thinks himself forced to compromise; the movement goes to the left, the Minister moves to the right; the movement retires further into its class shell, the Minister seeks to throw himself upon the nation. In the end there is open warfare—secessions, splits, purges, heresy hunts. The movement disgorges its politicians by the score.

There is, however, an alternative. The parliamentary Labour leader may not try to resist. His consciousness of class may be stronger than his sense of the State. He may go left with the movement and make a pact with the Executive. This is what Mr. Lang did in New South Wales in 1931–32. In doing it he won a power which no other Australian Premier has ever possessed.

[7] This sentence certainly does not exaggerate the fierceness of faction-fighting in the Sydney Trades Hall during the last ten years; the struggle has been less intense in some other cities.

His own followers, his own Ministers, became his slaves; Parliament became a machine for ratifying the decrees which Mr. Lang, after consultation with the Labour chieftains outside Parliament, presented to it. Mr. Lang, bayed about and baited by enemies on every hand, was nevertheless fashioning a dictatorship of the proletariat: the bourgeois classes, with their 'New Guard,' were forging a Fascist reaction. The inherited British constitutionalism was breaking up. These symptoms would have been familiar to Aristotle or Machiavelli; democracy, they would have said, was already pregnant with tyranny.

It may not be out of place to recall the explanations given by the old political scientists of this transition from democracy to tyranny. To Plato the transition is a degeneration. His conception is predominantly ethical; to him 'A city under a tyrant is supremely wicked.' Nevertheless, he pays some attention to the actual processes and the immediate causes of the degeneration. He assumes that, even under a *régime* of democratic liberty, old inequalities of wealth will continue or new ones will arise; the popular leaders will seek to satisfy the masses by taking the 'honey' from the rich and giving it to the poor; the rich, in their attempts to defend themselves, will begin to form an oligarchical party. But oligarchy is to a democracy its bitterest foe, and the people in their turn will resist by concentrating their power in a single champion. 'Are not the people,' asks Plato, 'wont always to set someone in a conspicuous position over themselves, and to cherish him and greatly increase his power?' Aristotle develops further this suggestion of Plato. Tyranny grows out of economic inequality, whether the constitution be a political oligarchy or a democracy. 'A tyrant is chosen from the people to be their protector against the notables.' History shows that almost all tyrants have been demagogues, who gained the favour of the people by their accusation of the notables.' Machiavelli found Aristotle's diagnosis in no way inconsistent with the experience of the Italian republics whose history he knew so well. To him tyranny was the product of class conflict—the assault of the poorer classes (aided sometimes by a split within the *popolo grasso* and the leadership of an ambitious notable) against their economic masters. A free commonwealth, he insists repeatedly in his *Discorsi*, must in the end always be wrecked by economic inequality; for inequality breeds sectional interests, these create political aggressions and resistances, and the contesting forces are driven to employ extraordinary methods which bring about the downfall of the constitution.[1]

No doubt there are important differences between our repre-

[1] Plato, *The Republic*, Books VIII. and IX.; Aristotle, *Politics*, Book V. p. x.; Machiavelli, *Discorsi*, Book I., chaps. xvi., xvii., xxxvii., xl., lv.

sentative democracies and the little republics of Greece and Italy; yet—so at least the present writer believes—Sydney to-day is experiencing the operation of forces essentially similar to those which Aristotle had studied in the Greek democracies and Machiavelli had expounded in his Florentine Histories. To be sure, there are also at work forces of a contrary nature which to a very great degree are peculiar to British traditions. One of these counter-forces is the old-established habit by which the established classes of England have opened their ranks to newcomers and imposed upon them their standards. Thus there is a constant tendency for an attacking class to lose impetus as its leaders and its front ranks fight their way to a position—where they are content no longer to fight. Again, British constitutionalism is perfectly in harmony with this flexible social technique. Ever since the seventeenth century the English have had a horror of the 'irreconcilables' of sect and class, and the despotisms which they are driven to desire. The law and custom of the Constitution might seem almost to have been designed with special intent to close the path to these sectional despotisms. The old contending elements of prerogative and privilege, harmonised by the sovereignty of Parliament and the rule of law, have hitherto been elastic enough to serve the needs of a changing social structure, and to absorb new classes in the active citizenship of a national commonwealth. But is there a limit to this power of absorption? Will proletarian democracy prove itself in the end an indigestible element? Or (to frame the question as it would present itself to one who was a Labour man and a Marxist first and an English constitutionalist second), will the British Constitution prove itself an indigestible element? Is the class struggle waged by Labour against Capital reconcilable with the old tradition of parliamentary government? The present writer would hazard this forecast for Australia: the old institutions and conventions will continue to win the allegiance of the people,* on condition that there are successful economic and social adjustments which remove the bitterness of insecurity, mitigate the clamorous contrasts between the 'two nations' of rich and poor, and make it possible for the masses of Labour to feel that they have a real interest and membership in the national commonwealth. If, on the other hand, existing leadership can provide nothing but recurrent crises, unemployment, uncertainty and privation, the working class will easily learn to despise constitutionalism as a flimsy and pretentious idol of the capitalists, and will submit to, will even applaud, the emergence from the organised Labour movement of the machinery and the mentality of a dictatorship.

* In the New South Wales election of 1932 the Lang party held only twenty-four seats—a dozen less than it gained by its first campaign in 1930.

At present we are concerned to show that dictatorship already exists in embryo within the Australian Labour movement. Whether or not it comes to successful birth depends upon circumstances. But the embryo has been growing almost from the inception of the Labour Party. The rule of Mr. Lang was something more than an accident of personal and temporary significance: it was, as has been shown, the logical culmination of tendencies clearly visible within the Labour movement as early as the nineties of last century. It is true that tendencies of an opposite nature are also visible. They are stronger in Great Britain than in Australia, but even in Australia they are powerful. We cannot say that despotism, although it is implied in the logic of the Australian Labour movement, is the only thing that is implied. Mr Lang's rule, with its anti-constitutional tendencies, was not exactly inevitable, it may not recur. But the forces making for its recurrence are certainly permanent; it is simply a question of their comparative strength and of circumstances (chiefly of an economic character) which aid them or hinder them. In England the presence of the same forces is implied by controversies within the Labour movement as to its true character. What is its meaning as a class movement? Is it or is it not bound to Marxian dogma? Are its servants in Parliament national representatives; or are they the instruments of an 'infallible' party will?[10] These are the very questions which were asked in Australia, and promptly answered, at the end of last century. The history of the Australian Labour Party has been comprised in the increasingly emphatic reaffirmation of these answers, and in the consequences of this reaffirmation. Of these consequences the most obvious and arresting one has hitherto been the party split, or purge, recurring with almost predictable regularity. One might perhaps measure the age and maturity of a Labour Party by the number of splits which it has experienced—just as one may measure the age of a felled tree by the number of concentric rings in its trunk. If we were to adopt this method of reckoning, we should have to confess that the British Labour Party is a very junior relation of its experienced Australian prototype.

Are we, then, to conclude that Australia is, so to speak, a master in political science, and that England's *rôle* is that of the humble pupil? Are we to imagine the conservative slow-witted

[10] *Cf.* the controversy between Mr A. L. Rowse and others in the *New Statesman*, February 27 to March 19, 1932. Mr Rowse explicitly claims for the will of the Labour movement a supremacy akin to that of the Catholic Church.

English standing aloof, waiting until the keen brains of the progressive Australians have elaborated new social theories and discovered new political expedients? It would be very comforting to our Australian vanity if we could believe this; and, to be sure, many Australians have believed it. To the confident Australian Radicals of a generation ago England was an 'unprogressive' country, whereas Australia was already well advanced in the not very difficult achievement (neglected hitherto owing to the incredible stupidity and malice of aristocracies) of creating a regenerated society. But this was merely the natural and not unpleasing arrogance of youth. It is, we must now confess (although it may seem at first sight a reversal of the preceding argument), fallacious to look upon Australia as the originator and England as the imitator. Australia, as has been shown, does indeed deserve her reputation as a seed-bed of experiment. But the seeds have come from outside. It is their rapid growth in Australian soil which is remarkable. If we can justify this assertion, we shall have done something not merely to illuminate Australian history, but also to prove beyond question the value of Australian experience for the study and even the prediction of tendencies at work in English society. For we shall have shown that those Australian anticipations of English growth, which have been already noted, are not merely accidental, but that the growth itself is, from the root, English.

Once again, it must be admitted that this inquiry is properly the subject of a full-dress historical study. To achieve a complete demonstration it would be necessary to examine the history of many statutes and regulations, to trace the lives of scores of politicians, journalists, university professors and popular agitators, to piece together bit by bit the relation between law and opinion in Australia, and to follow every possible clue connecting the public opinion of Australia with that of England. Nevertheless, there is already lying about on the surface of recorded history sufficient evidence for practical proof of the argument. We shall give some illustrations relevant to the three topics before considered—the establishment of political democracy, the social policy pursued by this democracy, and its characteristic political instrument.

How can Australia claim that she taught England the doctrine of 'one man one vote'? It is true that she anticipated England in establishing the practice of it, but the phrase had been coined by Major Cartwright before the Napoleonic Wars. In the seventeenth century John Lilburne and Colonel Rainborow and 'Bedfordshire Man' and 'Buffe Coate' and other worthies who argued with Cromwell and Ireton had demanded manhood suffrage as a natural right of man and as the birthright of English-

men ¹¹ in the early nineteenth century, when the example of France had awakened in Englishmen a distaste for natural rights, they were nevertheless taught by the Benthamites to demand, on the ground of utility, that every man should count for one and no man for more than one. And the Chartists, during the 'thirties and early 'forties, carried these arguments into the streets. And is it not a historical absurdity to speak of the 'Australian ballot,' when vote by ballot was one of the points of the Charter? Indeed, Chartist fervour, which disappeared so surprisingly in England after 1848 (or rather, which diffused itself in the pursuit of many separate causes), found its compensation in another hemisphere. In Australia it established its programme almost at a blow. The early democratisation of Australia, which followed the gold-rushes of the 'fifties, was in truth a Chartist triumph. The triumph, it must be admitted, was not quite complete, and before it could be completed Australian opinion became subject to another English influence, that of John Stuart Mill. Votes for women and proportional representation, with which the Australians experimented towards the end of the century, were not the inventions of Australian thinkers; they were taken direct from the propaganda of Mill. And perhaps something else may be traced to Mill. For Mill had begun to fear the consequences of his own political atomism, and his distrust of the massed 'mediocrity' for whose emancipation his individualism had laboured supplied a very plausible argument to those interests in Australia which were determined to entrench themselves in Second Chambers. But can we even say that the survival of Second Chambers is the mark of an incomplete democracy? For the present tendency in Australia is to make the abolition of Second Chambers conditional upon a direct vote of the people, and surely there is nothing more democratic than that! Thus time has brought its revenge, and a device of unimpeachable democratic orthodoxy (imported, as usual, from abroad) has become a means whereby the established order defends itself against the reforming ardour of an energetic minority.

As for Australia's 'Socialism without doctrines,' the phrase is, strictly speaking, nonsense. All legislation, even the most empirical, implies a theory of some sort. The Australians had very simple 'doctrines,' which they borrowed from the English. They believed in 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' and confused this ideal, in a manner which would have shocked Bentham, with a powerful notion of natural rights. They grasped the idea of utility, and they stood up for their rights, and early

¹¹ To be sure, they admitted a few exceptions to their principle—*e.g.*, domestic servants. Not even the French Constitution of 1793 gave the vote to domestic servants.

in the second half of the nineteenth century they fused the two notions together in their conception of the State as 'a vast public utility whose duty it is to provide the greatest happiness of the greatest number . . . collective power at the service of individualistic rights.'[12] But what had they done with the Benthamite doctrine of *laissez-faire*? They had, of course, scrapped it, and there was no real reason why they should not do so. As M. Halévy has shown, it was never an essential part of Bentham's system. Bentham himself demanded an omnipotent and unflinching sovereign power which would crush sinister interests, and his disciples (particularly Chadwick) played a most important part in the creation of England's efficient bureaucracy. Dicey long ago pointed out that there was a collectivism hidden in Benthamite individualism. And, similarly, there is to-day an individualism (with a strong Benthamite flavour) hidden in Australian Socialism. Speaking generally, Australian opinion even to-day has hardly got beyond the popularised teaching of John Stuart Mill. It is true that as early as the eighties of last century Australian professors were lecturing to their students on the ideas of T. H. Green, while a few Labour organisers were instructing working men in the system of Karl Marx, as expounded by Mr. Hyndman. Then there were the books of Blatchford and Bellamy, and a visit from Henry George, and a few copies of Fabian essays circulating among middle-class intellectuals. No doubt all these influences left some mark upon Australian opinion. But Australian statesmen would have stared if they had been questioned about that Neo-Hegelianism which English statesmen expounded in review articles.[13] Australian reformers did not, like the Fabians, develop an almost German reverence for bureaucracy, and the Australian public, in so far as it saw any need to justify by argument the collectivist legislation which it demanded, was content to quote at third hand from out-of-date English publicists. 'A current of opinion,' says Dicey, 'may exert its greatest legislative influence just when its force is beginning to decline.'[14] Australia has always rubbed along comfortably enough on last season's intellectual fashions from overseas.

But surely she can claim the credit of thinking out for herself specific socialistic measures? Did not the State undertake the responsibility of railway ownership in the 'fifties? But the Belgian Government had undertaken the same responsibility in the 'thirties. Was not Victoria an early rebel against Cobdenism? But Germany had made a practical protest, with theory to back it,

12 *Australia*, by W. K. Hancock (London, 1930), pp. 72–3.
13 R. B. Haldane in the *Contemporary Review*, February 1905.
14 A. V. Dicey, *Law and Opinion*, chap. ii.

some decades earlier. Moreover, the most fruitful period of State intervention in industry does not open in Australia until towards the close of the nineteenth century. And are the Australians, even then, so very bold in imagining new things? Their experiments attracted perhaps a disproportionate amount of attention because they were undertaken by centralised State Governments; similar ventures undertaken by English municipalities passed almost unnoticed; there were no spectacular municipal politics to attract the public gaze. Indeed, State intervention in industry is a general modern practice peculiar to no country; it is chiefly the extent and the method of it which differ according to local circumstances. But did not Australians think out for themselves a legislative vindication of the Socialist formula, 'To each according to his needs'? Did not the device of old age pensions paid directly from the Treasury apply this principle in an original manner? Neither the Australians nor the New Zealanders, from whom they copied the experiment, can claim the credit of thinking it out for themselves. It had been advocated in England by Mr. R. P. Hookham in 1879; it had been advocated again by the Warden of Toynbee Hall in 1883, in an article written for *The Nineteenth Century*; for many years it had been demanded with great persistence by Charles Booth, the statistician who had revealed to England the suffering of London's '30 per cent below subsistence level.' This is indeed a very good example of the interplay of influences between Australasia and England; for the democracies of the Pacific, with very little fuss and trouble, carried into effect the reform for which Booth had long been struggling, and Booth at once made use of their practical example in a redoubled effort to secure the adoption of his idea at home.[15]

One illustration more must suffice. Of all the Australian experiments, industrial arbitration has probably attracted the greatest degree of attention, and indeed we have to admit that Mr. Justice Higgins's exposition of the theory underlying it was a definite contribution to politics considered as an applied science. But not even industrial arbitration originated in Australia. Like so much else, it was borrowed by the Australians and carried by them to its logical conclusion. Dicey, after discussing the Conciliation Acts passed in Great Britain in 1867 and 1897, remarks that they embody a principle which, for its complete realisation, demands compulsion.[16] Mr. W. P. Reeves, who, as the author of the New Zealand Act of 1894 (the model of the later Australian legislation) has the best possible right to express an opinion, insists that the New Zealanders and the Australians

[15] See Halévy, *op. cit.*, pp. 234–5, and notes

[16] Dicey, *op. cit.*, viii., § 3

simply went 'a step further than experimentalists elsewhere. They added compulsion. Not only in England, but also in France and Germany and many of the American States, there had been numerous experiments in industrial arbitration without compulsion. None of them had achieved very much. The attitude of the New Zealand reformers was, according to Reeves, "Either do it thoroughly or let it alone."[11] This phrase expresses very well the tendency of a good deal of Australian social legislation. In idea it has generally been simple, unoriginal, and sometimes out of date; but in execution it has been swift and thorough.

In Australia, as in England, collectivist ideas were prevalent, and collectivist legislation was frequent, before Labour had become a force in politics. In both countries the working classes as they awoke to political self-consciousness inherited the collectivist tendency, as interpreted for them by Socialist theory. It is this union between a class and an idea which has made the newest and most important movement in politics. And, for the completion of our argument, we have to show that the potential effects of a class-conscious political organisation upon inherited British constitutionalism, although they manifested themselves so much more quickly in the precocious development of the Australian Labour Party, were nevertheless implied in the operation of forces which had already begun to affect profoundly the structure of British society and the methods of British politics. Once again, we shall suggest that the soil of Australia, so favourable to rapid growth, simply brought to an early maturity a plant which had been germinated and which was growing more slowly in England.

But we must despair, in an essay which is already growing to an indecent length, of doing anything effective to turn the suggestion into a demonstration. The reader may be referred to the first volume of Ostrogorski's brilliant study of *Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties*, which, notwithstanding its exaggerations, does nevertheless contain the material for such a demonstration. Ostrogorski begins by tracing the breakdown of the old pre-industrial unity of 'society and the State fused into a single whole,' of a 'political nation' in which aristocratic society and politics were aspects of a single life, and in which government was indistinguishably interwoven with the social hierarchies. The impact of the industrial revolution broke this eighteenth-century framework: it was too narrow to contain the expanding energies of the nation. The individual asserted himself against the established forms—in economic life, in religion, in literature, in social theory; simultaneously the hierarchical class structure of the eighteenth century was broken by the rush of individuals from one economic grouping to another, by the substitution of

[11] W. P. Reeves, *State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand*, II., 97.

innumerable changing economic relationships (the *cash nexus*) for the old stable subordinations. Politically, this upheaval of society expressed itself in the progressive enfranchisement of numbers by the Reform Acts, and in the separation of the State from the old aristocracy, which lost both its monopoly at Westminster and Whitehall and its control of local government. 'The State ceased to be a spirit pervading every manifestation of public and private life; its figure began to assume a distinct outline.' But the creation of a bureaucracy was not of itself sufficient to repair the old unity and restore an organic national life. The mass of enfranchised individual atoms had somehow to be incorporated in the political nation. The growing self-consciousness of the new middle classes had expressed itself in the organisation of the Reform agitation and the Free Trade agitation, and in 1868 this method of extra-constitutional organisation took permanent form. In that year Joseph Chamberlain and Schnadhorst founded 'Birmingham democracy,' or—as Disraeli first christened the Birmingham Liberal organisation—the Caucus. Within a few years this organisation had covered the whole country. It substituted itself for the old electoral organisations controlled by the whips; it undermined the old local leaderships of the predominant Liberal chieftains in the counties and boroughs; it opened the way of political agitation (if not of education) to a throng of new men—noisy, ambitious, and eager to push out of the way representatives who could not adapt themselves to the new climate in the constituencies. According to Ostrogorski, it is no accident that at this time foreign politics became the matter for noisy disputation in the market-place.[1] And already Mr Forster, the author of the Education Act, had been made the butt of the Nonconformist caucus of Bradford, which in effect claimed that his responsibility was to it and to the 'platform' which it imposed upon him. In 1885–6 the Newcastle caucus drove out of politics Joseph Cowen, a representative of the old type of independent Radical Democrat. 'What the caucus wants,' he said, 'is a political machine. I am a man, not a machine.' Gladstone, by accepting the machine, by allowing himself to become the symbol of party orthodoxy, made his position in the Liberal movement an impregnable one. It was this union between a legendary name and a party organisation outside Parliament (a union already forming when Mr Lang was still in knickerbockers) which prompted Ostrogorski to forecast 'a sort of popular Cæsarism.' Nor was it without significance that Chamberlain himself led the first large-scale revolt from the mechanical unity which he had played so large a part in creating.

[1] Ostrogorski, *op. cit.*, I, p. 50.
[2] The 'Caucus' played a large part in whipping up popular excitement against the Turks (1876–7).

'From the inexorable orthodoxy of the party,' comments Ostrogorski, '. . . there is now no refuge but in open schism.'[20]

No doubt it is easy to exaggerate these early tendencies of the new democracy. Moreover, these tendencies seemed to some extent to be spending their force: they were at work within an organisation which was predominantly middle class, and as the middle-class masses began to feel at home in the political community to which they were newcomers, they were content to mitigate their early intransigence. The whips and the parliamentary leaders gained control of the Liberal caucus, and of the corresponding Conservative organisation. The old constitutional conventions had stretched themselves to absorb (though not without effort and an unpleasant distension) the first of the classes awakened by the nineteenth century to a conscious and fervent political activity. But a more difficult task lay ahead. In the 'eighties the Social Democratic Federation was propagating Marxism, splitting into sects, and attacking with equal fervour the capitalist enemy and its own heretics; the Fabians began to work for another kind of Socialism; the 'submerged 20 per cent.' began to be conscious of its wrongs. In 1889 the dockers (thanks in the end to help from Australia) won their strike. That gave the new unionism its start. From 1890 direct attacks were made on the old political committee of the Trade Union Congress. In 1893 the Independent Labour Party was born; in 1900 the Labour Representation Committee of the T.U.C.—that is to say, the modern Labour Party—was founded. A new class had become politically self-conscious, a class which was at the same time definite and clear-cut in structure, and also separated by a deep gulf (some said the gulf was unbridgable) from the classes which hitherto had comprised the political nation. Obviously, the absorption of this new class in active citizenship would be a more difficult matter than anything before attempted by England's very flexible institutions and traditions. But a similar task had already been essayed on a smaller scale, and the necessary incidents of the whole process—the behaviour of extra-parliamentary party organisations, the strain which they imposed upon the established conventions, the reaction, or attempted reaction, of these conventions to that strain—had already become evident. The difference was one of scale and of degree.

If the argument which is here only sketched can be sustained, it follows that Australia's priority in emphasising some of the tendencies contained within the Labour movement, instructive though it may be to students of British politics, is an accident of place and circumstances rather than a peculiar and original contribution to political experience. The Australian Labour

[20] *Op. cit.*, vol. i., part ii., chap. iii., *passim*.

movement, despite its apparent seniority, is but the natural product of economic and social changes originating in England—the impact of a class newly awakened to political consciousness upon a constitutional system which in the eighteenth century had been adapted to the needs and conventions of a restricted aristocracy, and in the nineteenth century had already been stretched and strained by the political advent of the industrial middle classes

Australia has been precocious and challenging in her political development, but this development has been prepared by changes in the social structure of England: she has won the reputation of being a pioneer of social experiment, but the philosophy of her pioneering has been a philosophy of Liberalism made in England. The present writer may perhaps be pardoned if he illustrates his argument from his personal experience. Recently, after conversing for an hour (brilliantly, as he thought) with an erudite Russian, he found himself listening (with what feelings, let the reader guess) to the comment, 'But it is so dull talking to Australians. One has always read beforehand the books from which they get their ideas.' To mention another bitter memory: there was many years ago on the Commonwealth index of prohibited literature, which is compiled by gentlemen of the Customs Department, a publication with the fierce and challenging title *Zulum Zulum 'Gori Shaki Zulum!* To the present writer, these simple words had an irresistible, an infuriating fascination; but he was unable to discover even the language of this book (*was it a book?*) which doubtless was the source of guilty pleasure to scores of his English contemporaries Indeed, the Australian community, in these latter days, is even content that books and periodicals, which carry the thought and imagination of men from one country to another, should be taxed exactly like chalk or cheese! Thought, really, is not very important Modern thought is often difficult. Has not Australia a sound and practical educational system? It is action that counts.'

And it is in action that Australia's originality consists. This is the explanation of her reputation for pioneering. Fifty years ago, even twenty years ago, when Australia was acclaimed or denounced as the country of radical Socialism, it was a country where one could get things done. It was a country where gifted individuals could rise quickly to leadership, and where leaders could carry out sweeping programmes. Those who possessed ideas possessed something which had almost a monopoly value. They became, as it were, Solons and Numas—lawgivers to a rude community. There was not the gap between a theory and a

policy which was interposed, in England, by a complicated arrangement of class interests, a many-sided tradition, and competing social philosophies. The women of Australia and New Zealand did not have to break windows and chain themselves to cathedral pews in order to win the vote; they meekly accepted it as a gift from radical idealists. 'Outside the temperance lodges,' writes Mr. Reeves (and what he says of New Zealand is true of Australia), 'woman speakers were strange phenomena in the Colony, and when, in 1893, a few of them, under pressure from party managers, mustered up courage to mount the platform and make fluttering, half-audible little speeches, the audiences greeted them with the kindly curiosity and amused suspension of the critical faculties which are bestowed on clever children reciting poems at school gatherings.'[21] Why should the community refuse the franchise to its women, if the local Solons thought it good for them? There was little resistance in New Zealand, and the Australian Colonies followed New Zealand like a flock of sheep.

The origin of compulsory arbitration is very similar. The capitalists, certainly, did not want it. They protested against this absurd scheme of 'idealist doctrinaires'. They protested in vain. Yet they were not overcome by working-class resolution. 'The trade unionists neither conceived nor moulded it, but they accepted it.'[22] Nor were there any signs of enthusiasm in the general community. The Bill was drafted in 1891; an election intervened, but there was little discussion of the measure in the constituencies. Yet it was carried in 1894. Things were so very easy for the 'idealist doctrinaires'. But were the authors of these measures rightly named by their opponents? There is no one so thoroughly practical as the reformer with a clear-cut social philosophy. His ideas quickly take legislative form, and his legislation may develop rapidly an elaborate regulative apparatus. It has been so in Australia. The legislators' system seems to fill a void through lack of strong external pressures and internal complexities of social and intellectual structure: it imposes itself masterfully. Yet these pressures and complexities may appear later, exacting heavy payment for earlier triumphs. In a simple society it is dangerously easy to confuse the real difference between a moral and a legislative programme. The moral reformer cannot demand too much, but the lawgiver can demand too much; the external world may not obey him, and if he is too far in advance of his own fellow-citizens they will not respond to his lead.

[21] W. P. Reeves, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 113.

[22] Reeves, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 106. The Upper House twice deleted the compulsory clauses, but all its opposition could achieve was an almost negligible delay

Australia's radical lawgivers, nevertheless, have won a very large measure of success. The moderate majority of the Labour Party has always accepted their work; the experienced leaders of the parties which resist Labour have also accepted it. It has become 'the settled policy of the country.' It has (though the die-hards will never see it) become the sheet-anchor of a new Australian conservatism, attractive to the moderate, unadventurous minds of the sober masses and their spokesmen in all the parties. It has become interwoven with a growing national consciousness. And, surely, it could not have received such widespread acceptance had it not been generally in tune with the demands of the Australian environment and the desires of the Australian people. Australia's State Socialism invites a good deal of economic criticism, and gets it—the more of it the better; but historically it is a necessary product of certain peculiar geographical conditions and the needs of an emigrant population in the industrial age. Distance, aridity, and an erratic alternation of seasons imposed upon the State responsibilities which no voluntary associations could have performed. An urban concentration of population was the inevitable product of the country's natural hostility to peasant settlers, aided by the rapid growth of a machine technique for agriculture. Nature, left to the tender mercies of the economists, might have produced in Australia a landed oligarchy lording it over a large urban proletariat. But democracy took a hand—the urban masses called upon the State to do them right. Their arguments, as we have seen, were those of English radicalism; but, guided by a true instinct, they revived a majestic name charged with emotions and rich in traditions of which nineteenth-century radicalism was unaware. If their heads were full of tags from Mill and Hyndman and the Fabians, their hearts (though they did not know it) were in the sixteenth century with Latimer and Hales and Master Thomas Starkey: their ideal was the Tudor ideal of a *Commonwealth*.

W. K. HANCOCK.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IN THE MAKING

A Reply

In the June number of *The Nineteenth Century* Mr. A. L. Rowse contributed a comprehensive attack on the National Government. A brief summary of his main contentions provides a convenient illustration of the partisan mind. His first point is that coalitions are always bad, that the particular coalition of Mr MacDonald and Mr Baldwin is 'patriarchal, and all for standing still,' and therefore particularly bad, and that the immediate need is for a party based on principle. Two quotations from Burke are inevitably utilised to strengthen his main case. He states categorically that the Liberal Party will never again play a decisive or independent part in British politics, and finally pins his hopes on certain heart-searchings and policy committees that are to be found in the Labour Party and the possible emergence of a new leadership from its ranks. The second line of attack is on foreign policy. Here he roundly condemns the attitude of the Government towards Russia, Japan, Ireland, and Germany as one inspired by a 'vain desire for publicity and popularity.' Thirdly, with an ambiguously approving glance at Mr Keynes, he is unable to see any clear definition of policy on such questions as the debts, gold, and credit policy. Fourthly, with quotations from the Liberal *Economist*, he expresses strong disapproval of Ottawa as having had the effect of raising world tariffs. Lastly, he deplores certain cuts in the social services, and most particularly the abolition of the housing subsidy.

This summary omits a mass of highly controversial and some inaccurate statements. It is, for example, quite untrue to say that the Government accepted Mussolini's plan, when it took weeks of joint negotiation between four Powers to produce an agreed manifesto; it is quite untrue to say that the idea of a National Building (presumably Housing is meant) Corporation does not interest the Government when a select committee is set up immediately to examine it; it is untrue to say that the Government stated they could restore industrial prosperity by means of tariffs.

It is demonstrably unfair not to mention the efforts of the Prim Minister to save the Disarmament Conference, to secure the good will of America, and to initiate a World Economic Conferenc It is one-sided not to mention the achievements of the Ministr of Agriculture and Transport either positively or negativel Thus it would be possible to continue in analysis. But it is no the detailed attack on points of policy that matters most; it always difficult to straitjacket the world into a framework o dogmatic ideas. Mr. Rowse must fail in such an attempt, a others have failed before him.

The issues before this country are surely more fundamental The case for a National Government is as strong in 1933 as it wa in 1931. The breakdown of the party system as it has operated since the war is the crux of the problem. The immediate occasion was the ineptitude of a particular Government in face of a special crisis, but the electorate expressed its utter boredom with parties of all kinds far more than its considered appreciation of the National Government. Moreover, it continues to do so, except where the people forget that a by-election is taking place. Other countries are trying a variety of experiments to cope with this same trouble; but Mr. Rowse asks us to return again to the good old party system, and with no safeguards. This is to misunderstand the temper of the people and to avoid facing the realities of a changing economic and political world. The technique of government is clearly out of date, and whatever party is at the wheel, the engine is unable to get up steam. There is a physical limit to the attempt to breathe new life into old parties, and the electorate has nearly reached that limit. In other countries resort has been made to physical violence or sudden dictatorships. It is hoped by all those who care for the essentials of democracy that England will show an alternative method of approach. Are there signs that such a method is being tried?

The first step was taken when a National Government was elected. A new spirit was brought into the political atmosphere, and it enabled us to achieve a measure of financial sanitation with no appreciable opposition. A second step was taken with the appointment of a Tariff Advisory Committee, composed of three distinguished men, which safeguarded us from the usual log-rolling which accompanies the framing of a tariff policy. The next important measure was the decision to implement the Agricultural Marketing Act in several directions. With this degree of control over imports and home production it became possible to negotiate with the Dominions, to conclude a series of commercial treaties with countries closely allied to us by complementary trade, and to enter a World Conference as a national entity. Those who demand political certainties must expect a

dusty answer; but there are the elements of a plan unfolding in this policy, and those who attack it must do so on principle. Neither the record nor the programme of any party entitles it to attack this policy. The facts will explain.

For many years in England there have been Conservative Free Traders, while the Socialist Party has been alternately split or professed a dignified unconcern with the dilemma. Even the purity of the Liberal Party was sullied and Mr Lloyd George and Sir Ernest Simon became renegades. Meanwhile, the people was not led. The hopeless confusion of mind in the Socialist Cabinet rendered the Imperial Conference of 1929 sterile; hence Ottawa, hence the Tariff Advisory Committee. The Socialist Government introduced an excellent Marketing Act, but was unable to implement it because its ranks were divided on the principle of controlling imports. A Conservative Government usually attempts to be re-elected on the strength of its past achievements, and actually comes into power through a swing back from some radical experiments tried by its opponents. A Socialist Government usually promises hopefully and seizes the imagination of the people in contrast to the slowness and clumsiness of its opponents. Sooner or later it becomes entangled by the complex of its promises and the hard facts.

The country wants an organic, long-term, constructive programme; but such a programme is useless for the auction of votes, because it requires careful explanation, involving the discussion of hard, unpleasant facts. Hence the post-war years have been characterised by patchwork measures with anything but beneficial results to the nation as a whole. The only hope, therefore, at the present moment is the preparation of a long-term constructive programme and the preparation of public opinion to accept it. It so happens that the need for such an effort is felt by elements in all parties, and since the formation of the National Government there have sprung up quite independently a number of unofficial groups freed from the deadening hand of party organisation. In direct contrast to the boredom with parties is the lively interest in the stuff of politics. It remains to find the appropriate means of canalising these efforts and setting the country on a positive line of action once again. To achieve this result within the confines of political democracy is the task of the new generation. There is no obvious reason why such a task should fail, but it will demand a determined and conscious effort, a new mental attitude towards government, a more scientific frame of mind in the leaders of public opinion. Given these essentials, there is presented to us something far more fascinating and exciting than self-exhibitionism on the public platform or weary reiteration of half-truths dictated by party headquarters.

The prospect becomes entirely different. A free democracy implies that progress will spring from individual initiative, imagination and character, and rest on the consent of the governed. But, since such luxuries demand eternal vigilance, there must exist within the community, among the workshops of democracy, the necessary organs for discussing and understanding the subject-matter and stuff of politics and economics. The alternative to some such method means that a few people will be thrown back on party allegiances and obsolete, unimaginative central offices. Furthermore, a recrudescence of party ideas will give impetus to the formation of groups pursuing narrow and reactionary aims. This would mean that the stage is set for a return to the parties of extremism or reaction. The considerations to be taken into account in formulating an industrial or national policy and the difficulties involved in carrying out such a policy have become so numerous and complicated that there is a real danger that industries and Governments may blunder into one another and founder.

It was earlier mentioned that the various decisions taken by the National Government in regard to the Tariff Advisory Committee, Ottawa, and the new commercial treaties and agricultural policy formed part of a plan. Perhaps that is an over-statement. Though they may be consistent with one another, they are for the most part short-range decisions. Far more research than exists to-day, more uniform statistics, new organs of government are all required, and are the indispensable preliminaries of a considered commercial policy. This leads in turn to the consideration of our industrial organisation, with its ancillaries of finance and utilities and the close connexion of the latter with local government. What sort of policy has the Government in mind in the case of steel, cotton, and building? It may use the lever of the Tariff Advisory Committee to force some reorganisation in the steel industry—and that is no easy matter; but what sort of lever, short of commissioners, can it utilise to lift Lancashire out of its bog, how can costs be cut in the building industry so that housing can once more stand on its own economic legs, how can the country be safeguarded against the disastrous burdens that Dr. Addison's subsidy policy cast on its back for generations to come?

An easy transition from industrial organisation compels fresh thinking on employment and social policy and local government. It is comparatively simple to distribute praise or blame for specific acts in social policy; it is immensely difficult to say what the precise function of local government should be in the next ten years. The fact is that local government originated because the central Government, owing to poor communications

and ineffective machinery, was quite unable to undertake the details of provincial administration. This reason has passed away. New areas are needed for most of the trading services, and the Government threatens to remove public assistance to a national authority. And yet there are peculiar local needs which require special treatment, there is a positive value in variety and experiment, there are the important considerations that government must be acceptable, that local authorities are valuable training grounds for democracy, and that the preservation of local self-consciousness is vital to a community. Such considerations must weigh heavily in giving a balanced judgment on policies regarding employment, health and education, and town and country planning. The secret of political stability and efficiency in England has been our capacity to adapt old constitutional methods to new constitutional needs. There is a strong case at the moment in national government for a substantial measure of devolution on functional lines and in many directions; there is an equally strong case for an inner Cabinet whose time is wholly devoted to an objective and comprehensive view of national policy. The relations between industry and the State need much closer definition, if freedom and responsibility are to be accorded industry.

Perhaps enough has been said to suggest the lines of advance on which all those interested in creating a national organ of government might travel. It would need a separate article to describe the more immediate measures that are capable of enforcement, and which might afford the basis for a more complete scheme to be presented to the electorate as a long-term constructive policy for the next ten years. In the meantime, England needs a campaign of educational awakening to the facts. The responsibility for this lies heavily on teachers, voluntary organisations, the Press, the radio, and every leader of opinion. The one sterile and hopeless course is to fall back on parties as seminal bodies for creating a more harmonious social order.

The first point that needs driving home to the people is that politics come after the facts. It is useless to look to Government for salvation, although it may well take a hand in initiating inquiries, providing reliable statistics, and at certain points sanctioning schemes. Industrial and agricultural statesmen are the supreme need of the hour. No Government department can possibly understand the problems of particular industries; it therefore follows that every industry must create a comprehensive government for itself and must endow its members with an industry approach to its own problems. The twin problems of over-capitalisation and redundancy which affect so many old industries, the quite new problems of marketing that affect all

industries, must be tackled from within, but the Government can stimulate them and create the atmosphere for reconstruction. With the exception of certain agricultural industries, the National Government has failed conspicuously in this respect. Here, then, is a field in which the major interests of the people are concerned and where an enormous amount of work can be done. But new mechanisms are required, and at some stage possibly new legislation. Parliament is quite unfitted to discuss anything more than the general principles of reorganisation; it should then hand on responsibility to a series of industrial councils or chartered corporations to work out the details of a structure which is in step with modern scientific technique. Only when the utmost efficiency is developed in the industrial and agricultural economy can a national policy be framed which will give a lead to the world and induce the deliberate planning and direction of international trade. Our position as a world market gives us a unique potential influence over world economy: in the effort to establish that influence every person engaged in industry or agriculture has a functional part to play. Unfortunately he does not realise this except in very rare circumstances, but it is the task of statesmanship to induce this awareness in every possible manner. Industry and agriculture are the two main national services on which government and social services and everything else ultimately rest. Russia and Italy have discovered their own peculiar devices for bringing home this fact to their countries: if we reject their devices—and we do—it is incumbent on us to discover our own methods. But it implies that a plan exists based on principle, comprehensible in its simpler forms by the people and capable in its details of execution by responsible leaders. This illustration is used to show how widely divorced the really urgent problems are from party politics and their vested interests. But the same considerations apply to every other economic and social problem. The present technique of solution is clumsy and out of date. The organisation of parties and the temper they generate stand on the highway taking toll of fresh advance, obstructionist and discredited. A new frame of mind is needed which will enable public opinion to appreciate and act upon expert advice in the establishment of a healthy economic order.

KENNETH LINDSAY.

BETTING AND THE PUBLIC

The result of five and a half centuries of legislation on betting, gaming, and lotteries has been to produce an illogical chaos which does little credit to the wisdom of Parliament. Lotteries in England are illegal, but a sweepstake the subscriptions to which amounted to £1,000,000 was condoned. Foreign lotteries are forbidden, but the provisions of the law so far as they related to the Irish sweepstake were openly flouted, and the most respectable papers published the names of the successful lawbreakers. The religious are not free from censure in respect of the promotion of raffles; and a church is said to have been built from a prize in a sweepstake. *Pecunia non olet.* Totalisators are legal on a horse racecourse, and possibly legal elsewhere if conducted on a credit basis. On greyhound tracks they are illegal in England but legal in Scotland. Bookmakers may carry on their business anywhere by post or telephone provided that they trust their customers and do not meet them face to face. On a racecourse under the Racecourse Betting Control Board the bookmaker must have a 'place' in which to conduct his business. On other courses he is immune provided that he does not have a 'place'. An umbrella is probably permitted to him, but a tent or a shed is regarded as deleterious to public morals. The poor man or the man without credit must bet for cash; but the law forbids him to do so except on the course. He derides the law, and the street bookmaker with his runner infests the alleys of large and small towns and has his agents in shops and factories and in most places where twenty or more workmen are gathered together. The police find themselves quite unable to cope with the traffic, and the prevalence of street betting leads to contempt for the law and occasionally to the corruption of the police.

Scotland seems to be under the erroneous impression that ready-money betting is permitted in that country. The result is that money flows in readily both from Scot and Englishman. The offices in Scotland which conduct the business are raided annually and fines of £100 are imposed; but this is an insignificant administrative expense in a business which is so large that an indulgent Post Office provides a special van to deal with the

plunder. Newspapers vie with each other in announcing expensive prizes in competitions which, while involving a maximum of luck, call for just that minimum of skill which is necessary to keep within the law. Again the kindly Post Office assists, and the Secretary asserts that £3,000,000 was expended on postal orders and stamps in one year as entrance fees to newspaper competitions. Football does not escape. Ready-money betting on football is forbidden. The credit of the bettor, however, is not good, and the ingenious bookmaker surmounts the difficulty by requiring the bettor to send in the counterfoil of his postal order before the match and the order itself afterwards.

It is little wonder that after these centuries of legislation Parliament is distressed to find that betting and gaming, so far from having decreased, is considerably on the increase, and in particular there is a vigorous agitation to legalise lotteries, a form of gambling which, but for unimportant exceptions, came to an end nearly a century ago. A Royal Commission was the inevitable result, and that Commission signed its final Report on the glorious First of June, just 361 days after its appointment. Its membership is such as to command respect. If any criticism is to be made on that score, it is because the average age of nine of its members (whose ages are recorded in the ordinary books of reference) is sixty-one. These members thus belong definitely to the Victorian age, and there are signs in their Report that they are not well fitted to sympathise with the impatience and dislike of inhibitions of the bright young people of the present day. They have, however, produced a quite admirable Report which states very tersely the origins of the quagmire in which the subject is at present engulfed, and the arguments for and against their proposals. No consideration is overlooked and no issue shirked.

The Commission state very properly that they are not concerned with the ethics of gambling, but with its effect on the community. The ordinary man, however, finds it difficult to dissociate the question of legislation from the question of ethics. There are those who think that gambling is wicked in itself; and those who hold this very intelligible view think that all access to the accursed thing should be forbidden, and that a State which sets up a Racecourse Betting Board is directly in league with Satan. The Archbishop of York appears to belong to this party. He says of gambling that 'as a social factor its essence is the distribution of wealth on the basis of chance. As a social principle that is plainly indefensible.' The objection is true of such games as roulette and of lotteries, but it is scarcely true of racecourse betting. An enormous amount of skill and special knowledge is devoted to the making of bets; and a really skilful and constant backer is unlucky if ultimately his operations

result in a loss. Neither can the result accurately be described, except in the case of lotteries, as a distribution of wealth. The days of the 'plunger' are past, and nowadays stakes and winnings are usually of very modest dimensions. It is doubtful whether the Church has any special authority to pronounce as to the morality of gambling, and if its pronouncements were unfavourable they would not receive the assent of the vast majority of the population, who legitimately claim to form their own opinion on the subject. It is further to be observed, though not as removing the Archbishop's objection, that in the present state of society much of the wealth of the world is in fact distributed upon the basis of chance. The fact is that even in the most naked form of gambling, tossing for coins, neither the winner nor the loser has any sense of sin.

It is quite another matter to object to betting on the ground of its folly. It is not a possible function of the Legislature to prevent people from being fools, and the objection depends almost entirely on the extent of the folly. Everyone spends some of his time and some of his money foolishly—if not on himself, at any rate on his family. If all is spent foolishly, ruin follows; if, as is generally the case, only a small portion is spent foolishly, it really does not matter and the general well-being of the individual is not affected. It is foolish to spend money on lotteries, because the aggregate of the prizes is very much less than the aggregate of the payments, and the same is true of sweepstakes and roulette. In the case of betting the skill of the bettor is usually not sufficient to outweigh the cost necessarily involved in providing the bookmaker with a living. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that recreations and amusements are necessary to most people, and that amusement may be obtained out of gambling even though the ultimate result is a loss. All amusements are costly, and gambling may be the cheapest form of amusement. A man may be aware that he is a very poor bridge-player and yet find that to him bridge is a cheaper and more interesting amusement than the theatre, the public-house, the cinema, or sport.

It is important to examine the reasons which have led to the great spread of gambling in recent years. Probably the chief reason is that life has ceased to offer many material prizes and chance affords the only available avenue to even a modest share in the distribution of wealth. There never has been a time when life has been more mechanical or when the chances open to the poor man of attaining material prosperity have been so small. Great numbers of the employed population spend many hours every day in the dreary routine operation of one machine. It is a drudgery from which they see no escape and from which

there is very little promotion. They return weary in body and mind to homes singularly unattractive in towns which are unspeakably dreary. The factory hand is no longer master of a trade; he is the slave of a machine. In the middle classes the spirit of adventure is either thwarted or destroyed. Society is so ordered that vast numbers enter on a salaried occupation at the beginning of their career, see their salaries increased by small annual increments throughout their working life, and look forward to ending their days in receipt of a meagre pension. Life gives them just enough for their necessities with no surplus for their desires. The compensation for this drudgery—certainly for the poor and to a less extent for the middle class—is an increase in remuneration coupled with an added sense of security. Formerly the poor man had the slenderest margin, and if he failed to husband that margin throughout his life his end was the workhouse. He was also faced with destitution in the event of unemployment. Now he is secured against absolute want. He obtains payment during unemployment and an old-age pension when his work is finished. Provision is made for his widow and he is insured against sickness. A large portion of the middle class enjoys a similar security with the aid of life insurance and pension systems. Both classes enjoy a poor sort of security and find security the most expensive of blessings. It is as featureless and uninteresting as a by-pass road.

It is not unnatural that the bored should look eagerly for any avenue of escape, and life is so arranged that gambling affords a possibility of escape without disloyalty to the god of security. The poor man with a shilling and the middle-class man with a pound know that these sums are of little or no use. Their disappearance makes no appreciable difference in the mode of life. Placed in the savings bank, they produce a derisive income; if spent, an evanescent pleasure. On the other hand, the shilling converted into a pound or the pound converted into twenty produces something of real value. The Commission give a good example. One pound goes no way towards the expenses of a holiday, while £20 will secure one. It would be the greatest mistake to suppose that money won in betting is necessarily squandered. It may even be an act of wisdom to risk that which is valueless on the chance of obtaining something of real value. It is true that the poor man has to pay heavily for his indulgence, and the chances are against him, but the chances always are against the poor. The totalisator takes its 10 or 12 per cent.; the bookmaker probably nearly as much. It is much cheaper to gamble on the Stock Exchange, but that the poor man cannot do.

So long as the State recognises betting as it does, it cannot properly legislate against moderate betting within the limits of

security such as I have described. The question is what reason there is to credit the existence of immoderate and extravagant betting of a character to bring down ruin on families and to produce a grave social evil. All the evidence shows that the habit of making large bets has greatly diminished and that the stakes of the poor are smaller than they used to be. The result has been a greater distribution of betting, with a reduction in individual stakes.

It is impossible to estimate the total volume of betting. The Racecourse Betting Control Board in 1929 calculated an annual turnover of £230,000,000, a figure which represents an average payment of nearly £6 a year for man, woman, and child in Great Britain. The amount seems enormous, but for the purpose of calculating the impoverishment by betting it is necessary to reckon only the losses. If the profits of the bookmaker and the totalisator are put at 12 per cent, which is probably an over-estimate, the betting losses of the community would amount to £27,600,000. This appears to be a large sum, but it only represents about a third of the revenue derived from the taxes on beer and spirits, and it probably does not cause a tithe of the misery occasioned by excessive taxation. On the whole, the evidence that betting causes serious impoverishment is inconclusive. No doubt it does so in individual cases, and more particularly in the case of those already impoverished, such as persons in receipt of unemployment benefit, who bet because they are desperate. Cases also occur in which betting is associated with crime, but on the whole it does not appear to be a common cause of crime. The Chief Constable of the West Riding said that if the causes of crime were generally analysed, it could not be said that gambling was a contributory factor to any material extent; and the Deputy-Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis took a somewhat similar view. As a fact, the cash basis is the greatest guarantee against crime. A man otherwise honest might be led to steal money in order to pay a gambling debt which he has incurred on credit; but a man who steals money in order to make a bet or to replace money he has lost in betting is essentially dishonest, and if he were not dishonest for this reason he would be dishonest for some other.

With regard to the actual proposals of the Commission, their position as to lotteries appears to be unassailable. Lotteries have been eloquently described by the Legislature as a common nuisance. Private lotteries unregulated by Government lend themselves to every possibility, and even to a certainty, of fraud. The Commission bestow a milder condemnation on lotteries organised by the State for the benefit of the Exchequer, basing their objection mainly on the unfortunate psychological effect of

lotteries. The strongest reason against State lotteries, however, is that the State should not embark in a business which is offensive to the conscience of a great number of its subjects. The vogue of lotteries is almost entirely due to the inability of participants to calculate the odds against them. If Adam in the year B.C. 4004 had taken a ticket in the Calcutta sweep and one such ticket had been taken by one of his successors every year since, it is improbable that they would yet have won the first prize. On the other hand, if they had invested the same amount from year to year, they would now possess most of the wealth of the world. In any event, the income from lotteries would at best form a trifling item in the enormous revenue of the State. It would be unlike all other State enterprises, if the State did not mismanage it, and experience points to the conclusion that the popularity of lotteries disappears as their novelty vanishes. A more plausible but equally unsound proposal is the establishment of a Lotteries Board to hold lotteries for charitable purposes. The more responsible charities dislike the idea, and the problem of deciding what charities should participate is insoluble. The question has only become acute owing to the success, now rapidly disappearing, of the Irish sweepstakes. England appears to have contributed on balance about £10,000,000 to the resources of the Irish Free State, which is a defaulting debtor to this country. The situation is, in truth, intolerable; but it only arises because the legal remedies against foreign sweepstakes are inadequate, and the Commission make the right recommendation when they propose that the remedies should be made adequate.

The Commission recommend few changes with regard to betting either by the totalisator or through bookmakers on racecourses under the Racecourse Betting Control Board. They will not, however, allow the Board to set up betting offices of their own or allow independent bodies to collect bets off the course for transmission to the Board on a commission basis. Here they follow two lines of general policy—first, that no profit should be made out of the totalisator except by the Board; and, secondly, that betting at betting-houses must be prohibited. The Commission are on far more debatable ground when they deal with 'off the course' betting. The present position is that credit betting off the course is legal; cash betting is illegal. The distinction, whatever its administrative reasons, is illogical, and it is regarded as a class distinction because it means that no person can bet off the course who does not possess credit. It is far more dangerous to bet on credit than to bet for cash, and it is known that bookmakers taking credit bets make many bad debts. Cash betting is prohibited in order to restrict the area of betting; but the prohibition has completely broken down, and it does not

appreciably diminish the extent of street betting. London is said to contain 750 bookmakers and Manchester 150. The Commission propose to continue the prohibition without taking any direct action to make the prohibition more effective by increasing the penalties or otherwise. They rely on the provision of an alternative to street betting in the shape of cash betting by post.

It is proposed that all bookmakers, whether on or off the course, should be registered by the chief officer of police on payment of an annual fee of £50, and an annual registration fee of £1 should be payable by each member of his staff. Further fees of £25 are payable if the bookmaker carries on betting at his office otherwise than by post and if he conducts more than one office. The bookmaker may not advertise his business, except on one day in the year i.e. not more than three newspapers, and may not send his circulars except to those who apply for them.

The experience of Scotland shows that a postal system attracts customers and is not necessarily unfavourable to bets of small amount. In one raid on a Scottish bookmaking office 1913 bets were found, and 1166 represented bets of 1s. each. It is, however, a serious objection that a postal bet of 1s. costs 2½d. if a postal order is used, while if the bettor is successful the cost is probably at least 7d. The Commission point out that the cost of postage may be defrayed in the first instance by the bookmaker, but whoever pays in the first instance, the bettor must pay eventually, since the bookmaker must make his book in such a way as to recover his out-of-pocket expenses. It will be seen that the man who stakes 1s. by post pays over 20 per cent. of his stake to the Post Office before he pays the bookmaker his commission, which must be at least another 10 per cent. If the chief objection to betting is the loss it occasions to the bettor, it is clear that the effect of the two proposals to charge a bookmaker a heavy registration fee and to insist on betting by post is to add greatly to the cost of betting and increase the impoverishment it causes. The proposal makes the betting of small sums such as 1s. almost ruinously expensive, and its tendency must be to lead to bets of larger amounts, so that the cost of stamps and postal orders will not amount to so large a proportion of the stake.

At present the street bettor generally bets in the luncheon hour, when he can obtain the latest information and ascertain what horses are running. It is probable that under the postal system bets would have to be made the day before in ignorance of the final conditions, and even of the final list of runners. There is an infinite possibility of dispute with regard to postal bets said to have been posted and not to have been received. Letters with illegible postmarks and letters delivered after the race. Bets are not recoverable by law; the bettor may not resort to the

office of the bookmaker, and it would be almost impossible fo to obtain any redress. The working man does not take re to writing letters, and seldom has the time for it.

A majority of the Commission recommend that on paym of a further licence duty bookmakers should be allowed to rec bets otherwise than by post in a box provided for the pur outside their office. A minority of the Commission objec this. It is difficult to see how the objection can be sustai If a man lives next door to a bookmaker it is absurd that should not be allowed to put a letter into his box, and it is diffic to see by what system of supervision the bookmaker can prevented from dealing with the letter. It is doubtful, inde whether the elaborate restrictions which the Commission prop to enforce on the delivery of letters by hand can possibly enforced.

The outcome of all these proposals will be that cash betti off the course will be inconvenient, uncomfortable, and expensiv The Commission would of course say that it is the object of t proposals to make gambling difficult. The real question, ho ever, seems to be whether the new system, if legalised, will sufficiently attractive to supersede the present illegal but attra tive system of street betting. If it succeeds, it will still be ope to the objection that betting is more expensive for the poo than for the well-to-do. If it fails, it means either that the poo have been provided with no satisfactory substitute for the bettin facilities afforded to the well-to-do or else that the attempt t crush the illegal system of street betting has broken down. Th uncertainty attaching to the proposals is so great, and the socia benefits to be derived from them so dubious, that it is ver doubtful whether they will be endorsed by Parliament.

The attachment of the Legislature to horses and its dislik of greyhounds is historic. So long ago as 1389 a statute wa passed forbidding anyone but a rich man to keep any greyhoun to hunt 'gentlemen's game'; while in 1540 Parliament recite that 'the generation and breed of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth not only to a great help and defence of the same but also is great commodity and profit to the inhabitants.' It is therefore not surprising that the Commission look askance at greyhound racing. They wish to forbid the totalisator on greyhound courses while allowing it at horse races. Much ingenious argument has been used to show that greyhound racing is totally different from horse racing. No ingenuity is required; it is totally different. It would be difficult, however, to discover any valid distinction between horse betting and greyhound betting, except that the latter is primarily a poor man's amusement. The Commission object to totalisators on greyhound courses

because the managers of the track derive benefit from them, because they require supervision to prevent fraud, and because they are popular. These reasons might be conclusive if it were proposed to forbid betting by bookmakers, but the whole effect of the prohibition is to throw business into the hands of the bookmakers; and if profit is to be made, it is not clear that it is better that bookmakers should secure it rather than the persons who have embarked on the venture of providing a course. It is true that a totalisator requires supervision and gives opportunities for fraud; but there could be no difficulty in providing supervision, and fraud is not unknown among bookmakers.

The Commission add a requirement that betting should only be allowed on courses licensed by a county council or a county borough council. The conditions on which alone a licence may be refused are so vague that any council could, if it saw fit, refuse all licences. In particular a licence can be refused because the course is near a very densely populated area. In 1931 there were 18,000,000 attendances at licensed courses and perhaps half as many again at unlicensed. If the sport is to be permitted at all, it is difficult to justify a requirement which makes poor men, who have neither the time nor the money to spare, to travel long distances outside the area in which they live to attend the races. There is undoubtedly room for some system of control both as to the multiplication of courses and the number of days on which races are conducted, but such control should be of universal application. The proposal of the Commission practically amounts to local option, an arrangement which has proved to be unsatisfactory in practically every direction in which it has been applied.

The proposals really represent a compromise. It would be too glaring an injustice to allow betting on horse racecourses and to prohibit it on greyhound racecourses. The real objection to greyhound racing is its wide appeal to the working classes. The proposals aim at making the sport and betting on the sport as far as possible unremunerative to those who provide it and inconvenient and costly to those who support it. Greyhound racing as a sport has its defects, but it is healthier, cheaper, and generally less injurious, even when coupled with betting, than the public-house or the cinema, which offer their alternative attractions. There is every reason to regret the widespread addiction to gambling; it is, however, a symptom of a disease, and not the disease itself. Its causes are to be found in the unattractive and monotonous lives to which under present conditions most people are destined; and it is the effort to escape from those conditions which gives rise to the search for undesirable distractions.

W. R. BARKER.

THE NEW PALESTINE

FOR nearly 2000 years after the Roman conquest in A.D. 70 Palestine lay derelict. The Jews were dispersed and their country became a Roman province. Sporadic revolts came to nothing, and when Rome's grip loosened Palestine passed in quick succession to the Eastern empire—the Arabs, the Persians, the Turks and the Egyptian caliphs. There followed the short-lived rule of the Crusaders, who, like their predecessors, brought fire and sword, but provided almost nothing in the way of stable government. The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem lasted ninety years, and then fell before Saladin. Once more Palestine was laid waste by invaders, and gained respite by becoming an appanage of the Mamluk dynasty of Egypt. The Turk succeeded the Arab, and finally in 1917 came the conquest by the Allies under Lord Allenby. During all this time, except for the episode of the Crusades, Palestine was sunk out of the main stream of history. No important trade routes crossed its frontiers. It was dragged at the heels of three decaying empires in succession, who sucked it dry. Its hills were stripped of forests which no one troubled to replant. The sub-tropical rains washed away the soil to the bare rock. Under the nomadic Arab and slothful Turk the land which had once flowed with milk and honey reverted to desert. But still Jerusalem remained the holy city for three great religions. The glamour of the Promised Land still fascinated the Jews in their dispersion, and the Arabs grew restless under the rule of the Turks in the country where once the Turks had been their subjects.

Throughout the nineteenth century the ramshackle Ottoman Empire was tottering to its fall. Like vultures over a carcase, the European Powers swooped down upon the sick man of Europe. Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt were snapped up and engorged. Indeed, it was only jealousy among the vultures that saved the carcase from entire dismemberment. At the same time a wave of nationalism swept through the Turkish possessions. Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro declared their independence. All this would have affected Palestine but little had not the germ of independence incubated in the culture of Turkish decay attacked both the Arabs and the Jews simultaneously. Both movements had a background and a justification

in antiquity; but while the Jews from all the corners of the earth looked longingly towards Palestine alone, the Arabs dreamed of throwing off the Turkish yoke and establishing an Arab kingdom in the Near East which should revive their ancient glories and include Syria, Palestine, and Arabia. The Jewish national movement culminated in the foundation of the Zionist Organisation and the Jewish National Fund about 1900, while the Arabs in the same decade held the Arab Congress in Paris to assert their nationhood.

Then came the Great War, and the aspirations of the Jews and Arabs were merged in larger issues. The settlement of the Near East, however, soon assumed critical importance. In 1915 the Allies were fighting for their lives, and conceived the idea of enlisting the support of the Arabs against the Turks. The Arabs were particularly ready to entertain such proposals, since their growing national feeling had been stung to passion by the barbarisms of Jamal Pasha, who, sent to Syria by the Sublime Porte to quell incipient revolt, had hanged numbers of Arab leaders in the public squares of Damascus and Beirut. A rather nebulous Anglo-Arab treaty was arranged, and Arab support was given in return for the promise of an Arab kingdom whose boundaries were never defined. Thus Arab nationalism drove its first bargain. In the year following the French and English discussed the division of Turkish territory, and provisionally arranged for a French and an English sphere of influence, an international zone corresponding to Central Palestine, and two other areas which were to be set aside for an independent Arab state or confederation. The Zionists were not inactive while all these discussions about the future of the Near East were going on. They argued that the Allies could not be indifferent to Jewish good-will and financial support, and began a series of negotiations with the British Government which finally resulted in the Balfour Declaration of November 1917, which stated that His Majesty's Government viewed with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jews.

Thus in the three years 1915, 1916, and 1917 Great Britain became engaged to the Arabs for the establishment of an Arab kingdom of undefined extent, to the French for the internationalisation of Palestine, and to the Jews for the establishment of a National Home in Palestine. To what extent, if any, these engagements are mutually exclusive has been the subject of bitter controversy between the Jews and Arabs, and it is not too much to say that the future of Palestine depends upon the finding of a *modus vivendi* for these two parallel national movements.

The final event in the historical background of modern Palestine was the Mandate granted to Great Britain by the League

of Nations. Like all mandates, it is based on Article 22 of th Covenant of the League of Nations, which, in the case of A mandates, contemplates a form of tutelage of undeveloped but independent nations to whom the mandatory shall render administrative advice and assistance until they can stand alone. This underlying principle is somewhat modified in the case of Palestine by the inclusion in the Mandate of the Balfour Declaration. Here, again, is a fruitful field of dissension. The Arabs contend that the Mandate contains two irreconcilable ideas—that of self-determination (Article 22) and that of the right of conquest (the Balfour Declaration). The intricacies of this controversy need not be pursued further here.

The Mandate was granted to Great Britain subject to a treaty of peace being concluded with Turkey, and this was duly signed at Sèvres in 1920. Owing to another nationalist movement—this time in Turkey under Mustafa Kemal—the Treaty of Sèvres was never ratified, and it was not until July 1923 that the stage was finally set for the birth of the New Palestine. The scene was a tiny country more than half desert, drenched with sub-tropical sun; a country with the most romantic history in the world, where empire after empire had left traces of its magnificence and decay, where almost every stone was a monument of the vanished past; the country where history began; the Holy Land for half the civilised world. The actors were cast in three groups: First, 60,000 Jews, ardently patriotic and idealist; second, 600,000 Moslems, mostly illiterate and primitive, but conscious of a national spirit; and third, the British Government, aware of its obligations to both parties and alive to Jewish and Moslem susceptibilities far beyond the boundaries of Palestine.

The prospect opened by the Balfour Declaration and the British acceptance of the Mandate had a stimulating effect on Jewry throughout the world. For the first time for centuries there was some promise of stability and security in Palestine, and a stream of immigrants bringing their capital with them began to pour into the country. In the twelve years ending in 1932 about 125,000 Jews entered the country, and of these over 75 per cent. remained there. During the same period the percentage of Jews to the total population rose from 9.5 to 17.5—the highest percentage in the world. The Arab population also increased, though not so rapidly, for while the Jews nearly trebled their numbers, the Arabs only added a third. The great Jewish influx reached its peak in 1925, and, although it has since declined in common with all migratory movements all over the world, there still is a steady immigration of about 4000 a year. The figure rose again to over 9000 in 1932, and seems likely to rise still higher in 1933 owing to political events in Germany. It has its origin in a

genuine nationalist movement among a scattered and persecuted people. It has been fostered by the chaotic economic and political conditions of the post-war world, and it is being controlled and directed by Jewish idealists of great ability.

The result has been spectacular. To a visitor returning to Palestine after an absence of ten years the country is almost unrecognisable. The desert has been made to blossom like the rose. Tel-Aviv has grown from almost nothing into a thriving town of 50,000 inhabitants. Haifa, from a fishing village, has become a seaport with a harbour which it is estimated will cost £4,000,000. Industries of all descriptions have sprung up. The skill and capital of the new immigrant has transformed the immemorial cottage handicraft into the modern factory. Scientific farming has taken the place of casual cultivation. The motor car has ousted the camel. Foreign trade has grown from insignificant proportions to a value of £8,000,000 a year. Consider for a moment the magnitude of this ten years' achievement. The population has risen from 750,000 to well over 1,000,000. Palestine has paid off all its external debts. It has bought and paid for all the railways constructed by British troops during the war. It has no unemployment. It has no income tax. It has a budget surplus approaching £1,000,000. It is the only country in the world to escape the general depression. There is no room for doubt that it is the Jews, aided by the stable conditions imposed by the Government, who are responsible for this transformation. The Arabs have contributed very little either politically or economically. The Jewish National Home has in fact come into existence, and it is possible for the first time since the beginning of the Christian era to study the Jews in their own home. Until now the Jews have been aliens (at any rate, in spirit) in every land. They have contributed to the commerce and culture and statesmanship of every country during their long dispersion, but they have always preserved their identity and their language. Their history has been one of constant persecution, from which sometimes one country and sometimes another has offered them a temporary refuge. Now for the first time they feel they have a home—a country upon which they can concentrate the genius of their race. The psychological effect has been tremendous. Jews everywhere have unloosed their purse-strings to contribute to Palestinian funds. Those that are unable or unwilling to leave the lands of their adoption give with the feeling that their sons or grandsons may one day wish to go, and for them they are willing to assist in the foundation of their home.

But it is in Palestine itself that the subtle change in the Jewish mentality is most obvious. It is the change from the Jew the alien to the Jew at home. This change of status has brought

about a change in occupational distribution. We are accustomed to regard the Jews as an urban people. We think of the rich Jew as a financier or a money-lender, according to his social position, and of the poor Jew as a storekeeper or a pawnbroker. The Jewish landowner, farmer, peasant, or artisan is something quite exceptional in our experience. The basis of a sound community is its peasant and artisan class, and in Palestine the Jews seem to have recaptured their ancient agricultural tradition. Something like 26 per cent. of the 180,000 Jews in Palestine are engaged in agricultural pursuits. In Russia only 6 per cent. of the Jews are on the land, and in Poland only 4·3 per cent. Throughout the country village communities have sprung up under the ægis of various central organisations, and tens of thousands of Jews are tilling the soil. It is a hard life, and at present a poor one. Many of the newer colonies can hardly be said to be on their feet as yet. But the desert is steadily being reclaimed, and the peasants are most obviously happy in their work. They are of all classes, and among them are graduates from every university in Europe. Every language is spoken, and Hebrew is the common 'Esperanto.' As to the artisan class, it is enough to say that every stone and every street in Tel-Aviv was laid by Jewish labour, and the same is true of the new cities of Jerusalem and Haifa.

A comparison with Poland—where, after Palestine, Jews are most densely settled—shows the radical difference in social stratification between the Jewish population of the two countries. In Poland 45 to 50 per cent. of the urban inhabitants are engaged in secondary industries like tailoring and shoemaking, and only 12 per cent. in basic industries, such as metal, wood, building, and so forth. In Palestine the position is reversed—20 per cent. are employed in secondary industries and 50 per cent. in basic industries. This return to agriculture and redistribution in industry is a reflection of the new mental outlook which has come with the acquisition of a home. It is strikingly apparent to the traveller, both in the towns and in the country. The demeanour of the people is somehow different. They have a freedom and independence in their manner. Their very walk is different. They have lost that Ghetto look. The orange belt—a strip of land 150 miles long by 20 miles wide—provides the field for the Jewish landowner. Here millions of pounds have been spent in cultivation and irrigation. Virgin land in this area is worth £100 an acre, while orange groves in bearing fetch as much as £500 an acre.

The relations between the Jews and the Arabs are not cordial. The Arab is the poor cousin. Broadly speaking, he is backward, lazy, and content to live in the primitive manner that he has been accustomed to for generations. Moreover, the Arab is obstinate.

He is constitutionally opposed to change, and whatever the progressive Jew proposes the Arab almost automatically resists. The tension between the two races underlies almost every political problem, and has on more than one occasion led to serious rioting. The essence of a mandate is that the mandatory Power shall assist an indigenous but backward nation until such time as it can stand alone (Article 22, Covenant of League of Nations). The Arabs claim that they are the indigenous nation. The Jews claim that they owned Palestine before the Arabs were ever heard of, and that in any case the Balfour Declaration admits their rights. The British Government is reproached by both sides. The Palestine Constitution therefore had to be made in England, as any democratic form of constitution-making on the spot might have nullified the Balfour Declaration.

Following the intention of the Mandate, however, the Government tried to institute a legislative council half of which should be elective. The Arabs boycotted the elections on the ground that the official members and Jews would always outvote them, and the Government was forced to establish an advisory council consisting of official members only. The Jews form a small minority of the population, and are therefore bitterly opposed to any proposal for government by representative assembly. They much prefer to be governed by British officials until such time as they can hold their own numerically. In the meantime they are rapidly gaining on the Arabs by immigration, by natural increase, and by the process of buying them out. Land has risen in value by leaps and bounds, and the Arab owners are realising sums beyond their wildest dreams, and with the money moving inland and spreading into Transjordan, Syria, and Irak, and there buying correspondingly larger areas. This process does not go on without ill-feeling, and there are plenty of grounds for friction between the two races. In fact, the position of the Mandatory Power, faced on the one hand by an obstinate Arab majority and on the other by the land-hungry Jewish immigrant, who regards the country as his own by Divine right, and whose new-found freedom is apt to go to his head, is not an enviable one.

But if the British Government is sometimes painfully conscious of the problems and possibilities of Palestine, the British manufacturer has hardly yet realised that Palestine exists. Over 80 per cent of Palestine's imports are non-British. Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Japan are in possession of the market. As so often happens, the Briton has sat at home in the hope that someone will bring the business to him, while his opposite number on the Continent and in the Far East has planted himself and his samples and his c.i.f. quotations on the Jewish doorstep. This is the more extraordinary since there is a strong desire to buy

British goods and to foster trade relations with this country for political reasons. Moreover, the exchange is heavily in our favour. In June this year an Anglo-Palestine Exhibition was held in London, which, it is to be hoped, stimulated some interest in the Palestine market. Unfortunately, however, the exhibition gave rather a meagre idea of the development which has taken place, and much remains to be done to awaken British manufacturers to their opportunities.

Palestinian prosperity is founded upon two things—the price of oranges and the steady stream of capital which is at present flowing into the country. The Haifa–Mosul pipe line may become a source of income at some future date, and the projected Haifa–Bagdad railway may one day short-circuit a great part of the Persian Gulf traffic and allow Haifa to take the place of Basra as a distributing centre for Persia and the interior. But these factors are problematical, and at any rate they belong to the future. To-day Palestine relies on the orange trade and the inflow of capital. On these two foundations the Jews are erecting a superstructure so ambitious that any weakening of the foundations would bring about a catastrophe. Their medical service is on a scale which would be adequate for double the population. Their educational system is magnificent, but so generous that the Government could not possibly afford to keep it going if private subscription failed.

The world price level to-day is such as to favour a young country engaged, as a young country must be, in buying on capital account. But if the price levels rise, as we all hope they will, Palestine will not be in so happy a position, especially as such an event would betoken a return of prosperity to the world at large, and it is to the depression, in part at any rate, that Palestine owes its influx of capital. It may well be that the future holds rebuffs and set-backs, and that the present wave of prosperity may recede. One feels, however, that the Jewish national movement has already gained sufficient momentum to enable it to survive.

The fundamental problem is the relations between the Arabs and the Jews, with their different aspirations, different culture, and different standard of living. Until this problem can be worked out in its political and social aspects the Mandatory Power is bound to maintain its firm hold upon the country, for any attempts at self-government would inevitably fail. How long the Mandate will last no one can guess; but if prosperity is to continue it must last until these problems have been solved; then it may be possible for effect to be given to the desire now felt by many leading Zionists and for Palestine to request to be admitted to the Commonwealth of British Nations.

D. M. MACKINLAY.

TRACTARIANISM AND EPISCOPACY

'Oh! Pusey! Pusey! We trusted the bishops and they have failed us.' This was John Henry Newman's 'exceeding great and bitter cry,' when the avalanche of episcopal charges descended in condemnation of *Tract XC*. From his own point of view Newman was indeed exceedingly badly used. Had he not roused the clergy from lethargy in the hour of supreme peril of the Church by rallying them to the flag of Episcopacy? 'Exalt your Fathers, the Bishops, the Successors of the Apostles.' Had not he and his friends taught that the Church of England was the only body that could minister valid sacraments in England, the only body in England that had the Keys of Heaven, because it alone 'had the transmission of Divine authority through its apostolically descended episcopate'? With the mighty weapon of Episcopacy he had put to flight 'the armies of the aliens,' the Dissenters and Utilitarians, who were thirsting to overthrow the Church. Had he not, like another Sacheverell, created a formidable Church party to stay the rude assaults of Church reformers, and saved the Prayer Book from their sacrilegious hands? All this he had done for the bishops, and as champion of their sacred office, and his reward was to be treated by the English bishops as the French bishops had treated Lamennais. 'We have trusted the bishops and they have failed us.'

The explanation of the failure lay, of course, in a strange oversight of the Tractarians when they set out to claim that the Church of England was the Holy Catholic Church in England because of its apostolically descended episcopate. They forgot the Church of Rome. It seems incredible to-day, but it is the fact—and Newman confessed it publicly in less than four years after the first Tract appeared—that the Roman controversy overtook the Tractarians 'like a summer cloud.' 'We do not know,' he said, 'why we are not Roman Catholics.' Some tentative essays to settle the point in the earlier Tracts had been singularly unfortunate. The Church of England had been congratulated on its blessed island position, which, as in politics, so in religion, had saved it from contamination with Continental theology. It was a 'Zoar,' a little city of refuge from the corruptions of the Roman

Sodom, and from the barren wastes and wild mountains of Nor
conformist doctrine. Its reformers had conserved under a
apparently Protestant covering hints and traces of Catholi
doctrine, of Eucharistic Sacrifice, of Purgatory, of Baptisma
Regeneration. But it was not easy to put the matter convincingly.
For, granted that the episcopate was the divinely appointed
repository of Catholic truth, and that in virtue of this gift
Cranmer had framed the two books of Common Prayer (the first
and second books of Edward VI), what of his brother-bishops—
Bonner, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester?
It was all very well for Newman to call them Roman intruders,
but surely their apostolical succession was every whit as good as
Cranmer's; and they burnt Cranmer as a heretic. Which was the
true repository of Catholic truth? To appeal to the Bible was to
play into the hands of Dissenters, and to appeal to the Fathers
was to play into the hands of Roman Catholics. Nor was any-
thing gained by appealing to the Convocation which accepted
the Prayer Book in 1662. For Convocation in 1559, on the
succession of Elizabeth, had condemned that very same book.
What right had the Convocation of 1662 to be preferred to the
Convocation of 1559? To fall back upon the rights of Churches
in various countries to adopt various uses did not help matters,
since no Church had the right to adopt uses not consonant with
Catholic doctrine. Where was the authority to determine whether
this condition had been observed? It was not the bishops that
failed the Tractarians. It was their own hastily adopted doctrine
of the episcopate as the repository of Divine Truth. That doctrine
demanded, in the interest of Church unity, faith in the decisive
voice of the Holy Ghost, promulgated from the chair of Peter,
after debate and discussion had done their work. This faith the
Church of England could not supply. Signs are indeed not
wanting that the House of Bishops in the Church Assembly to-day
is feeling after some such seal set upon their decisions. In
default of this faith each bishop dissentient from the majority
remains, at all events for his own diocese, on the Tractarian
theory, a successor of the apostles, equally qualified to be a
repository of Divine Truth, whether he be a Bonner or a Cranmer,
a Dr. Frere or a Dr. Barnes.

Newman's refuge from this dilemma was *Tract XC*, by which
he gave up unity of faith within the Church of England, and
claimed that our Church made room for a Catholic as well as a
Protestant party within its borders. The Thirty-nine Articles,
in spite of their Protestant semblance and Protestant origin, were
tolerant, so he claimed, of a 'Catholic' interpretation, though
they repudiated Roman doctrine. They might condemn (so
Newman taught), and did condemn, solitary Masses used as a

means of making money, but they did not condemn the doctrine of the Mass. They might condemn the Romish doctrine of Purgatory, but they left room for some other doctrine of Purgatory. They might condemn Transubstantiation, but they did not condemn belief in a Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the consecrated elements, provided that the popular conception of 'Presence' was subjected to philosophical exposition. *Tract XC.* did not attempt to expound the doctrine of the Church of England or even the meaning of the Thirty-nine Articles, but it endeavoured to prove that the Articles were purposely drawn up so vaguely as to be capable of very diverse interpretations. It was mere Protestant prejudice that had confined them to an ultra-Protestant interpretation. They were binding on subscribers, he maintained, not in the sense of those who framed them, but 'in their literal and grammatical sense'—as was shown by the Declaration prefixed to them. Now this was a supreme instance of Newman's controversial subtlety. To this day even Protestant exponents of the Articles accept the idea that the Thirty-nine Articles are binding only 'in their literal and grammatical sense.' Reference to the aforesaid Declaration shows that these words concern only one of the Articles—that is, the article on Predestination. The rest are to be interpreted in the sense already established by Convocation. What that sense is is not clearly expressed, but the attempt to assign 'any new sense to them,' is, henceforth, to subject offenders to censure of the Ecclesiastical Commission, 'and we will see that there shall be due execution upon them.' In Laudian days the Declaration on which Newman relied would have led to his having his ears cut off, or his nose slit, or even to more unpleasant consequences. Laud refused to allow a 'Tract XC.' of his day (Christopher Davenport's *Paraphrastica Expositio*) to be printed. *Tract XC.* was, in fact, a new departure in the Tractarian Movement, though there were few things in it which had not been affirmed in previous Tracts. Hitherto most of the bishops had kept silence or had been contented with remonstrances or warnings. It was no new thing for the Church of England to be tolerant of variations of doctrine. But the Thirty-nine Articles held a unique position as a standard of doctrine. Subscription to them was required not only of clergy, but of all teachers and of all members of the universities as a guarantee that the subscriber was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Dissenter. If, however, Newman's theory of their purposed ambiguity was correct, what protection had the Established Church from invasion of its opponents? Nay, further, what room was left for common honesty in the transactions of daily life if such subtlety of interpretation was tolerated by the Church itself in its most sacred

concerns? The bishops had no choice in the matter. They condemned Newman, and all who supported his 'Catholic' exposition, the whole Puseyite party. Those whose watchword had been 'Exalt the Bishops, the Successors of the Apostles,' found almost the whole episcopate united in condemnation of them.

It has been necessary to dwell on the contents of *Tract XC.*, because, without any intention of doing so, Newman by its teaching had raised the entire question of 'authority' in the Church of England. He had appealed from the accepted teaching of the Church of England to the teaching of the 'Catholic' Church. Once he had held that it was for the Church to teach and the Bible to prove. He had assumed at that time that it was quite easy to know what the Church did teach. Was not its doctrine to be found in the Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles? He had gone to these in *Tract XXXVIII.* to distinguish between Anglican truth and Roman error. He had maintained in that Tract (to take two instances only out of many) 'that the sacrifice of the Mass is a mere corruption, without foundation in Scripture or antiquity, blasphemous and dangerous,' and that 'the doctrine of Purgatory is a wicked invention at variance with Scripture.' If the Articles were so interpreted, it was not difficult to say what the Church did teach and to prove its doctrine from Scripture. But if, as *Tract XC* maintained, the Articles did not teach that 'the doctrine of the Mass was a mere corruption,' or that 'Purgatory was a wicked invention,' this dictum of 'the Church to teach' became almost unmeaning. The Church while it seemed to teach one thing did in fact not teach it, and who was to say what the Church did teach? Men naturally turned to the bishops, who had undertaken at their consecration to 'banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's holy Word,' and to 'correct and punish all who were unquiet, disobedient, and criminous in their dioceses.' They called on the bishops to fulfil their promises. But if *Tract XC* was sound, what was erroneous doctrine? Was it to be found in *Tract XXXVIII.* or in *Tract XC.*? Or again, if the Romish doctrine of Purgatory was false, what was the exact shade of purgatorial doctrine that was true? If the sacrifice of the Mass was not condemned in the Thirty-nine Articles, why should priests be punished who said the Mass in full sacrificial vestments, or who said it in the Latin tongue, or who called on their congregations to adore the Body and Blood of Christ present in the consecrated Bread and Wine? In a word, if the teaching of *Tract XC.* was true, how could the Church either teach or maintain discipline among its teachers?

The Protestant party in the Church of England are not, as they are often said to be, mere blinded and quarrelsome heresy-

hunters, responsible for all the troubles of the Church in the nineteenth century. For the real object of *Tract XC.* was not to insist on the idea that the Articles were intended to be purposely vague so as to secure the adhesion of all men of good-will, but that they were purposely framed to minimise the differences between the English and Roman Churches with a view to their reunion. This fact is abundantly proved by the contemporary correspondence between Newman and Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle. *Tract XC.* was a deliberate attempt to gain the consent (at least by silence) of the authorities of the Church of England to this desired reconciliation. Reconciliation with Rome carried with it, as a necessary, though not immediate, consequence, the departure of Protestants from the Church of England, and the re-establishment of the Roman Church in England. Now the Church of England was in those days (1833–1841) the Church of the English nation in a sense in which it cannot claim that position to-day, and the English nation was Protestant by an overwhelming preponderance. As compared with it the Dissenters and Roman Catholics were a small, though active, minority. It was also in its worship and faith unquestionably a Protestant Church ranking with the Protestant Churches of the Continent as distinctly anti-Roman. It was not to be expected that Englishmen of those days, being predominantly Protestant, and sorely exercised by the alliance of Roman Catholics with Dissenters to secure the disestablishment of the Church, should allow its Protestant character to go by default. They turned naturally to the bishops to exercise 'such authority as they had by God's word, and such as was committed to them by the ordinance of this Realm.' This dual authority is to be noted. By God's word they had authority *in foro conscientiae*; by the ordinance of this realm they had authority *in foro legis publicae*. But if the teaching of the Church was really as ambiguous as *Tract XC.* maintained, had they any authority at all? Who can enforce, either in conscience or in court of law, a code which is purposely ambiguous? The nineteenth century saw the Church, in spite of unprecedented activity, more and more discredited by the impotence of its rulers to enforce 'the discipline committed to them by the ordinance of this Realm.' It was further discredited *in foro conscientiae* by the contrast between the apparent Protestantism of its formularies and the avowed Romanising tendency of a continually increasing number of its clergy.

The net result of the Tractarian Movement was to exhibit the impotence of the bishops as rulers of the Church. The holy Fathers, the successors of the apostles, whose 'lightest word was a rebuke too heavy to be borne,' each of whom 'was to his clergy a Pope,' were revealed to be, for purposes of Church government,

not much better than scarecrows. They began by denouncing *Tract XC*. Then after Newman's secession, confronted with a guerilla warfare of clergy introducing innovations, each in his own parish on his own authority, they put out an 'affectionate' appeal in which the utterly uncatholic character of this treatment of the public worship of the Church was pointed out. Next they professed uncertainty as to the law of the Church, with the result that ritualistic practices were taken into courts of law and condemned. But legal proceedings were expensive and odious. Recourse was had to united declarations by the bishops that they would not tolerate certain specified practices held to be distinctively Roman—incense, lights, reservation of the sacrament, and other like practices. One after another these last 'ditches' were drawn, and one after another surrendered, because some one bishop had devised a way out of the last agreement.

Most notable of all, both for its circumstances and for its consequences, was the action of the bishops in the matter of the Reserved Sacrament. Here was a question on which the Prayer Book appeared to leave no room for doubt. The Prayer Book directed that the elements consecrated for communion were to be consumed by the clergy before they left the church. It provided a separate and distinct service for the Communion of the Sick. But during the war, in 1917, on the plea that the number of private communions required by the sick in hospitals made private communions impossible, the bishops were persuaded to sanction reservation for what was called 'extension' of Holy Communion. They agreed that the consecrated elements were to be taken to the sick immediately after the service in church, without procession or ceremony of any kind, and to be consumed in the sick-room. There was to be no reservation in the church. To these conditions the bishops of the southern Province consented unanimously. But it soon appeared that the Bishop of London had gone behind this agreement, and had allowed reservation in the church. Thereupon the bishops of both Provinces were summoned to London, not to enforce the former agreement, but to withdraw from it. Why? Because petitions were being signed by hundreds, some said by thousands, of the clergy in support of the Bishop of London's action. So, of course, with various safeguards, the bishops rescinded their former resolution and agreed to sanction what they admitted to be a direct infringement of the law. They gave up the authority 'committed to them by the order of this Realm.'

Nemesis as usual, though limping, did not fail to overtake them. It overtakes even bishops when they are wrongdoers. In ten years' time the bishops, having obtained the passing of the Enabling Act, had carried through the Church Assembly

their Revised Prayer Book. In Parliament objection was taken specially to reservation. It even seemed that the most formidable part of the opposition to the book might have been withdrawn if the bishops had been prepared to abandon the clauses favouring reservation of the sacrament. This they could not do. The same external force that had compelled them to sanction reservation compelled them to adhere to these clauses at all costs. The Revised Prayer Book failed to secure the consent of the House of Commons. The bishops were left without the one instrument which they had again and again affirmed to be absolutely necessary to their government of the Church. In 1833 they were rulers of the Church of England. Their word was law. Since 1928, on their own showing, they are rulers only by consent over such of the clergy as are willing to obey them. They are now said to be considering measures to turn the Church of England into a corporation whose laws govern none but those who consent to be members of the corporation. The Church of England will cease to be, in fact, the national church, even if it retains the barren name of its former glory. This is the result of a century of Tractarianism. The bishops have lost the authority committed to them 'by ordinance of this Realm'.

High hopes are, of course, entertained that Church government will become easy as soon as it becomes entirely free from control by non-ecclesiastical powers. When once the bishops are elected by the clergy and not appointed by the Crown, when the shadow of the Privy Council and of the police officer no longer falls across the ecclesiastical court, clergy will no more be able to plead conscientious objections to the decisions of those courts. Nay, it may even be possible to look forward to a time when the faithful laity of the Church will submit meekly to such penances as the clergy may impose, and to such excommunications as the Church courts may pronounce. Now there is much that might be said by way of prophecy in abatement of these hopes, but the prophetic *rôle* is as useless as it is dangerous. We have to recognise the fact that episcopal Churches of the Anglican Communion exist and exercise 'consensual' discipline in many parts of the world. That is a fact which might seem at once to close all further discussion. There is, however, another fact which must not be overlooked, unless we are prepared to suppose that existing conditions will remain stationary for the rest of time, a supposition which the whole history of the Church contradicts. That other fact is belief in the Holy Catholic Church as a visible body, the earthly fulfilment of our Lord's prayer that 'they all may be one'. Perhaps no force is stronger in Christendom to-day than this desire to realise the unity of the Catholic Church. It is manifest in missionary Churches, and especially in the Church of

South India. Christendom, standing face to face with heathenism or Islam, asks with no easily repressible insistence: 'Why should we Christians be disunited because of historic disputes in which we have no interest? Is it reasonable that a native, by the fact that he is born in the region where a Baptist or a Presbyterian society is at work, should be debarred from the Lord's Table in a neighbourhood where the C.M.S. or the S.P.G. is working? What are all these European or Anglican quarrels of the seventeenth century to the Indian Christian to-day?' The question is most reasonable, and the desire for reunion among Protestants most natural.

Here, however, the Tractarian idea of episcopacy intervenes, and intervenes decisively. What becomes of the apostolic succession in a Church which numbers among its ministers men on whom no bishop has laid an ordaining hand? It is useless to say that the united Church will eventually be ruled by bishops. Its apostolic descent will be broken by the intermixture of these non-episcopal ministers. Great, however, as this difficulty is, it is not the whole of the difficulty. In looking forward even into the near future we must not ignore the existence of a considerable section of English clergy who inherit from Tractarian days a passionate desire for reunion with Rome. That desire is most natural wherever faith in apostolic succession is cherished. Attempts are made to quench it by reference to the admitted right of nations to vary customs and rites so long as Catholic teaching is not impaired. What has to be explained is the competence of an insular Church to set up its altars side by side with those of the great Church which has an unbroken continuity of faith and doctrine, and a world-wide unity of government under the successor of the Chief of the Apostles. 'On this Rock I will found my Church.' Newman felt the difficulty acutely before his secession, and in reply to an inquirer said: 'We are in the position of a broken-up empire, such as the Ottoman. It lies in scattered and detached portions, out of touch with their centre; we obey those who are set over us because they are over us, and because the apostolic succession is like *de facto* rulers being of the blood royal.' Naturally this explanation failed to satisfy Newman himself before long.

The Church of England contains among her clergy many who long as earnestly as did Newman to heal these divisions and to realise the unity of the Church by a short and sharp severance from Protestantism. To them all reunion with non-episcopal Churches is abhorrent. They are not satisfied to make each his own individual submission to Rome. Their heart's desire, their continual prayer, is to see the great Church of England restored to her old allegiance. These are the clergy who, up to the present,

have first resisted, then 'squeezed' (as Bishop Gore said), and finally overruled the bishops. Yes; They have exalted them with high-flown titles. They have vested them with copes and chasubles. They have crowned them with mitres. They have set them up to pontificate at Masses. But they have not forgotten for a moment the greatest of all their spiritual objectives. Nor will they rest till that aim is fulfilled. There are, perhaps, bishops who hope that a removal of State control will make it easy for the Church to expel them from her communion. But the logic of facts is stronger than the logic of wishes. The plain logic of facts is that all assimilation of Church of England practices and doctrine to those of the Church of Rome make the Reformation more unjustifiable, and increases the guilt of her separation. Modernist teaching has to some extent revived the reason for separation from Rome which Protestantism found in Rome's disloyalty to Scripture, for Rome is supposed to have declared against Modernism. It may be that Modernism may revive the spirit of the episcopate and encourage it to resist the pressure which has for more than a generation so strongly influenced its action. That Modernism should save the Church of England from the consequences of Tractarianism is a consummation which Newman, Pusey, and Keble would have regarded with unutterable horror. There is room here for some interesting episcopal discourses at the forthcoming celebrations of the Tractarian Movement.

E. A. KNOX,
Bishop.

NAPOLEON'S PLACE IN MILITARY HISTORY

ONE effect of the late Great War has been to relegate Napoleon to ancient history. Until 1914 Napoleon was still a living force, exercising a powerful influence upon men's thoughts; every officer who aspired to master his profession studied so much as was accessible to him of Napoleon's precepts, of his campaigns and of their commentators. Since 1918 the great Corsican has taken his place side by side with Cæsar, Hannibal, and the other great captains of the past as the great commander of a particular epoch. It was hardly until the present century that Napoleon's methods and the genesis of his system were fully explored and explained. It was not until 1899 that Captain (now General) Camon published his analysis of the Napoleonic battle, and it was not till 1900 that Captain (afterwards General) Colin published his masterly essay on Napoleon's military education. This work of Colin's, his various Napoleonic studies, his history of infantry tactics in the eighteenth century, and above all his *Transformations of War*, enable us to fix Napoleon's place in the evolution of the methods of warfare.

Tactics depend upon weapons and strategy upon communications. A new period in tactics began when at the beginning of the eighteenth century the flintlock and the bayonet superseded the matchlock and the pike. That century was a period of a succession of attempts to find the tactics best adapted to these weapons, which continued in use without substantial modification until the end of Napoleon's wars. There were three phases of this development. First came the Prussian period, which culminated in the system of Frederick the Great, who utilised the precise drill introduced by the old Dessauer to deploy his line obliquely to the flank of the enemy's line, and made the most of the musketry training of his troops. The second was the French period, which began with the controversy between the system of Folard and Mesnil-Durand, who advocated a massive column, and that of Guibert, who advocated the line as best suited to make the most of the bullet and a lighter and more manageable column for special occasions. In the end the ideas of Guibert prevailed, and took shape in the French drill-book of 1791, which was not modified

until 1830. This drill-book prescribed forms and evolutions both of line and of column, but it left the choice to the discretion of the officers in command. It laid down no rules about skirmishing, which continued to be practised according to the tradition of the army. The third period was English, for the English were the first to rely upon the bullets of the two-deep line. Napoleon made no change in regard to the formations and evolutions of infantry. He took them as he found them, and only on two occasions made suggestions to his subordinates as to the formation he would recommend. The first time was before the Battle of the Tagliamento and the second during the march towards the Danube in 1805, when he was anticipating a possible battle before reaching that river. But on these occasions the combination of line and column which he described was nothing new and was familiar to the French generals. Napoleon never himself handled cavalry in action, relying on his cavalry officers, but he made a masterly use of it in reconnaissance on a large scale. In the employment of artillery he was a disciple of a new school, the followers of Gribeauval, whose idea was to bring together a great number of guns and to concentrate their fire in order to produce a decisive effect.

It was not, then, in formal tactics, but in the design of his battles, that Napoleon revealed his power. He was perhaps prone to be indifferent to tactical details, which he usually left to his subordinates. This is the explanation of the attacks in heavy columns which, at any rate at Waterloo, proved fatal. The marshals were accustomed to them, but it seems strange that Napoleon, who must have read Guibert as a young man, and who rarely forgot what he read, should not have been convinced by Guibert's account of the helplessness of the column in attack. Napoleon's excuse must be that it had proved successful against the armies with which he had been accustomed to deal.

It is perhaps for his consummate strategy that Napoleon is most admired. Nineteenth-century treatises on strategy were little more than a classified exposition of his various manœuvres. Yet there is hardly one of these manœuvres which had not been explained and recommended in the writings of French officers during the second half of the eighteenth century. If a reader familiar with Napoleon's early campaigns should take up the *Principes de la Guerre de Montagnes*, written by Bourcet between 1770 and 1775, he would seem to be reading a collection of the precepts by which Napoleon had been guided. Most of Napoleon's favourite manœuvres are applications of precepts contained in Bourcet's work, though the debt of the younger to the older mind is sometimes obscured by differences in the mode of expression. Bourcet, though he wrote in the third quarter of the eighteenth

century, uses the precise language of his early days, so that his work, if judged by its language, would be dated half a century earlier than the period of its composition. Napoleon writes in a French that has been moulded by the writings of Voltaire and of Rousseau. Moreover, Napoleon had been subject to the vivifying influence of Guibert's *Essai*. It may be worth while to pass in review the more important items of what Napoleon called his system, partly in order to show the reality of his obligations to Bourcet and Guibert, and partly to point out how little the strategical forms which Napoleon had inherited, assimilated and made his own, would avail a commander in conditions such as those of the last Great War.

In considering the plan of an offensive campaign Bourcet points out that 'however you regard a frontier it will always be extensive enough to be divided into at least two parts, the one more favourable to the purpose which you have in view and the other almost always admitting of some diversion.' This is precisely the view expressed by Napoleon in his comments on the campaign of 1800, when he says that the Austrians made the mistake of not distinguishing the predominant frontier which was that of Germany from the secondary frontier which was on the Riviera of Genoa.

Our first care [says Bourcet] must be to decide upon the position where according to the plan of campaign it is suitable to assemble the army. It will be observed that if the operations include a certain extent of country it is convenient to cause the armies to assemble in three positions, and that there ought to be only one march from the position in the centre to that of the right or of the left, and consequently that the whole extent of the three positions ought not to occupy a space of more than seven or eight leagues [25 to 27 miles] at the outside, and that it should be about equally distant from the two extremities of the extent of country over which we shall have to operate. This method will conceal from the enemy the real points selected in our plan of campaign for the advance and will menace all the points in the extent of country over which we propose to operate, seeing that the army will be so posted as to be able to march to and arrive at any of those points in about the same time.

Bourcet points out that it will be very difficult for the enemy to reinforce in time the point attacked because the general on the offensive will always have the start of several hours, while his opponent needs time to be informed of the direction of the attack, to issue the necessary orders, and to admit of the reinforcements reaching the point attacked.

This precept explains a vital part of Napoleon's system, which, as far as I know, he carefully avoided discussing but which dominated his practice. In 1796 the four divisions which formed his army of operations were billeted on April 11 in three groups

between Savona and Garessio, two places about 24 miles apart. Napoleon by a night march sent forward three divisions by which Argenteau's small force was crushed at Montenotte and the whole mass placed in a position where it interposed between the Austrian and Sardinian armies. In 1805, when advancing with seven army corps from the Rhine and the Main towards the Danube above Ulm, he thought it possible that the Austrians might cross the Danube to meet him. On October 3 he arranged that if there should be a battle on the 5th four of his corps would be so near together that if one of them were attacked the others could come to its help. On the 6th he had six corps on a front of 30 miles. The Austrians did not come, but Napoleon was careful to follow Bourcet's rule. In 1806, when he marched from Bamberg and Bayreuth to attack the Prussians, he advanced in three columns on three parallel roads, the distance between that on the right and that on the left being about 30 miles. In 1815, prior to his invasion of Belgium, he collected his army in three groups on a front of about 20 miles and began his campaign by a concentric advance to the Sambre at and about Charleroi.

Bourcet's account of the difficulty which an advance of this kind occasions to the enemy is exemplified by the embarrassment which was caused both to Blücher and to Wellington by Napoleon's sudden advance. Both the Prussian and the British armies were still spread out over a wide extent of country. Neither of them could be assembled within twenty-four hours. Accordingly Blücher had to fight at Ligny without Bülow's corps, which, when Napoleon's advance was first reported, was at Liège, two marches distant from Ligny. Wellington's troops were so scattered that only by degrees could he collect at Quatre Bras troops enough to resist Ney's attack. There can therefore be no doubt of the truth of the story told afterwards by Bowles that Wellington at the ball said to the Duke of Richmond that Bonaparte had stolen a march upon him.

One passage of Bourcet deserves particular attention:

It often happens in the mountains that the only passages favourable to our projects are intercepted by contracted portions; in such a case we must avoid letting the enemy know our real object and must therefore undertake some diversion, dividing our army into small parcels. This method, which in any other kind of country would be dangerous, is indispensable in the mountains and constitutes the science of this kind of warfare, provided the general who employs it always has the means of reuniting his forces when it becomes necessary. If it is dangerous to multiply detachments in the plains because they weaken the army and also because they may be attacked and forced before the army has been able to march to their assistance, it is advantageous in the mountains to have detachments upon all the passages of which we contemplate making use.

The subdivision of an army thus recommended by Bourcet for the purpose of mountain warfare was adopted by Napoleon as a permanent practice. The flintlock and bayonet had made it possible for infantry to resist a cavalry charge, and also for a small force to hold out for a certain time against a large one. During the Seven Years' War the Duc de Broglie, apparently on the advice of Bourcet, had formed his army into divisions which he had spread out to overlap the enemy and then to make a concentric attack upon him. This was an anticipation of Napoleon's constant practice. Napoleon's divisions, and under the Empire his army corps, would be spread out like points on the rays of an extended fan, each of them protecting the army from attack by the route on which it was posted, but they were always so arranged as to be within supporting distance of one another, and each was ordered not to engage in isolation an enemy superior in numbers to itself.

Another of Bourcet's precepts is, 'there should always be a body of troops so placed as to be able to reinforce either the principal body of the army or the body intended for diversion.' This is important in the 'active defence,' of which the essence is to place the army in a central position whence it can strike alternately the divided forces of the enemy. One of Napoleon's favourite manœuvres was that of placing his army in a central position between separated portions of a divided enemy. 'Never rest your right or left,' says Bourcet, 'on a river which divides the two armies, even though the enemy be several leagues distant, for, if he should steal a march on you, you might suddenly find him in your rear or on your flank.' That is precisely what happened to Beaulieu in 1796 and to Mack in 1805, and it was to avoid this danger that in 1806 the Prussian army began the retreat which was interrupted at Auerstedt. Napoleon's method of protecting his communications was identical with Bourcet's. It was perhaps rather from Guibert than from Bourcet that he drew his view of the importance of cutting the enemy's communications and of flank attacks.

There was one element in what Napoleon called his 'system,' which was perhaps entirely his own—namely, his plan of striking at the enemy's communications and of forcing him to a battle in which he would be facing towards the way home. I do not remember that this mode of procedure is expounded by any military writer of the eighteenth century, and indeed it was hardly applicable in any period before the introduction of the eighteenth-century system of magazines and the construction of good roads, which were almost all due to the central period of the eighteenth century.

A review, then, of the formal elements of which Napoleon's

system was made up shows that he inherited and exploited with consummate skill the devices which had been expounded by the French military writers of the previous generation, themselves recapitulating the experience of three generations of skilful commanders. None of these devices would have been of much use to the commanders who were opposing each other between 1914 and 1918. The commander of an army of six or eight army corps each of which is little more than a speck on a European theatre of war can undertake combinations for which there is no room in the case of an army of which the troops are numbered by the million. Napoleon himself when he attempted in the vast and roadless area of Russia, and with the great force which he assembled in 1812, to repeat the manœuvres which had given him such brilliant success in Italy and in Germany, achieved nothing but disaster. In the century which followed his last campaign all the material factors with which he had to reckon were completely changed; the weapons, the means of transport, methods of supply, the means of communication, the methods of reconnaissance.

Smokeless powder, the magazine rifle, the machine-gun, the quick-firing field-gun, high explosives, the motor-waggon, the railway and the aeroplane, all these were unknown to Napoleon. Only human nature remained the same, and with human nature not Napoleon only, but every commander since Alexander, or even since Agamemnon, has had to reckon. Those of Napoleon's precepts which remain valid treat, not of material or mathematical factors, but of the spiritual aspect of war. The value of time, the effect of surprise, the character of the soldier, the importance of concentration in thought and in action, the various influences that affect the temper and spirit of an army, these are the unchanging elements which persist through all the unending transformations of war.

Napoleon himself has given us the clue by which to distinguish what is transient and what is permanent in the conditions of warfare. He wrote at St Helena:

Achille était fils d'une déesse et d'un mortel; c'est l'image du génie de la guerre. La partie divine, c'est tout ce qui dérive des considérations morales, du caractère, du talent, de l'intérêt de votre adversaire, de l'opinion, de l'esprit du soldat, qui est fort et vainqueur, faible et battu, selon qu'il croit l'être; la partie terrestre, ce sont les armes, les retranchements, les positions, les ordres de bataille, tout ce qui tient à la combinaison des choses matérielles.

What is permanent in Napoleon's work is all that he set down as the divine part of the art of war; what was temporary and is now obsolete is the terrestrial part, and it is well worth noting that the greater part of all the evolutions and manœuvres which

have here been enumerated belong mainly to the terrestrial part. The divine part is to be learned as well from any of the great commanders of the past as from Napoleon. He further wrote at St. Helena:

La tactique, les évolutions, la science de l'ingénieur et de l'artilleur peuvent s'apprendre dans les traités, à peu près comme la géométrie; mais la connaissance des hautes parties de la guerre ne s'acquiert que par l'étude de l'histoire des guerres et des batailles des grands capitaines et par l'expérience.

It is the terrestrial part that could be learned from books, and I have attempted to show what were the books from which Napoleon learned it.

He had systematised in his mind before his first campaign the results of the experience of the eighteenth century, a period which was occupied in the effort of discovering the tactics suitable to the epoch of the flintlock, the bayonet, and the muzzle-loading field-gun. In this process of learning by experience the last lesson was reached, not by Napoleon, but by the British Army and by Wellington, as Napoleon found out on the field of Waterloo. Strategically Napoleon was supreme, and this was partly because he could make use of the network of metalled roads which had been spread over Europe in the second half of the eighteenth century. Where these roads did not exist, as in Russia, or were few and far between, as in Spain, his system broke down, but in both these cases his failure was mainly attributable to the failure of his genius in the divine part. He did not understand the spiritual force of patriotism.

If the Prussian tactics, which had given Frederick the Great his victories, were defeated at Jena by the new French tactics, the French system itself collapsed at Waterloo in presence of the English system, which had already proved its superiority in the Peninsula; but at Waterloo victory was a joint affair in which Blücher's share was not less important than Wellington's. In 1815 Napoleon was repeating the manœuvres of his first campaign of 1796. A tired man was reproducing the actions of his indefatigable youth. He repeated his mistakes of 1796. He thought that the first Battle of Dego had driven the Austrians off the board, only to find that a second battle was necessary. In 1815 he thought that the Battle of Ligny had driven the Prussians out of the sphere of Wellington's operations. The absence of Berthier seems to have crippled the mechanism of command. The failure to bring D'Erlon on to the field of Ligny was as fatal as the neglect to send off Grouchy in time and to give him clear instructions. At Cherasco he said to the Piedmontese generals to whom he had dictated the terms of the armistice that, though he

might perhaps lose a battle, he should never lose a minute, but in each of the three critical days of 1815 he lost hours. In his conduct of the Battle of Waterloo there is nothing that recalls the tactics of Montenotte, of Castiglione, of Austerlitz, or of Bautzen. It violates his own precepts. 'You ought to avoid,' he said, 'the field of battle which your enemy has reconnoitred and studied.' 'The art of war,' he said, 'prescribes that you should turn or overlap the enemy's flank without dividing your army.' If the attack on Hougoumont was meant as a flank attack to cause Wellington to weaken his centre, it was an ill-judged experiment, for that place was bound to have been prepared for defence and therefore to make a prolonged resistance. The attack of D'Erlon's corps in a huge column was the *ne plus ultra* of the tactics of attacking the bullet with the target.

At St Helena Napoleon said to Gourgaud that he had learned nothing from all his campaigns that he did not know at the beginning, and it seems that at any rate after 1809 his belief in himself was such that he could no longer learn. How otherwise is it credible that he had not discovered from the marshals and generals who had fought in Spain the nature of Wellington's tactics? The appearance of Blucher's troops at Waterloo was the application against Napoleon of his own practice of Montenotte, of Castiglione, and of Bautzen. It was not from Napoleon, but from his antagonists at Waterloo, that the next great commander drew the inspiration by which he brought two armies together on the field of Koniggratz. After Koniggratz the strategical ideal came to be to turn both flanks and to surround the hostile army. It seems probable that at the beginning of the war of 1870 Moltke's idea was to surround Bazaine's army where it stood near the frontier, but the plan was spoiled by the insubordination of Steinmetz, the delays of Frederick Charles, and the rashness of the generals who undertook and carried out the Battle of Spicheren. Apparently, also, Blumenthal intended to surround Macmahon's army, but this plan also was frustrated by the rash initiative of subordinates. Eventually at Sedan the ideal of envelopment was realised.

This was also the dream of Schlieffen, who in his volume entitled *Cannae* took Hannibal's battle as the type and regarded Moltke as that commander's greatest disciple. It was realised at Tannenberg, of which the design is apparently to be attributed neither to Hindenburg nor to Ludendorff, but to the younger Moltke who had worked it out before the war.

The late General Colin, whose masterly works have thrown a new light on every aspect of Napoleon's generalship, published as the Great War was beginning his last brief sketch of Napoleon's military career. He wrote in conclusion:

Napoleon realised the dream of the generation that preceded him of offensive war pushed swiftly to the point when the enemy was driven either to battle or across a frontier. That precisely was the work with which he was identified. He did not create another. In 1812 and in 1813 he practised the same kind of operations as in 1796 and 1805. He kept on trying manoeuvres in a central position or great overlapping movements and he failed. Never was the execution of his operations more artistic, and never, therefore, did he require greater efforts from his troops. But the situation was fundamentally different from what it had been in the first campaigns; it no longer lent itself to prompt and decisive warfare, because the armies were manoeuvring in immense areas with unlimited lines of retreat. In 1812 and 1813 Napoleon does not seem to have suspected that there was an unusual element in the problem, he would employ with few changes the procedure to which he was accustomed. We must conclude that Napoleon solved one problem which had preoccupied one or two generations but that he could go no further. After creating a system of principles and procedure he could not improvise another when he found himself confronted with conditions that required it.

Spenser Wilkinson

a 'yacht' was derived, so the *Oxford Dictionary* informs the Dutch word *jaght* (chase) or *jaghtschip*. It was used for vessels whose principal characteristic was speed. nediæval times there were to be found in several European small fast sailing vessels used especially for chasing, and the word in one or other of its many primitive forms was A little later still small ships of this kind were frequently l to convey royal personages and nobles. Of this type we know that Queen Elizabeth possessed one and that was built in the first year of James I, but it is not on at this was for the king. The sport or pastime of yachting, ecially yacht racing, in the form in which it appears roughout the world was born in English waters and had passed its youth in the seas surrounding these islands appeared in any other country.

es II was the actual founder of modern yachting, and ie good fortune, so it seems, to be born with a love of the en he was about sixteen years of age his father, Charles I, use was then beginning to fail, sent him abroad for nd the young prince visited among other places the Isles, where in 1646 he found pleasure in boat sailing. year of the Restoration (1660) the Dutch East India presented to him a small yacht of Dutch type called

yone attracted to this subject should be grateful to the t Pepys, of the classic diary, for most of the interesting out the earliest English yachting would have been lost ot left it to us. On August 15, 1660, Pepys begins to tell a new yacht:

office and after dinner by water to White Hall, where I found gone this morning by 5 of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure boat ige

ie *Mary* yacht, which the king now sees for the first time. had she come into Charles' possession than he com- his chief naval constructor, Peter Pett, Commissioner

for the Navy, to build a yacht to excel the Dutchman's achievement. And the Duke of York (afterwards King James II) also ordered a new yacht to be built by Christopher Pett, brother of Peter, another member of this famous family of shipwrights whose name appears continuously among the chief constructors of the King's ships from the reign of Henry VIII till that of William III—a span of nearly 200 years. Pepys is much impressed by the beautiful yacht *Mary* and hardly expects the English shipwrights to surpass her, for he writes on November 8, 1660:

In the afternoon Commissioner Pett and I went on board the yacht, which indeed is one of the finest things that ever I saw for neatness and room in so small a vessel. Mr. Pett is to make one to outdo this for the honour of his country, which I fear he will scarce better.

But by January 13 in the following year he is beginning to take a more favourable view of the English challenger:

The King hath been this afternoon at Deptford to see the yacht that Commissioner Pett is building, which will be very pretty; as also that that his brother at Woolwich is in making.

Then on May 21, 1661:

And then to Deptford . . . ; and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the King in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it; and, as I hear, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one and that that his brother built.

These three yachts may have sailed a set race that day, and probably did, but Pepys' words do not definitely say so. However, there can be no doubt about the race sailed on October 1, 1661—the earliest recorded yacht race, for the particulars of which we are indebted to the diarist Evelyn, who was a guest in the King's yacht:

I sailed this morning with his Ma^ty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessells not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King; being very excellent sailing vessells. It was on a wager betweene his other new pleasure-boate, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but sav'd stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Ma^ty sometimes steering himselfe.

Pepys tells us of another race on September 5, 1662:

Up by break of day at 5 o'clock, and down by water to Woolwich; in my way saw the yacht lately built by our virtuosoes (my Lord Brunkard and others, with the help of Commissioner Pett also) set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch bezan, to try for mastery; and before they got to Woolwich the Dutch beat them half-a-mile (and I hear this afternoon, that, in coming home, it got above three miles).

This English yacht which, it seems, lost the race is a later one built for the king in 1662 at Lambeth. Her name is sometimes spelt *Jemmy*, and at others *Jamie*, both being forms of the name James, which was, as we know, of frequent occurrence in the Stuart royal house.

Lord Brunkard, of whom Pepys has just been speaking, was one of the founders of the Royal Society and first president of that august institution, but his name is generally spelt Brouncker. I have seen papers of the Royal Society written in Charles' reign which show that several of the members were actively interested in the improvement of British ships, and it is to these members that Pepys is referring in the words 'our virtuosoes (my Lord Brunkard and others).' This is surely one of the earliest instances of the scientific expert being called in to advise an industry; and, in fact, all the king's actions in regard to these yachts seem to show he was keenly anxious that the builders of his navy should learn all there was to learn from this wonderful Dutch yacht. Moreover, Evelyn told us above that the first new yacht ordered by the king was built 'frigate like,' and as she was the work of Commissioner Pett, the actual originator of the frigate type of vessel, the king was at the same time providing him with opportunities for developing his ideas. Evelyn's diary contains more than one statement to the effect that the advent of the frigate design was regarded by eminent naval authorities as an epoch-making event.

Pepys now turns aside from yacht racing to tell us some of his own experiences in yachting cruises. The great plague is ravaging London, and many consider it prudent to leave the capital when opportunity offers. Pepys sets forth with a small party of friends on August 17, 1665.

We down to the water, and by boat to Greenwich to the *bezan* yacht, and embarked in the yacht and down we went most pleasantly, and noble discourse I had with my Lord Bruncker, who is a most excellent person. Short of Gravesend it grew calme, and so we come to an anchor, and to supper mighty merry, and after it, being moonshine, we out of the cabbin to laugh and talk, and then, as we grew sleepy, went in and upon velvet cushions of the King's that belong to the yacht fell to sleep.

This *bezan* is the second Dutch yacht to make her home in English waters, and she resembled what is described in English by the word 'ketch,' for, as her Dutch name implies, she had, besides a large, or main, mast, a smaller one in the stern on which a mizzen sail was set. Next day the cruise is continued:

Up about 5 o'clock and dressed ourselves, and to sayle again down to the *Soveraigne* at the buoy of the Nore, a noble ship, . . . and thence to Sheernesse . . . Thence with great pleasure up the Meadeway, our yacht contending with Commissioner Pett's, wherein he met us from

Chatham, and he had the best of it. Here I come by, but had not tide enough to stop at Quinbrough, with mighty pleasure spent the day in doing all and seeing these places.

He has many interesting things to say about a cruise on November 3, 1665:

Was called up about four o'clock and in the darke by lanthorne took boat and to the Ketch[1] and set sayle, sleeping a little in the Cabbin till day and then up . . . Carrying good victuals and Tom with me I to breakfast about 9 o'clock, and then to read again and come to the Fleete about twelve.

He boards the *Royall James* to gossip an hour or two away.

And I took the Bezan back with me, and with a brave gale and tide reached up that night to the Hope, taking great pleasure in learning the seamen's manner of singing when they sound the depths, and then to supper and to sleep, which I did most excellently all night, it being a horrible foule night for wind and raine. They sayled from midnight and come to Greenwich about 5 o'clock in the morning.

Charles II died in 1685, and James, Duke of York, succeeded to the throne. In the offices of State he had filled while Duke of York he had been in the main a successful administrator, but as James II he proved a singularly incompetent king, bringing down on his head a succession of storms which in the space of three years drove him into exile. The troubles of these few unhappy years could hardly have allowed him much respite for sport. Nor was there much room for it during the reigns of his next two successors, William III and Anne, so fully occupied was the stage with contending political parties and foreign wars. And so it is perhaps hardly surprising that this new sport of yachting passed its infancy in obscurity and that but little more is heard of it until George I ascended the throne. It makes its next appearance in Irish waters at Cork, where a club existed in 1720 which could very probably have laid claim to the distinction of being the earliest organised yacht club in the world. This community of about two dozen—all lovers of the sea—called itself the Water Club of the Harbour of Cork, and has become famous in yachting history for the pomp and circumstance with which its activities were conducted. The members annually elected their own admiral and also the club secretary, who went by the grandiose title of the Knight of the Island—that is, the island of Haulbowline, where the club's headquarters were situated. And it would appear that the members found it necessary to have the special services of a parson, for the club appointed its own chaplain.

[1] Here the more familiar English word 'ketch' makes its appearance instead of the Dutch word *bezan*.

But we have not yet arrived at the day of the racing yacht club, for this band of Irish sportsmen when afloat occupied the greater part of their time in practising evolutions bearing a close resemblance to the tactics of a squadron of men-of-war. The admiral in command of the fleet of yachts was busily giving orders by hoisting signal flags and firing signal guns. From time to time an imaginary enemy would be chased, and the fleet was exercised in many different naval manœuvres. These yachts belonging to the members of the club constituted, in effect, an auxiliary naval squadron of large fast vessels armed with guns, which provided opportunities both for naval training and yacht cruising. Of course, it was purely a voluntary organisation, for the owners bore all the expense, but it was nevertheless a training squadron of use to the British Navy, which in those days was always fighting. Everything was conducted with strict discipline: fines were imposed for slackness, the proceeds going to the purchase of gunpowder. So the sport of yachting, which had almost disappeared during the long years of foreign wars, now revealed itself in naval guise.

Zealous and persistent were those early yacht-men, meeting for practice every fortnight from the beginning of April to the end of September, and in the evening going ashore to a *rendez-vous* to dine. Members were forbidden to appear at these manœuvres in long-tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles. More than that, they decided to have a uniform of their own, as the following words show:

> Resolved that the members of the club shall dress in the following uniform: plain blue cloth coat lined with buff, yellow buttons engraved Cork Harbour Water Club, buff waistcoat and breeches.

Nor was membership restricted to men:

> Resolved that the wives and daughters of the members be also considered members of the club, and entitled to wear the uniform, *except the breeches*.

The italics are mine: can that precaution have been really necessary in those far-off days? The club had a custom by which each member in turn entertained his fellow-members to dinner. Surely it was an unusually temperate club for those days, as we gather from one of the rules of 1720, which ran:

> Resolved that no admiral do bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat, for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitution of the club except when My Lords the judges are invited.

It would be interesting to know how much wine was needed when 'My Lords' visited the club, but the chronicler of these happenings, although he has much to say on many matters,

preserves silence on this. However, it seems that, even on ordinary occasions, an average of one bottle to each member was deemed unreasonably temperate, for there is a later rule which has the effect of redressing the grievance:

> Resolved that such members of the club as talk of sailing after dinner be fined a bumper.

So a member hospitably inclined had only to break this rule when he felt disposed to 'stand drinks all round.'

And now the course of events takes us back again to London and the Thames. We saw the 'Merry Monarch' racing with his brother, the Duke of York, for a money stake in 1661, but many years were to pass before the racing of sailing craft began to take form as an organised sport. There is an isolated record of a contest for a trophy which took place in 1749, when twelve sailing pleasure vessels, as they were called in those days, raced from Greenwich to the Nore and back for a silver cup given by Prince George, who in later days ascended the throne as George III. The records are silent till 1775, when we hear of a race for another cup, which was to result in the founding of the first yacht racing organisation. Organised yacht racing began, not in salt water, but in fresh water, and, as it happened, not very far from Fleet Street, London—the stretch of Thames shore between Blackfriars and Charing Cross. Here Londoners interested in the sport kept their yachts and here yachts were built.

A London newspaper of July 10, 1775, contains the announcement that 'To-morrow will be sailed for, by Gentlemen proprietors of sailing boats, not exceeding seven tons, and which were never let out to hire,' a silver cup valued at twenty guineas, the gift of the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III., 'and the Gentlemen, about 18 or 20 in number, who sail for the prize have come to a resolution to be dressed in aquatic uniforms.' The course was from Westminster Bridge to Putney Bridge and back, and the contest, which was postponed because of unsuitable weather, took place on July 13. When this race was over the yacht owners who had taken part met and formed themselves into a club under the title of the Cumberland Society, which, by the way, was sometimes called the Cumberland Fleet, or the Duke of Cumberland's Fleet. Every year one special race took place for a new cup presented by the duke.

In the second year (1776) the racing course was somewhat longer—namely, Blackfriars Bridge to Putney Bridge and back. The duke visited his 'fleet' once in each year, choosing for this purpose the day on which the race for his trophy took place. On that day he embarked in his rowing barge with streamers flying, and proceeded to the starting line accompanied by all

manner of river craft dressed with flags and with bands playing. In his florid Georgian English a journalist of those days calls it a 'Fluviatic Cavalcade.' The yachts about to compete had already taken up their allotted positions along the starting line, and after he arrived, all being ready, they were sent off by the firing of a gun. The captain of the winning yacht (all the owners of these yachts were styled 'captain') was brought to the barge of the duke, who personally presented his trophy to the accompaniment of gunfire and of cheering from the numerous surrounding craft and the crowds along the river shores. But before the cup was handed to the winner it was filled with claret and the duke drank the health of the successful captain. After the presentation the club proceeded to Vauxhall Gardens for its annual dinner—a *rendez-vous* which was to become known in later years as Cumberland Gardens.

It would appear that the Cumberland Society grew in importance, for in 1781 the value of the duke's cup had been raised from 20 guineas to 50 guineas, moreover from 1782 and onwards we find more and more frequent references to races sailed in the salty waters between Greenwich and the Nore, where the 'Father of English Yachting' (Charles II) and his brother were wont to match their skill; furthermore, the fleet of yachts would go below bridge occasionally and manœuvre together as a squadron. But even when the racing was held above bridge it had at times a salt-water flavour; sometimes two sportsmen would match their vessels, laying a wager of a turtle on the result, and when the race was over the whole fleet would repair to Vauxhall Gardens and consume the winner's prize. The duke gave a prize for the last time in 1782, but from 1786 till 1810 a silver cup was presented by the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, where, it had now been arranged, the finishing line for the big annual race was fixed. However, the Cumberland Society retained the name of their first patron till 1821, when they saw fit to mark the coronation of George IV in that year by extinguishing the name of Cumberland and reappearing immediately under the title of His Majesty's Coronation Sailing Society. And this new club decided to perpetuate the memory of the new king's coronation by sailing, as heretofore, one big annual match. But the new name was short-lived—ten years later the Coronation Society lost its identity by becoming merged in the Thames Yacht Club, which, by the way, was also formed in 1821 by a number of members who had split away from the newly formed Coronation Society as a result of a dispute. The Duke of Clarence (later William IV) became a member of the Thames Yacht Club in 1827, and on his accession to the throne (1830) conferred on it the title of 'Royal.' From this it follows that the Royal Thames Yacht Club of the present

day is the lineal descendant of the first club organised to promote yacht racing—the Cumberland Society of 1775.

Yachting, and yacht-racing, became more and more a salt-water sport. The Royal Yacht Squadron owes its existence in no small measure to the exclusiveness of the London clubs, more particularly White's and Brooks's. During the years in which the Royal Yacht Squadron was beginning to take form (1814–1815) several of the clubs in London were becoming dominated by devotees of that arbitrary and exclusive cult, the Dandy, of which Beau Brummell was, perhaps, the most famous. Many men in every way eligible for membership of these clubs found when they put their names down that they were met by what seemed to be a concerted policy of relentless blackballing. And so on June 1, 1815 (seventeen days before Waterloo), a few gentlemen met at the Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street, London, and there decided to form a club, membership of which should be open only to men interested in sailing yachts on salt water. The Yacht Club, it was decided, should be its name. Those desirous of becoming members must be of satisfactory social position, possess a yacht not under 10 tons, pay an entrance fee of 3 guineas, and agree to subscribe annually the modest sum of 2 guineas. By the way, even this small subscription was deemed unnecessary in the second year and dropped. (To-day the entrance fee is 100 guineas and the annual subscription £16.) Eloquent testimony to past bitter experience of clubs in London is the rule, at the outset made by those original members, which stated that at least two blackballs in the ballot were necessary to exclude a nominee for membership.

Thus began the 'most exclusive club in the world.' In its earliest years there seems to have been but very little desire and scarcely any thought for yacht racing in the minds of its members. It is true that they occasionally subscribed money prizes for the encouragement of sailing and boat-racing amongst the local boatmen and watermen, but the members for the most part were content to cruise at leisure on the waters surrounding the Isle of Wight. Sometimes the fleet of yachts would form in lines, sailing in stately order or practising naval evolutions, under the command of a senior officer of the club. It was a custom to present two copies of the club's book of signals to each new member, that his yacht might take part in these manœuvres. Yachts of the club would also accompany the king's ships to sea and practise naval manœuvres with the fleet. There yachtsmen are using their vessels to train themselves and their crews to become what we should now call a volunteer naval reserve. For this is not merely playing at naval war: these yachtsmen had lived through the

long Napoleonic wars, when the Navy was often hard put to it to find men—those days of the press gang. And even in later years when Queen Victoria had occasion to cross the water to or from Osborne in the early part of her reign numbers of yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron might have been seen sailing in formation near her steam yacht—acting, in fact, as a voluntary convoy.

During the first seven years of the club's existence the members had no club-house, but used an inn at East Cowes, so modest were its beginnings. However, fame was suddenly thrust upon the club. On September 15, 1817, one of the State's royal yachts, by name the *Royal George* (built that year), was lying off Brighton, and the Prince Regent, who was aboard, sent a letter to the Yacht Club at Cowes expressing his desire to become one of the members. But (how strange is the coincidence!) was it not from this very place, Brighton (Brighthelmstone), that the monarch who has been called the 'Father of English Yachting,' put to sea in a small vessel 166 years before?—not now on one of his yachting jaunts, but a broken and lonely king escaping from his pursuers after the Battle of Worcester.

Two years later (1819) the regent visited Cowes for the first time, and now begins the royal patronage of this club, which has continued ever since. On receiving that letter of the regent the Yacht Club decided that it would be fitting to have the signal books for the prince richly bound in red morocco, but the expense thus incurred so nearly depleted the club's resources that it became necessary in the following year to reimpose the annual subscription of 2 guineas.

Both the importance and the prosperity of the Yacht Club advanced steadily. In 1818 the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloucester, son and son-in-law respectively of George III., had become members; and when the Regent ascended the throne as George IV. (1820) he conferred the title 'Royal' on this club, which in consequence was the first of the many royal yacht clubs now in existence throughout the British Empire to receive this honour. Cowes and the Royal Yacht Club must, it would appear, have found favour in the king's eyes, for he made a second visit in 1821, and on this occasion took a house on the front at West Cowes, which stood not 100 yards from the present headquarters of the club. His yacht, the *Royal George*, in which he made the passage to Cowes, was met at sea by a fleet of yachts belonging to the members of the club and also by vessels of war, and she was escorted into the Solent with much maritime pomp and circumstance.

Two years later the club adopted for the first time a distinctive yachting uniform for its members: a blue jacket and white

trousers were the most prominent features. An observer of those days has left us a favourable comment on this new uniform, and, as he couches his remarks in terms which combine the nautical with the sartorial, we may perhaps be allowed to quote them here: 'and to such as are not too square in the stern, it is far from being an unbecoming dress.' So rapid was the growth of the club that by 1824 the total tonnage of yachts owned by members amounted to about 5000 tons and employment was given to more than 500 hands; ten years later both of these totals were doubled. About this time the members decided that they must have a club-house, or at the very least a coffee-room; and in fulfilment of this wish they acquired in 1825 the building now known as the Gloucester Hotel at West Cowes. This sufficed for more than a quarter of a century, but by 1858 the club had outgrown its first club-house, and removed in that year to the premises which have ever since been its home—West Cowes Castle, of which much now remaining was built in the reign of Henry VIII. as a fortress defending the western approaches to these historic waters.

The most coveted trophy of the Cowes Regatta Week is the prize presented by the Sovereign and known as His Majesty's Cup. The history of this trophy can be traced back through more than a century to the year 1827, when George IV. presented a cup, valued at 100 guineas, to the Royal Yacht Club for a sailing match open only to its members, which was to take place annually on August 12—his birthday. There have been but few years since 1827 without a race for the Monarch's cup, although the date is no longer a fixed one, for the race takes place generally on the Tuesday of Cowes Week. We may mention in passing that, for the first time in its long history, the race for this cup—the blue riband of yachting—was opened in 1931 to any British yacht of or exceeding 60 feet on the waterline, provided she belonged to a recognised yacht club. The royal cups, and more especially the earlier ones, were given for the purpose of encouraging practice in seamanship, and also as a royal recognition of the national utility of the Royal Yacht Club in respect of its contributions to the advance of naval architecture and the practice in naval training which it provided. When all naval vessels were sailing craft—and that was the case in those days—the Admiralty occasionally studied the form and construction of these private yachts with the object of obtaining information likely to be of service in the design of the king's ships.

In those days yachts generally carried an armament (guns of from 6 to 9 pounders), and the crews were trained in the use of arms—cutlasses, pistols, rifles, etc.; in fact, by 1834 the whole fleet of the Royal Yacht Squadron mounted more than 400 guns.

British yachts in ever-increasing numbers were to be seen in foreign waters; there was hardly a port in Europe, whether in the north or west or on the Mediterranean shores, that was not visited by them. And nearly all the maritime countries of Europe granted the privileges of men-of-war to yachts of recognised British yacht clubs. Then in 1829 the British Admiralty conferred powers on the members of the Royal Yacht Club to wear on their yachts the White Ensign—the ensign of the Royal Navy, a privilege now possessed by the Royal Yacht Squadron alone. The growing custom of cruising on the high seas ('going foreign,' as the seaman called it) was a further reason for arming yachts, since it was by no means impossible in those days to fall in with the bold buccaneer—relics of the long wars. In the year the Yacht Club was founded (1815) this country had been at war for about 100 years with one maritime country or another—sometimes with two or three at once; and the seas had become infested with privateers, often little less than pirates. When the final defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo brought this long period of war to an end the crews of privateers, not a few of whom had never known any other occupation, were reluctant to give up their livelihood, and many years passed before this form of piracy entirely vanished.

Three years after the accession of William IV. this club received (1833) another signal mark of recognition, for the king expressed his desire that the title Royal Yacht Club should be changed to that of Royal Yacht Squadron—the style by which it has ever since been known; and, further, that the Monarch should always be its head. The Monarch is now always the admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

In 1831 the Duchess of Kent, sister-in-law of the reigning Sovereign, visited Cowes, where she had taken Norris Castle for the season; and she brought her little daughter Princess Victoria, then twelve years of age. That was the beginning of Queen Victoria's life-long association with British yachting—an association which, it is true, was one of patronage rather than participation, for Queen Victoria took but little part personally in the sport, although it seems particularly fitting that the head of a great maritime nation should have made as much use as she did of the State's royal yachts—much more than any Sovereign before or since her time. But Queen Victoria's patronage was to be seen in the encouragement of the sport by the gifts of very many prizes to yacht clubs round the British coasts; she presented rather more than 150 cups all told. Nor did the Prince Consort take much part in this sport, although he, like the Queen, presented many prizes for competition.

The Queen's name appears on the roll of the Royal Yacht

Squadron for the first time in 1838, the year of her coronation, and the Prince Consort's in 1841, the year following that of their wedding.

Some idea of the progress made by this sport in British waters during the thirty years that had passed since the infant yacht club came into being may perhaps be gathered from the following: By 1846 many 'royal' yacht clubs had come into existence round the coasts of this country, and their combined fleets totalled about 530 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 25,000, employing 4700 men and carrying 1500 guns. The value of this fleet amounted to £750,000 sterling, with an annual wages roll of more than £120,000. Although yachting made very little direct appeal to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, their son, the Prince of Wales, was to have a life-long association with the sport and to exert great influence upon it. In 1863, which was the year of his marriage, the Prince became patron of the 'Squadron,' and in 1865 his name appears on the membership roll. From that time and on to the end of his life he owned seven different yachts (five sailing vessels and two steam), of which the racing yacht *Britannia*, built in 1893 and happily still winning races, is world-famed.

T. W. MACALPINE.

IN DEFENCE OF THACKERAY

The merits of an author's work—it is less generally true of other artists—are too often at the mercy of his reputation as a man. The decline in Trollope's popularity was an effect, as inevitable as it was unreasonable, of the revelations of his *Autobiography*, and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy predicts a similar consequence from Arnold Bennett's *Journals*. Trollope's light has pierced the passing cloud, and so, doubtless, will Arnold Bennett's. With Thackeray the abuse that few of the great escape derives from a contrary cause. Trollope's eclipse was due to his revelations of himself; Thackeray's to his refusal to be revealed. His reputation has suffered as a result of his own endeavour to protect it against the too high praises of a partisan biographer. Disgusted by the fulsome adulation of the Hood family's *Memorials of Thomas Hood*, he demanded of his daughters 'Let there be nothing of this when I am gone.' The injunction, interpreted at its widest, was obeyed; and, though there is evidence that on other occasions he foresaw without dismay the weighing of his merits by 'future ages' ('who will be deeply interested in discussing the subject'), to this day his family have never consented to put their material into the hands of a biographer. There have been biographies of Thackeray—half a dozen or more; but there has been no official biography. He did not foresee that this reticence—his daughters' rather than his own—would be construed as a suppression of 'the truth,' a deliberate concealment of the discreditable. But there are always commentators ready to think and insinuate the worst, and such a construction has been put on Lady Ritchie's innocent and pious, but most unhappy, action. She herself made the compromise of providing biographical introductions to the Centenary Edition of her father's works, and a few copies of these separate introductions seem to have been bound up together to form what is, in effect, a Life of Thackeray; to we are indebted to them for many of his letters to his mother, to Mrs Procter and others. But though the story is told intimately at first hand, it is discursive, desultory, and far from complete.

Of the earlier Lives—one chapter in Trollope's 'English

Men of Letters' volume, Merivale and Marzials', and two by Mr. Lewis Melville—nothing need here be said. Two more have appeared in the last nine months, and it is to these that we must look both for the latest discovered facts and for the latest interpretations. Mr. Malcolm Elwin's *Thackeray: a Personality*[1] was published last September; and Mr. G. U. Ellis's brief but admirable *Thackeray*[2] is one of the June additions to the 'Great Lives' series. The value of Mr. Elwin's book is in the research that lies behind it, and the mass of—it must be objected—only partly assimilated, facts not elsewhere easily accessible. Mr. Ellis has less than a quarter of the space at his disposal, and is so constrained to select where selection must be regretted; but he is clearly saturated in his subject, and has distilled its essence with a critical insight which—Saintsbury apart—few writers on Thackeray have been able to command. But the man whose last word on Thackeray was, 'Well, my dear Henley, suppose we put it, that he was such a genius who was also such a gentleman,' had one advantage over Mr. Ellis, who more than once seems to arrive at a true judgment instinctively, reinforcing it with false premises.

Thackeray's genius is above question. That he was a gentleman has been denied. Many and various charges have been brought against him, but the evidence laboriously assembled by Mr. Elwin and acutely sifted by Mr Ellis should go far to prove their groundlessness. The case for the prosecution has been perhaps most forcibly put by Mr Michael Sadleir,[3] who may be conveniently quoted in summary:

> It is difficult, [writes Mr Sadleir] after careful study of his journalistic activities, to escape the conclusion that Thackeray frequently showed himself what Edmund Yates, in the famous essay which split the Garrick Club, declared him to be—both a hypocrite and a snob. . . . A definite moral inconsistency is shown in his novel reviews and even more blatantly in his art-criticism, where flippancy and prudery are oddly blended. . . .
>
> It must be confessed that, in his dealings with other men of letters, Thackeray gave cause for such severity. To Albert Smith he behaved with sheer malignity. While Hook was alive he flattered and used him; when Hook was dead he rent him in *Pendennis*. Even Maginn, to whom he owed not only a start in journalism but a good part of his own mental equipment, was shown up for a mere mercenary bravo in the same novel.
>
> Thackeray was a snob who worked an ostentatious anti-snobbery to death. . . . The method of insult adopted was that of the street-arab's long nose, with the additional vulgarity that the street-arab was not a genuine street-arab at all, but a well-brought-up boy who thought it clever to appear ill-bred.

[1] Cape, 12s. 6d. net. [2] Duckworth, 2s. net.
[3] *Bulwer, a Panorama—Edward and Rosina* (1931), pp. 251–255. *Cf.* Mr Sadleir's review of Mr Elwin's book in the *New Statesman*, September 24, 1932.

It is surprising that the allegation of snobbery, which the author of a *Book of Snobs* was bound to suffer sooner or later, should not by now have died a natural death. It is not as though Thackeray actually did guy his own class 'for the delight of their inferiors,' as Mr Sadleir alleges. He did not guy any one 'class,' or if he did it was an intellectual, not a social, class, and he was not of it. For the delight of others who, like himself, saw the hypocrisies, and still more the absurdities, of the Pintos and de Mogynses he showed up a state of society that had little to commend it: he offended only those whom the cap fitted, and if—as no one will dispute—many of his shafts went wide of the target, if occasionally he condemned in one paper what he appeared to advocate in another, these faults weigh little against the fundamental justice of his satire. Mr Ellis has some penetrating comments to make on the snobbery charges and on Thackeray's conception of a snob. If we could extract from the *Book of Snobs* a definition of all that Thackeray meant by the term, the 'snobbery' to which he is himself supposed to have succumbed in later life would have to be defined anew.

In later life he 'was courted by the ton,' and 'turned on his earlier friends and sneered at their commonness.' Which friends he sneered at does not appear—unless Albert Smith,* Hook and Maginn are intended. Of Hook and Maginn I shall have something to say later *à propos* of Wagg in *Vanity Fair* and Shandon in *Pendennis*. As Mr Sadleir has pointed out, Thackeray's 'Ramsbottom' papers in the *Snob* of his undergraduate days owed their name to an earlier series of Hook's, and Yellowplush was in a sense born from a germ of Maginn's. Maginn gave Thackeray a helping hand in his most penniless period, but he 'used' Thackeray fully as much as Thackeray 'used' him. That Thackeray owed either of them a debt of friendship, or turned and rent them when they were dead, can hardly be maintained. He used them—as he used very many others, including pre-eminently himself—as a peg on which to hang satirical comments on the age in which he lived. Ainsworth and Cruikshank, it has been said, were among those who helped him in adversity but whom in success he patronised; but Mr Ellis successfully rebuts this 'unsubtle charge.' FitzGerald, it has

* Of Thackeray's 'sheer malignity' towards Smith I can find little evidence beyond the following statement of Vizetelly: 'He treated him with contemptuous toleration, showing him outward civility, but the occasional sarcastic observations which he permitted to escape him, disclosed his true sentiments respecting Albert's mountebank ways.' Such sarcastic observations appear occasionally in Thackeray's letters (e.g. to Kate Perry, March 14, 1853, and to John Brown eleven days later). In any case, Smith was not one of his 'earlier friends.' He was the man who, being found unsuitable to *Punch*, was superseded on the staff of that paper by Thackeray.

been said, 'one of his oldest friends, dropped unresentfully into a melancholy background, cheered now and again by a presentation copy or letter full of excited talk about himself from the brilliant creature who had now climbed out of sight'; but this is a wanton construction to put upon a friendship which, like many friendships and not only Thackeray's, did not retain its youthful fervour for thirty years.

His assiduous cultivation of the aristocracy whom he had derided will not bear the test of scrutiny. He was 'lionised,' and enjoyed it; this was something new, something deserved, after his early struggles. If he 'was courted by the ton,' if the nobility and gentry flocked to his lectures and asked him to their balls, it does not appear that 'the ton' was courted by him. Such people as Palmerston and his circle would require from a guest something more than the simple arts of the 'tuft-hunter.' Their hospitality may have been the last flicker of the 'patronage' which distinguished the preceding century, but it was also the last testimony of that age to the man who most nearly expressed its fading elegance.*

'The insect Yates,' accused Thackeray of hypocrisy and snobbery, and of cutting his political coat according to his social cloth. It should not be necessary to bring up this pitiable squabble; but Yates has been cited as a witness. Mr Elwin's analysis should dispose once and for all of his reliability. In 1858 Yates contributed to *Town Talk* an article on Thackeray's personal appearance and literary claims. The article abounded in lies—as that *Vanity Fair* was 'offered to, and rejected by, several of the first publishers in London,' while *Esmond* fell 'almost still-born from the press.' It was personal and vitriolic in the extreme—far more so than any of Thackeray's attacks on Bulwer or anyone else. Thackeray, as we shall see, did not know Bulwer; Yates met Thackeray on friendly terms at the Garrick Club—the offence was therefore the more heinous. Thackeray was stung to fury, as well he might be, and a bitter correspondence followed, Dickens taking Yates's part.

Most of the 'petulant egotist's' more widely advertised quarrels centre in a series of parodies contributed to *Punch* between April and October 1847. *Punch's Prize Novelists* show him at his highest in the art of parody; they also show how, if Thackeray could be angered at the scurrility of his inferiors in taste, his inferiors in art could be angered by his own legitimate, if unsparing, criticism. With a little forethought he might have anticipated the charge of malice; he seldom stopped to think.

* Mr Ellis, p. 101. Chapter vii opens with a discerning estimate of Thackeray's sycophancy. It may be added that some of the best parts of Mr Ellis's book are those in which he shows Thackeray's affinities with the eighteenth century, and distinguishes him in this, as in other respects, from Dickens.

and the charge when it came took him by surprise It has often been repeated But was there any malice behind *Punch's Prize Novelists*? In addition to the author's expression (quoted below) of his intention of being 'good-natured,' two circumstances throw doubt on this. First, it was Thackeray's plan to include among his targets both Dickens and himself; and no man *maliciously* pasquinadoes himself in *Punch*. In the second place, there can be no question that he was genuinely astonished when Lever took offence at 'Phil Fogarty'; he considered Lever's attitude absurd, as indeed it was; and in the end Lever not only profited by 'Phil Fogarty,' but acknowledged the debt *The Prize Novelists*, considered apart from motive, are perfect burlesque—'admittedly by far the best of their often tried kind' was Professor Saintsbury's verdict, and even in their context they cannot be characterised as anything worse than indiscreet Whatever Thackeray's failings as an art critic—and Mr Ellis claims that 'actually Titmarsh could say many very sensible things on art' —as a critic of the one artistic medium in which he excelled, the novel, he has few equals, his criticism was expressed in the form best suited to his genius, the parody Where these Novels by Eminent Hands gave offence we may be sure that the criticism went home What is too often overlooked is that where they verged on 'the personal'—and they are far from the 'personal journalism' of earlier years—it was Thackeray's exuberance of spirits, combined with a complete innocence of malicious intent, that led him into what, conscious of the essential justice of the parodies, the parodied novelists fastened on as a breach of taste. Thackeray was never, what the *Chronicle* called him, 'a satirist without an enemy' If *Roland Cashel* proved that Lever could recognise in 'Phil Fogarty' the imperfections of his own earlier style (as G P R James did in 'Barbazure'), it contained also a riposte in Elias Howle, immediately recognised as a caricature of Thackeray And Disraeli's reply to 'Codlingsby' was the St. Barbe of *Endymion*, a book published seventeen years after Thackeray's death

Now this raises the whole question—one of the greatest importance in the interpretation of the autobiographical passages in *Pendennis* and *Lovel the Widower*—of characters in fiction drawn from fact How far does any author intend such a character an accurate portrait of an actual man? How far should we consider an unflattering portrait as evidence of anything except the painter's bias? How far, even if he sets out to paint a living man, does each artist subordinate accurate portraiture to the artistic needs, not of the single portrait, but of the whole picture? A Fielding or a Jane Austen would set out to satirise a Richardson or a Mrs. Radcliffe, but Parson Adams was better

worth cultivating than the virtuous brother of the illustrious Pamela, and Jane Austen loved Catherine Morland too well to make a puppet of her. So it is with more personal caricature. Harold Skimpole may have owed more than a little to Leigh Hunt; but 'a work of fiction often consists in combining a pair of whiskers seen in one street with a crime seen in another,' and we have little hesitation in accepting—as Hunt himself did—Dickens's indignant disclaimer. Who, then, was Skimpole? A little of Hunt, surely—his manner, his 'sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness,' his voice; but these were only the draperies hung about a villainous person whose villainies belonged, not to any one antetype, but to the scheme of a work of art. Dickens, Mr Chesterton mildly remarks, 'may never have had the unfriendly thought, "Suppose Hunt behaved like a rascal!" he may only have had the fanciful thought, "Suppose a rascal behaved like Hunt!"'

For the present purpose the Skimpole analogy is of two-fold importance—for Disraeli's portrait of Thackeray and for Thackeray's portraits of himself and his relatives and acquaintances. Even if Skimpole were intended as a faithful portrayal of Leigh Hunt—which he undoubtedly was not—this would not prove that Hunt was like Skimpole, but only that Dickens believed him so, or wished to make him appear so; since we know that Hunt was very different, we should be most unwilling to accept Dickens's testimony on any uncorroborated point. St Barbe owes much to Thackeray; but how much? Even if Disraeli believed the picture fair (of which there is no evidence), we cannot accept it as more than a partial estimate; if 'Codlingsby' rankled for thirty years, Disraeli's testimony is the more suspect. And Elias Howle, created in the torment of arrows the more wounding that I ever recognised their acuteness, is suspect also. Mr Sadleir says that St. Barbe, 'with his tuft-hunting, malice and jealousy, was not quite the caricature he has generally been assumed,' implying that that picture, like Serjeant Ballantyne's, 'is as convincing as it is downright.' Would it not be more true to say that malicious, jealous, tuft-hunting St. Barbe, in so far as he was a caricature, was the product of a parvenu's jealousy, malice and pique, and that, being a part of *Endymion*, he was only in part Thackeray?

It should not be necessary to labour this point. Every novelist draws on his own experience, to a greater or less extent, for the matter of his novels. But the fact that Thackeray did so more patently than any of his contemporaries—with the possible exception of Charlotte Brontë—has made his biographers go too often to his fictions for their facts. Pendennis at Oxbridge was Thackeray at Cambridge; Helen Pendennis was

his mother; there was even a claimant for the questionable honours of Blanche Amory; Shandon, of course, was Maginn; Dawkins in *Yellowplush* was Thackeray again; in *The Newcomes* the Colonel was a mixture of the author's stepfather and Sir Richmond Shakespear, while Martha Honeyman was 'Aunt Becher' and Honeyman himself Brookfield; Mrs. Brookfield was Amelia in *Vanity Fair*; the list is inexhaustible. But since it would be absurd to suppose that the whole of Pen represented his creator; since Dawkins's £5000 was Thackeray's £1500; since Colonel Newcome was admittedly composite; and since 'Foker has something to complain of in being identified with Mr Arcedeckne,' is it not also absurd to take the Maginn and Brookfield portraits, and the supposed portrait of Theodore Hook as Wagg, *au pied de la lettre*? Are they any different from Skimpole?

Maginn, to whom (borrower though he was) Thackeray owed so much, is only a part of Captain Shandon—let us not inquire too closely which. 'Bright, broken Maginn . . .' Thackeray was twice as brilliant, but he did not break: he never succumbed to scurrility and gin. What was the sum of his debt to this sodden, sponging benefactor? 'A start in journalism,' and 'a good part of his own mental equipment'? Was it not rather the opportunity and the example of the very abuse of journalism which, condoned in the master, is condemned in the pupil?

Even Mr Ellis, who, while he makes no attempt to whitewash Thackeray, refrains from the denigration now so popular in biography because it is so easy, suggests misleading parallels between two characters in *Lovel the Widower* and the two women whom its author most loved. He is no doubt justified in saying that Thackeray 'certainly used [Mrs Brookfield] as a model for Amelia in *Vanity Fair* and probably as Elizabeth in *Lovel the Widower*'; but such an assertion must be guardedly interpreted. Mrs. Brookfield was an imaginative artist's, not a photographer's, model.

There is no space here to enter into Thackeray's relations with his wife and Mrs Brookfield. If there is no very positive evidence of passionate devotion to the former, there is none of 'incompatibility.' All we know is that for the twenty-three years preceding his death Thackeray's wife was in a mad-house, and that he was, so far as such a wife could have one, a model husband, doing all that could be done for her; he was also unquestionably a model father to his two motherless daughters. The full story of what Mr. Ellis Roberts has called 'the living and lovely friendship of Jane Brookfield' has never been told, and perhaps can never be known: the fullest and best account will be found in Mr Elwin's volume.

There remain the charge of jealousy and—Bulwer. It was one of Thackeray's early ambitions to raise himself to the level of Dickens. But their 'rivalry' has often been exaggerated. Just as, when America so tactfully drew Leigh Hunt's attention to Skimpole, no personal feud arose between Hunt who took no offence and Dickens who had intended none; yet the less discerning friends of both parties indulged in recriminations about what was not their concern; so the rivalry between Thackeray and Dickens was one of supporters rather than of principals. 'I may quarrel with Mr Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times,' his rival wrote; 'I delight and wonder at his genius.' And again, of the account of young Dombey's death: 'There is no writing against this; one hasn't an atom of chance. It is stupendous.' They were never close friends, but always, until the Yates affair, on friendly terms; and it was Dickens who, in the year of *Punch's Prize Novelists*, when Thackeray (as everyone else did sooner or later) found Forster quarrelling with him, took the trouble to ask them both to dinner to set matters right. Thackeray's letters provide ample evidence that he *envied* Dickens his early success. A few months the older, he was several years behind in achieving fame and never equalled the other's sales. But neither by parody nor in their personal relations did he show that his feeling of envy was anything other than one of admiration.

Thackeray's jealousy of Dickens [Mr Elwin writes] provided the memoir-writers with a subject for discussion for over half a century, though Procter told FitzGerald at the time of Dickens's death that he had never witnessed any sign of such jealousy. All the posthumous gossipers supply not a tittle of evidence to convict Thackeray of jealousy.

Of whom, then, was Thackeray jealous? Of Bulwer, apparently, both for his literary successes and for his social position—Bulwer, who was of Thackeray's stature neither as an artist nor as a man. Because from 'Elizabeth Brownrigge' in *Fraser's*, 1832,* through the *Yellowplush Papers*, to 'George de Barnwell' in *Punch*, 1847, Thackeray frequently indulged in 'Bulwer-baiting,' he was inevitably jealous; was Maginn, then, jealous of Bulwer? and

* The authorship of this parody has not, so far as I am aware, been finally established. It appeared two years before any contribution to *Fraser's* that can with certainty be ascribed to Thackeray; stylistically, as Saintsbury pointed out, it bears no resemblance to any of his journalistic work, and it is not until we come to *Barry Lyndon* (1844) that we find anything of his so restrained and correct. Mr Sadleir, who accepts the attribution tacitly, describes it as 'an amusing (if over-protracted) pastiche'; if Thackeray had written a parody of *Eugene Aram* at this time, we may suspect that it would have been less sober, more exuberant, more pungent, and—*pace* Mr Sadleir—much more amusing than 'Elizabeth Brownrigge.'

Lockhart? and *Blackwood's* of an apothecary's son called John Keats?

Until the late 'forties [Mr Sadleir wrote] Thackeray lost no opportunity of cruel caricature of Bulwer's person and literary style.... But when it became evident that Bulwer, for all his isolation from his kind, had a firmer hold on the public than almost any other writer, when Thackeray realised that a cordial welcome from Lady Blessington was in part dependent on civility to one of her greatest friends, when jealousy of Dickens opened his eyes to the possibility of Bulwer's joining that dangerous rival's party—there was a rapid change of tune.

Thackeray, we are told, wrote first of all a 'simpering letter of self-justification' to Lady Blessington; made complimentary remarks about Bulwer behind his back, which were 'duly' repeated; and 'put the finishing touch to his own discredit by the flunkeyism of a thirteenth-hour apology.' Such is one interpretation of the 'facts'; but it would be uncharitable, to say the least, to accept such an interpretation unless it were, all the facts considered, the only possible interpretation. I submit that it is an impossible interpretation.

To begin with, some of the hypotheses may be questioned. Bulwer's hold on the public had been firm since before Thackeray began to think of novel-writing, a fact that did not 'become evident' in the late 'forties, and that in any case could not affect Thackeray's attitude at this time more than at any other. At the time of the 'first' evidence of Thackeray's hunt for Bulwer's tuft Lady Blessington had already extended 'a cordial welcome' to him; it was an act of common courtesy for him to wish to compose his differences with one of her greatest friends—though Bulwer was not prepared to come half way to meet the man who so often and so unanswerably exposed his literary pretensions. Whether Thackeray was jealous of Dickens, considering him a dangerous rival, is, as we have seen, questionable; it is of no consequence here; but so far as the latter had a party, Bulwer, the friend of Forster and others of Dickens's friends, was already of it, we know on the authority of one of his biographers that Bulwer (who forgave Lockhart) used to praise Dickens at Thackeray's expense, while another declares that he was ever willing to relate anecdotes to Thackeray's disadvantage.

In the second place, an impartial examination of the facts of the two men's association may result in a very different interpretation. In 1832 (or a few years later) Thackeray joined in a campaign, already the policy of *Fraser's*, against Bulwer. For the next fifteen years or so he continued his attacks, concentrating progressively less on the 'personal' and more on the literary shortcomings of his jesting-stock. During this period he once met Bulwer 'in public' (at Harrison Ainsworth's, probably in

1837). In January 1847 Albany Fonblanque, a friend of both and one time editor of the *Examiner*, with which both were at different times connected, offered to bring them together; 'George de Barnwell,' due to appear in *Punch* in April, was already on the stocks, and Thackeray explained to Fonblanque that the parody (one of many which 'will all be good-natured') could not be dropped, pointing out the possible awkward consequences of a meeting at just that time, but promising 'to be friendly and meek in spirit'; either Bulwer refused to meet his critic, or the mediator, recognising the delicacy of Thackeray's attitude, thought it better to give up his dinner-party. At about the same time Thackeray told Lady Blessington that he had 'no sort of personal dislike' for Bulwer; objecting to faults of sentiment and style to which he had every right to object and adding, 'My antipathy don't go any further than this.' In 1850 Thackeray printed a statement in an introduction to an American edition of his works referring to two of the *Yellowplush Papers* of the late 'thirties 'which I am very sorry to see reproduced'; he wrote:

> I had never seen that eminent writer [the author of *The Caxtons*] but once in public when his satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such satire was harmless jocularity, and never calculate that it might give pain.

Shortly afterwards he sent a copy of this 'cry of *peccavi*' to Bulwer, but, so far as I can discover, Bulwer did not reply.

It is unnecessary, it is perhaps impossible, to make excuses for the 'Bulwer-baiting' of *Fraser's* or for any of Thackeray's youthful excursions into 'personal journalism.' If such journalism was a commonplace of the period, we may blame the period, but we cannot wholly exculpate the individual. What I would maintain is that there is no evidence of personal malice on Thackeray's part. He entered the arena at a time when Bulwer—'a figure of almost unbelievable absurdity,' Mr. Ellis calls him—was the favourite bull of the critical toreros, and, whether because his livelihood depended on it or for sheer lust of battle, he waved his red rag and brandished his sword as skilfully as any of them. That he always found Bulwer's 'sentiments,' 'big words,' and 'premeditated fine writing' nauseous matters little for this period; but in this fact, in Bulwer's affectations, and in the inherent absurdity of his drawing-rooms and titled dandies (so conclusively proved, if proof were required, by 'George de Barnwell') may be found ample justification for the lampooning continued after youth was passed.

Thackeray was twenty-one when he began 'baiting' Bulwer; twenty-seven when with thoughtless jocularity he ridiculed *The Sea-Captain*; and thirty-six when he good-naturedly but disas-

trously parodied several novelists, friendly, unfriendly and indifferent. He was thirty-six when he told Fonblanque that he bore Bulwer no personal enmity, and (Mr. Sadleir seems to imply) about the same age when he made a similar avowal to Lady Blessington. Then there is silence for nine years—no more lampoons and no written testimony of any kind. At forty-five he made honourable amends by printing an unsolicited apology, which Bulwer did not even acknowledge; and at fifty he told Forster that he thought he had been a silly young man a quarter of a century before, and would have liked to make up the quarrel with his unrelenting victim. Where is the 'flunkeyism,' the tuft-hunting, the hypocrisy? I confess I cannot see in any of the apologies, whether expressed direct to Bulwer or indirectly to Bulwer's friends, a single objectionable phrase or one incompatible with a favourable construction of Thackeray's conduct.

I would not seem anxious to whitewash Thackeray where he is black. He is accused of petulance, and hasty he certainly was—quick both to anger and to folly. 'I am always making rude speeches and apologising for them,' he wrote to Lady Blessington, 'like a nuisance to society.' There is the familiar story of his cutting short Tennyson's praise of Catullus with 'I could do better myself,' and writing on 'the morning after' to express contrition. If he had been less quick-tempered he would not have capped Brookfield's irritable remarks with others that were 'quite unjustifiable;' the storm would have passed, and two of his closest friends would not have been lost. Even his daughter 'supposed' that some people disliked him, and with a disposition that combined occasional outbursts of temper with frequent periods of melancholy brought on by a lingering disease it is not surprising that many people did.

What is surprising is that his biographers, even those least prone to see evil where none exists, make very little of the characteristic which is perhaps most striking of all, both in his letters and in more than one of his too little known Ballads—his love for his children. Taken by themselves, the literary squabbles and the journalistic writings seem to give some plausibility to the picture of an arrogant but thin-skinned egotist; taken in conjunction with his friendships and the loyalty of his real friends, his family life, and above all such characters in the novels as Beatrix, Helen Pendennis, George Warrington, and Ethel and Colonel Newcome, they fall into perspective. 'He was such a genius who was also such a gentleman.'

SIMON NOWELL SMITH.

THE LIMITS OF INTELLECTUAL INTEGRITY[1]

One thinks mainly of advancing time as dealing with incompatibles by subsuming them under newly discovered generalisation, of a world being made more rational by synthesis. But there is the contrary process too, where contradictions do not exist save through the growth, in number and quality, of standards and principles, and the world becomes continually more irrational and more problems of reconciliation exist to puzzle us, and even make us agnostic. This is not merely a moral question. Sir James Jeans says: 'Science has left off bringing law and order into the phenomena of nature, and brought contradictions and nonsense instead.'[2] Into this aspect of thinking, during a single day's holiday reading, fell three sentences, the combination of which decided my three-dimensional subject. Our whimsical friend Alexander on the wireless recently declared that his colleague Mose was an 'accident looking for somewhere to happen.' In some such way, I suppose, many of our reasoned decisions unconsciously just happen, but I just managed to catch this one in the act, and analysed it.

First, a new English book on the Barthian theology gave this:

> Resurrection means that we live under the sovereignty of God's freedom. We no longer think and act under the bondage of a fear which robs both thinking and acting of all spontaneity. We no longer mutilate our lives in the vain effort to get our thoughts into a complete and consistent system, and our actions into a complete and consistent code of conduct. . . . We shall not feel a moral shock at the Preacher's further exhortation: 'Be not righteous overmuch; neither make thyself overwise: why shouldst thou destroy thyself?'[3]

Within an hour, a scholarly address on 'Theory and Practice' by Dr. Hetherington, Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, pulled me back in the opposite direction with the passage:

> Hence the fascination for most thinkers of the ideal of a completely architectonic system of knowledge—a kind of hierarchy of universals, so

[1] The substance of a presidential address to the Social and Political Education League, University College, London, March 27, 1933. Among other matter, certain passages relating to past dilemmas of religion and science have been omitted.

[2] 'The Mathematical Aspect of the Universe' (*Philosophy*, vol. vii., p. 6).

[3] *Tell John*, by Geoffrey Allen and Roy McKay, p. 127.

related to one another that the mind travels throughout its whole range either by a process of simple deduction, or by a discovery of their mutual implications. Hence too the inevitability of metaphysics.

The third thrust came from the introduction to Sir Abraham Hoskyn's fascinating analysis, *The Riddle of the New Testament*:

It is a strange paradox that precisely as the critic grows in confidence in the adequacy of his method, so he becomes increasingly diffident of his ability to catalogue assured results. As each advance is made, the problem as a whole begins to look different, and the assured results of the previous generation require constant reconsideration when seen in a new perspective. The older conclusions appear in their new context almost irrelevant, and at times trivial.

Is reconciliation for congruity an essential task of the mind? Have we any right to spend vast effort and strain to place our conclusions in orderly fashion in an architectonic scheme? Or is that just mutilating our lives and cramping our progressive thought? Is incompatibility merely a product of differences in time development? When two lines of thought, derived from unimpeachable premises, with faultless logic, finally give incongruous results, do we overhaul restlessly both bases and processes, go mad or agnostic over the offence to the principles of causation or uniformity, or may we not conclude that one line has been further developed along itself than the other, and, provided we can speculate which is really in front, that all we need do is to sit down quietly on the one, and allow our companion to catch us up, in order to reach a complete unity of aim, purpose and conclusion? If the latter is a true view of our duty or privilege, then we may carry many inconsistencies and apparent hypocrisies through life with unruffled calm, waiting for time to do its healing or reconciling work; but if it is not, then we ought to tidy up our masses of knowledge as we go along, and not pursue or achieve any more until we have reduced all we already have at least to consilience. Is the effort at reconciliation in itself a knowledge-finding and building process, or is it cramping and inhibiting in the main pursuit? Should each thought go on developing along its own lines and mind its own business, or should it be regimented by the sergeant-major of the mind, the principle of consistency, by an interminable recurrence of the order 'By the right, dress'? Is a high degree of intellectual integrity desirable, or even possible? Is it worth great effort and conscientious scruple? Can we not spend our thought and time more profitably in widening the scope of our mental experience and extending some line of thought beyond its present range? If the usual reply is given that it is all a question of degree, that within limits it is worth while, as an essential element in intellectualism, but that we must not pursue it to the exclusion of other good things, then we must endeavour

to ascertain the possible limits to attainable integrity, and the limits that to average and busy men will be worth while. After what process or degree of effort are we honestly entitled to hold an opinion and, still more, to take the responsibility of expressing it to any living soul?

First we must get our context clear. An opinion on a question of fact which we hold solely on the authority of a speaker on a partisan platform, or from a person with an interest or an axe to grind, or from a newspaper with a point of view, is on a different plane of 'honesty' from one which results from a careful personal examination of the facts, the reading of weighty authorities and eye-witnesses pondered over a period of time. I want to devote to 'opinion' a reasonable industry and care. But our facts and premises may be right, yet by bias, careless inference or logical fallacy, or even a conscious selection of facts and hammering them into conformity, we may reach wrong conclusions. I want honesty in mental processes. Again, and perhaps most important, we may have conclusions in one field quite incompatible with those in another, and be thoroughly conscious of a duplicity in allegiance, of serving two masters or of abjuring one of them in practice, or of being hypocritical. Our minds are restless because of that inconsistency. 'Intellectual integrity' is a term I use to cover all these aspects. It is justified by the dictionary definitions —'an undivided or unbroken state—completeness, entirety. The condition of not being marred or violated, soundness, honesty and sincerity.' We should all desire to hold honest and sincere opinions and to be consistent in our beliefs, especially if we are influencing others. Within what limits is it practicable to do so? The term 'intellectual integrity' is, of course, not new; I find it in writings of sixty years ago, and it has just been used by Bernard Shaw in his book on the religion of the black girl. But here it is to have a fuller connotation, and I do not know that anyone has set out to give it a boundary for practical life.

* *

A man can be inconsistent without being insincere. And in so doing he may be rendering a maximum service to two worthy aims, which, in the main, are both required in the good life, but which at certain points involve him in duplicity of thought or conduct. He must make many concessions to the demands of a practical situation measured against the demands of a theoretical and mental system, to the inevitable lag in public conviction; to the social grouping of ideas. Many a man, valuing consistency before the practical adoption of his ideas, has put back their acceptance by being 100 per cent. outspoken and definite before his world of hearers were ready for it. Professor J. S. Haldane says:

Nothing gives more anxiety to a sensible man who holds notions opposed to the current prejudices, than to hit the right mark where intellectual integrity and prudence, firmness and wise reserve, are in exact accord.

But we are not relieved from responsibility by immediate impracticability. The art of personal conviction is one thing, and that of the forming of public opinion quite another. As Lord Morley said in *Compromise*:

> It is worth while to take pains to find out the best way of doing a given task, even if you have strong grounds for suspecting that it will be ultimately done in a worse way.

He complains of the notion that if a subject is not ripe for practical treatment, you or I are, therefore, entirely relieved from the duty of having clear ideas about it. We cannot be blind to the duty which attaches to every intelligent man of having some clear ideas, even though only provisional ones, upon the greatest subjects of human interest, and of deliberately preferring these, whatever they may be, to their opposites. Nor is the personal problem merely one of the ascertainment of fact. 'A life, or even any major interest of life, which wholly fails to raise for itself the question of the principles upon which it is conducted, misses something of dignity and of significance;' and Morley has said:

> In settling with ourselves whether propositions purporting to state matters of fact are true or not, we have to consider how far they are conformable to the evidence. We have nothing to do with the comfort or solace which they would be likely to bring to others or ourselves, if they were taken as true

Our motive may be to obtain a clear mental conscience, or to make a personal and responsible contribution to an educated democracy, or to develop an art of knowledge and elaborate a new machine for advancing knowledge. The struggle for accuracy and consistency will be the same and the rules of guidance similar. But the area or limits may be different. We might go on trying to get a conscientious reconciliation long after it had immediate practical importance, or we might become professional conciliators and explorers of debated boundaries. My limits are, however, mainly utilitarian. Those who enjoy and exercise the life of the mind, with a limited expenditure of opportunity, know how difficult conscious choice may be of direction and intensity of thought and consideration. Much of it is haphazard and instinctive. One does not deliberately and consciously say: 'I have spent a precious and exiguous hour getting some sort of view upon the Manchurian question; shall I devote my second hour to checking that view and making it more solidly based, or would it

be better to spend it in getting a superficial notion of whether Sovietism is working out soundly or whether I am being deceived by national partisan hopes and fears; or, more widely, can I see the present position of the success of financial reflation in practice as distinct from theory, or shall I give my hour over to the truth about the far-reaching question of the principle of indeterminacy in physics?' Those who have been through the analysis of the psychological theory of value in economics know well the conception of the consumer halting at the point of his choice whether to devote the next unit of his limited purchasing power to another suit or a radio set, or of a manufacturer and trader before the alternatives of extending his advertising, his staff, or modernising some unit. Most of us devote to the life of the mind some 500 to 1000 hours a year at the most. Every year, after the demands of our vocation, those of our social and domestic contacts and health are met. I do not suggest that these in themselves do not make important indirect contributions to that mental life as we go along, but the mental money we have to spend in this direct pursuit of knowledge and opinion is strictly limited, and we are constantly making these marginal determinations.

I claim, then, to be making explicit a mental process that is implied every time we pass from one subject to another, every time we decide to read a second book or hear another speaker on a particular subject, every time we procure a White Paper after seeing a synopsis in the daily Press. I wish to bring those implications to the surface and rationalise them a little before I relegate them again to the subconscious, where alone they can do their effective work in our lives.

In our consideration I place congruency first and verification second, because, in practice, if a result of a chain of evidence or reasoning is perfectly consistent with all the knowledge and opinions we have, a *prima facie* reason exists for not undertaking the laborious and time-consuming work of going back over the chain of reasoning to the examination of the basic evidence. We are all pragmatists in our daily life—to us 'truth is what works'; and if a statement is congruent, we are not so foolish as to waste time over research. If we hear concerning a person whose excellent character we personally know well some new incident of kindness or honesty, we accept it without question—it is consistent. But if we hear of an alleged action, cruel or dishonest, we spurn it, or anxiously call for evidence, and declare we shall 'get to the bottom of it' before we believe it. In the main, inconsistency is the prime reason for overhaul of logical processes and re-examination of evidence. In this there are several assumptions: first, that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time; that black is not white; that causation is

uniform, and if A is the cause of B, it will be so again at another time or in another place; that things are mainly ruled by principles, and the principles are few and consonant. The world properly understood is, we think, reliable and not mad. We also hanker after the idea that it is kind rather than cruel, and, to a less extent, that development is along a line we call 'progress.' To rest content with flagrant offences against these canons is, we think, to lack intellectual integrity.

In the scientific field the past twenty years have made a vast difference to our ideas about the necessity for singleness and universality of principles, and we realise, too, that our notions of causation have been altogether inadequate. Eddington's 'time's arrow' plagues our minds. Always hitherto the cause of a thing was some event or force prior in point of time. To-day we can conceive that something happening now is what it is by the pull of some far-off divine event that has not yet, in our time element, come to pass, and so far from causing the future, is caused by it. Our conception of real determinism is undergoing drastic pressure. The first breach in the rigid necessity for integrity comes within the sciences themselves, and if a science cannot be consistent and congruent within its own borders, the case for anxiety about differences between the teachings of different bodies of human knowledge or experience becomes correspondingly weaker.

In physics to-day no single theory holds all the field. Eddington relies on the classical theory to conduct light through the lenses and focus it in the photo-electric cell of his special telescope, but he turns to the quantum theory to make the light fetch out electrons from the sodium film to be collected in an electrometer. Reversing the theories makes both processes impossible. Sir William Bragg 'uses the classical theory on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and the quantum theory on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.' That makes the scientist of to-day a little more sympathetic towards the man who has one philosophy of the universe on weekdays and another on Sundays. And he does not regard the resolution of his dilemma as his most urgent task, and he hopes a reconciliation will come about while he is attending to his main business, as a by-product. In another field J. S. Haldane says:

Up to a certain point biologists can work on quite comfortably with either mechanistic or vitalistic principles. . . . the trouble of the vitalists is, however, just as serious as that of the mechanists.

Canon Streeter says:

The majority, I think, of the brilliant advances in physics which this century has seen have been made by methods which ignore, or in some cases even defy, the canons of successful explanation which were accepted in Maxwell's time. We are getting quite used to theories which are

'right' in the sense that they predict all sorts of unexpected things correctly, but which remain themselves unintelligible, or even self-contradictory, when one tries to 'understand' them.

Most economists to-day work on a dual and conflicting principle of competition and co-operation, of *laissez faire* and social planning. Sir Arthur Keith hangs between fostering racial prejudice, and eliminating it, as the two preservatives of civilisation.

* *

But, of course, the differences between the sciences are in the conclusions or results to which they lead, and the differences within the sciences are differences of principle which bring about like results. It is one thing for us to bother because the evidence from geology might require a life for the world of 1,000,000,000 years, and astronomy demands ten times as long, and genetics twenty, and we should feel that at least two of the several principles which gave such congruent or satisfactory results, each in its own field of application, must want serious overhauling, if they led to such incongruous conclusions at a point where they met rival fields of study. We should decline to be bound by the implications of any of those principles in the realm of thought about cosmic purpose, teleology, destiny, or conduct. But it is quite another matter if the operation of the antithetical principles is within the science itself, and we feel none of its implications at all. The rivalry of two theories of light may leave us with complete general indifference as to which shall prevail ultimately, if one alone must.

This isolation of the problem is, however, rarer than might appear at first sight. There is nearly always one of the two rival principles, which is more agreeable to other modes of thinking, and outside we are rarely indifferent to the inner conflict. There is nearly always one which we dislike because of its implications. Any physical theory which admits of indeterminacy at some point gets us into less trouble in our non-physical thinking than a rigidly deterministic one, and we have a secret feeling that it must prevail. We cannot be indifferent about the theory of biological development: the degree of validity there may be in the inheritability of acquired characteristics or the origin of mutations must have important reactions, for example, upon the nature of social progress, the perfectibility or educability of the average man, and, therefore, the possibilities of democracy. There is an astronomical view of the universe in the grip of thermo-dynamical laws, finite in space and in time, running down to ultimate extinction. There is a biological view of creative evolution with infinite possibilities for mind and soul. They seem to be in irreconcilable conflict, but the baffling antithesis between matter and spirit may be the explanation and both may be true.

We are, then, primarily concerned with incongruent objective results, but secondarily more deeply with incompatible principles, though the distinction between the two cases is not always absolute. Our predilection for an architectonic whole is the first predisposing cause of our unrest, but the degree to which we feel it varies with individuals—we have not all the same passion for reconciliation and honesty. While the theory of an all-pervasive unity and a wholeness is the prevalent assumption of philosophic thought, it is only an assumption. It has been challenged on several grounds as peculiarly unsatisfactory. William James, in justifying pragmatism, says 'the greatest enemy of any one of our truths may be the rest of our truths. Truths have once for all their desperate instinct of self-preservation and of desire to extinguish whatever contradicts them.' So his views of the Absolute have to run the gauntlet of all his other beliefs, and he says, characteristically, 'as I have enough trouble in life already without the trouble of carrying the intellectual inconsistencies, I personally just give up the Absolute.'

The growing inconsistency between the worlds of sense and physics can only be saved from hopeless incompatibility and contradiction by assigning to both the status of appearances—aspects of reality from different points of view, 'an accumulation of knowledge which is additive like a picture gallery.' Can it be said that an accumulation of knowledge is the same thing as a progress towards ever purer truth, or that there is any sense in which the latest scientific picture is truer than the earliest?[4]

Inconsistency, which strains integrity, lies either in the individual or in the knowledge itself. In the individual it may be irrational to his particular background, or it may be a compromise due to his adherence to several groups of different kinds. Compatibility or congruence to a particular person will not merely depend upon his standards of agreement, but also upon his scheme of thinking about life and the world. Many of us have conclusions along different lines of evidence as to what is valid and desirable which remain unreconciled because we have a conception of society as an organism—the special advantage of some part if gained at the expense of other parts may lower the vitality, or even viability, of the whole. If we had no such conception of the organism, the incompatibilities would not exist. In a like manner, we have a range of incompatibilities or difficulties in governmental problems which varies with our conception of liberty. A considerable area of my own partly or wholly unreconciled conclusions would not exist as such if I had no regard for an evolutionary process, or scheme, which makes me ask about any seeming good

4 Tyrrell, 'Physics and the Ontological Problem' (*Philosophy*, vol. vii, p. 413).

in the present—what is its influence on the good of the future? May I buy the profit of this age at the cost of enfeebling the future? Have we an obligation so to develop society that its future will be as rich in the things we think desirable as it now is? The natural conclusions from my firmly held humanitarian and moral premisses are in conflict with what seems valid on biological or eugenic grounds. But this conflict would not exist if I had no doctrine of progress necessitating it. Someone who has this doctrine in a different form will have a narrower range of difficulty. Professor MacMurray says [1]: 'The true religion of humanity is not a religion of progress.' To the realist who says that the real life of the State is in its self-development, in progress, in evolution, so let us play our parts joyfully in the service of the future, he replies:

What future? An organic future? The organism has no future. Its growth is a curve from birth to death, its maturity leads only to dissolution and decay. Produce by the progress of civilisation your society of superman, and what then? Is that society organic? If so, what can its function be but to produce a race of super-supermen? This evolution theory, applied to human persons, is sheer futility. I at least decline to serve the future only in order that that future may serve a future more distant still.

Those who treat most of particular provable types of consistency, such as chemistry and mechanics, are most exacting in their background, and have often no feeling for alternatives. William James complained that the scientists of the 'nineties would not look at the evidence for telepathy. A leading biologist had said that if it were true, scientists ought to band together to keep it suppressed, for it 'would undo the uniformity of Nature and all sorts of other things without which they could not carry on their business.'

Now our adherence to a group gives us an official, or at any rate a 'modal,' view on a particular subject, and the different groups we belong to must give us different apparent inconsistencies. One man who is a Conservative, a trade unionist, a Catholic, a wireless fan, a husband and father, and a gardener will have a different set of outward incompatibilities to reconcile, owing to his group allegiances, from another man who is a bachelor, Socialist, shopkeeper, chamber of commerce member, Freemason, and Brotherhood speaker. A recent writer on group psychology says:

We are all of us different people as we move from one group to another. . . . It is characteristic for a man to have a substratum of consistency in his character (the compromise of conflicting loyalties) and a superstructure that is constantly varying [2].

[1] 'The Unity of Modern Problems' (*Journal of Philosophical Studies*, vol iv, p. 175).
[2] McCurdy, *Mind and Money*, p. 79.

We may have thought out our position for each group independently, but that will not be clear to the outsider. We can only reconcile the inconsistency to him by seceding from the group.

To me my conscience seems to be a purely individual affair. A stranger to our civilisation, however, who sees that I solve moral problems in much the same way as my neighbours, will say that we are all of us following agreed rules, and sees no evidence of the problems being treated individually.[1]

* *

As regards the possibility that the inconsistency is inherent in the character of the objective world of knowledge, there are fundamental differences between causal explanations in history and in science; indeed, it has been said that in science we have no genuine causes and no genuine effects, but only an unbroken chain of effects, whereas in history we find real causes, spontaneous and intentional combinations of actions which do not refer outside themselves for the principle on which they depend.[2] The differential is, of course, human initiation. History seems to defy all really unitary concepts; 'The search for one most universal category,' seems incapable of termination in a valid historic concept.'[3]

When I proceed to tidy up or classify and organise my papers, letters and books, I always have to go through a temporary stage of great untidiness and litter, with ragged heaps spread all around me preparatory to a new order. In some such way I suppose new knowledge, or even systematising the old, may lead for a time to a greater disorder and a less simplicity. Doubtless new ideas have different ways of 'settling in' and cannot all be treated alike. The Copernican must make a clean sweep of the Ptolemaic and cannot parley with it; but Einstein does not abolish Newton, he only refines and modifies him.

We think primarily of an unreconciled order of facts and principles made more orderly and complete by new discovery, and we instinctively work to this end. But as a matter of fact, often all we succeed in doing is to introduce a new disorder into what we had already reconciled. The new fact is disturbing, not settling, and the work before us is greater than ever. But much depends on the way in which new truth should be treated. Bernard Shaw complains that we do not pour the dirty water away before letting in the clean, and we get a muddy mixture. I do not think this generally, or adequately, represents the true case.

[1] McCurdy, *Mind and Money*, p. 93.
[2] Professor Guido de Ruggiero in *Philosophy*, vol. vi., p. 175.
[3] H. D. Oakley, 'Reality in History' (*Journal of Philosophical Studies*, vol. vi., p. 480).

There is a strain in the mind, often painful, as novelties sidle down into the older beliefs William James describes the process thus:

> Our minds grow in spots, and, like grease spots, the spots spread. But we let them spread as little as possible; we keep unaltered as much of our old knowledge, as many of our old prejudices and beliefs, as we can. We patch and tinker more than we renew. The novelty soaks in; it stains the ancient mass, but it is also tinged by what absorbs it. Our past apperceives and co-operates, and in the new equilibrium in which each step forward in the process of learning terminates, it happens relatively seldom that the new fact is added *raw*. More usually it is embedded cooked or stewed down in the sauce of the old.

I am partial to rapid changes in metaphor or simile myself, but William James in a single paragraph, by sliding over a spectrum of seven of them, gives us, as usual, a white light of reason.

* * *

All students of the formation of public opinion in a democracy agree upon the very sketchy, fortuitous, and quasi-emotional way in which even the best of us finally 'make up our minds' or have them made up for us. Ernest Dimnet says:

> If we could add up the minutes we have devoted to a critical examination of what we hold, say about a future life, we should be shocked at the ridiculous sum. Thousands of allusions from ourselves or from others to immortality do not make up one thought; they only mean that immortality is an important problem which people cannot let alone.

Debate is an excellent sifter, no doubt; but often the truth is subordinated to the victory of a side at all costs, and dialectical points and the *argumentum ad hominem* count far too much. Nothing can take the place of dispassionate personal decisions. It is revealing to see how differently men interrogate experience for truth. In our favourite game of 'subject and object,' or its more exciting and competitive modern form, 'clumps,' there is sure to be an auntie who starts off . 'Are you Mr Gladstone, or are you the last mince-pie eaten at supper, or are you a portmanteau?' But the swift, bullet-like patter of a relentless dichotomy never fails, reaching a manageable area of research in ten direct questions.

There is certainly no hunt so exhilarating as that for facts or ideas which will elucidate some vital question, and no greater discipline for the mind than a proper control of them when found, and no greater piece of imagination than the new theory which will cover them, and no greater piece of wisdom than to fit that theory, that fits the facts, into the larger world of ideas. Eddington says:

> It is one thing to introduce a plausible hypothesis in order to explain observational phenomena. It is another thing to introduce it in order to

give the world outside us a significant or purposive meaning, however strongly that meaning may be insisted on by something in our conscious nature.

The scientist has to perform three tasks before he can be said to have concluded his work satisfactorily. The first is his own generalisations or ideas which will unite or classify facts. The second is to make these conceptions so clear and logical that they are working instruments. 'The third task,' says Professor Leonard Russell, 'many scientists and many who are not scientists will refuse to regard as genuine. For myself, I think it is of the greatest importance. His conceptions must, in the long run, be such as to show themselves capable of harmonising with the general demands made by man in all fields—an essentially philosophic task.'[1] But the philosopher proper is simply doing all the time a part of the work that the scientist finds it necessary to do now and then.

The process of eliminating false clues to truth is in itself of great positive value. Morley, in *Compromise*, set out to prove that erroneous opinion or belief, in itself, and as such, can never be useful, but he would not deny that useful practical and moral lives can be lived on a hypothetical basis discarded by later ages. If it is possible to establish a negative truth that nothing can be known, that must be, in fact, a truth to guide us—'it leads us away from sterile and irreclaimable tracts of thought and emotion.' I picked this jewel out of a forgotten old book by Humphrey Sydenham (*The Rich Man's Warning Peece*, 1630): 'To him that goeth in a right way there is an end; error is infinite.'

Passing now to verification, the first thing that strikes us is that personal verification on a wide scale is impossible, through sheer lack of time and opportunity; and the second is that for hundreds of people to do it and check the same original material would be a shocking duplication and waste of effort. The third is that verification in each field of study is a highly expert process, and no one even with the time for the verification would have time to acquire the technique. Each field of study has its own canons of veracity and acceptability. In the fourth place, verification requires certain qualities of temper. The most extreme statement of our responsibility that I have ever met was W. K. Clifford's: 'If a belief has been accepted on insufficient evidence—even though the belief may be true—we are culpable; our duty to mankind is to guard ourselves as from a pestilence which we might spread. 'It is wrong always, everywhere, and for everyone, to believe anything upon insufficient evidence.' William James castigated this sufficiently for my purpose. The avoidance of error is never

[1] 'Philosophy and Science' (*Journal of Philosophical Studies*, ii, pp. 392–448)

of greater practical value than the search for truth. There are worse things than being duped. 'It is like a general informing his soldiers that it is better to keep out of battle for ever than risk a single wound.'

If we tried to verify every one of the facts upon which we act or judge we should certainly go mad in a week, and the only rational course is a reasonable division of labour. 'Truth lives,' says William James, 'on a credit system, and our thoughts pass like banknotes so long as nothing challenges them and nobody refuses them.' But somewhere behind there must be verification, or the 'fabric of truth collapses like a financial system with no cash basis whatever.' We trade on each other's truth. 'You accept my verification of one thing, I yours of another.' But beliefs verified correctly by somebody are the posts of the whole superstructure.

William James has some shrewd comments on verification. To him verification is mainly undertaken where assumption leads to frustration or contradiction, for if everything runs on harmoniously, such as a belief in Japan without having been there, we omit verification, and for one truth process that we can complete there are a million in our lives that 'function in this state of nascency. Unverified truths are not abortive; they form the overwhelmingly large number of the truths we live by.' An obvious difference of opinion ought to be traced back to the facts involved, and if these differ, or the rendering of them, verification is a first duty. If the difference is one of fundamental principles, then probably further argument is futile. But the after-dinner speaker who said, 'These, gentlemen, are the arguments on which I base my facts,' was not quite so well-winged as might appear. There is a certain sense, so multitudinous are facts, in which arguments come first and the facts are grouped round them.

Whatever may be thought about absolute values, in any practical life to which we can attain we are concerned with the different 'responsive appreciations' in the minds of different observers who react differently according to their previous experience. For this reason we tend to regard Truth as 'incurably relative—incessantly changing in content and validity.' But as experience gets wider and higher 'some truths actually gain in certainty'—the errors themselves have at least some evidential ground in experience; and it is only the incessant expansion and ordering of experience which denotes the advance of mind. Every piece of fact or value contributes to the stability of the whole within which it is enclosed, and is

therefore valuable to that whole, though perhaps valueless elsewhere, while if it is indispensable to some widely inclusive whole, such as art or

knowledge, its value becomes eternal. In practice a halt is made at some point or other, but in strict logic we can halt nowhere.[11] So every new insight into reality, knowledge, morals, and art expands our insight into truth as a whole, and slowly, sometimes rapidly, compels us continually to revise our complete scale of values

* * *

I referred to conclusions in conflict, to the basis of fact, and also to the chain of reasoning. We know well that a fallacy that would be obvious to all in a three-line syllogism may deceive the elect in 4000 pages of crowded fact and argument, and that the undistributed middle term, the fallacies of composition and division, can lurk undiscovered in pretentious volumes I think that it is a useful exercise for any of us to revise at intervals our early notes or read a text-book of formal logic and a book on fallacies, and also to reduce any book of whose conclusions we are doubtful into a set of formal syllogisms and lay bare the bones of the argument

With all these considerations as to why there are limits to the intellectual integrity of any one of us, I have given no rules for determining those limits, for, indeed, they must vary with individuals Perhaps I might very diffidently sketch a line of action for myself On the side of verification, I should make a constant practice of personally testing critical statements down to first-hand evidence in at least one field, and also endeavour to get a general knowledge of the differential methods of proof valid in other fields I should make no attempt to do my own verification generally, but should acquire a knowledge of external signs of competence and impartiality in the experts; I should look closely at the setting of all popular exposition and form no opinion on such for personal use without exposing myself to counter-balancing influences, and no opinion for passing on to influence others, without a definite conscious scrutiny of my sources and their adequacy, adding where possible a glance at primary authority of the academic kind to see that no considerable glosses have been introduced or contentions overlooked

On the side of consistency, for myself I have reached the conclusion that an architectonic scheme is unattainable, that I must expect a considerable degree of incompatibility in my opinions, and, indeed, that I should be lacking in the other kind of integrity or honesty, if it did not exist, for it would show that I had capitulated too readily and irrationally to one aspect or impact of knowledge The greater basic mental comfort is to be found in subsidiary discomfort—I am wasting my time in trying

[11] J. E. Turner, 'The Problem of Value' (*Journal of Philosophical Studies*, vol. iii, p. 48)

to think out, into congruency, those incompatibles which rest upon rival principles or theories within the same scientific field; that is a matter for the experts in that field, and even they, apparently, do not worry. They seem to treat compatibility, like happiness, as a by-product of duty and imagination. But I have a greater responsibility not to rest content with tension between the conclusions of two branches of knowledge, provided they are apprehended by the same class of rationality, and this is especially the case where past authority stands against present experiment. But where several aspects of total reality are involved I am not entitled to treat intellectual integrity as confined to one approach only, but may within limits trust my non-rational instincts to provide authentic background and interpretation, even though it is personal and cannot be conveyed as 'proof' to others. I must not make the mistake of arrogating to myself a certificate for integrity merely because I have achieved a process of conviction by pure ratiocination from first principles if I have let no intimations from poetry, beauty, religious emotion, or subconscious conviction colour the picture. I believe a thoroughly logical person to be thoroughly inhuman, and a thoroughly consistent person to be unconsciously dishonest, and a perfect mind to be only half a man. In Francis Thompson's words:

> Nothing, in this corporal earth of man,
> That to the imminent heaven of his high soul,
> Responds with colour and with shadow, can
> Lack correlated greatness.

Beauty may be the index of a larger fact than wisdom. But it is less communicable; it may give us deeper perceptions, but it is not currency from mind to mind. As the apocryphal Wisdom of Solomon has it:

> for wisdom is more moving than any motion, she passeth and goeth through all things by reason of her pureness, reacheth from one end to another mightily, and sweetly doth she order all things . . . and that was a point of wisdom also to know whose gift she was . . .

The emotional and irradiating qualities of beauty, poetry, art, and music can hardly be added together for the benefit of succeeding generations—we are scarcely further than Michael Angelo or Chopin. But we may be further than Aristotle and Newton if each age can build upon the last in wisdom by possessing it. As the hymn of Charles Wesley has expressed it:

> Happy the man who wisdom gains,
> Thrice happy who his guest *retains*;
> He *owns* . . .

J. C. STAMP.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

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THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER

No. DCLXXVIII—August 1933

INDIA AND THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

Governments are rarely destroyed by foreseen dangers; the unforeseen are far more often fatal. Few people thought when the National Government was formed that it would remain united with only one minor dissension for two years. Fewer people can have foreseen that its most serious danger would arise on a matter unconnected with economic or fiscal policy, and that when an attack came it would be launched by Conservatives against their representatives in a Cabinet which was still entirely united and unanimous. It is scarcely less remarkable that it should be Conservatives who are divided upon a question of Imperial policy, and that it should be India which for a moment threatened to become to the Tory Party the cause of disruption that Ireland was a generation ago to the Liberal Party.

In order to understand how the White Paper policy emerged it is necessary to go back and consider the recommendations of the Statutory Commission. After surveying the whole ground, Sir John Simon wrote on October 16, 1929, to the Prime Minister:

As our investigation has proceeded, we have become more and more impressed, in considering the direction which the future constitutional development of India is likely to take, with the importance of bearing in mind the relations which may develop between British India and the Indian States. . . . It is . . . already evident to us that, whatever may be the scheme which Parliament will ultimately approve for the future Constitution and governance of British India, it is essential that the methods by which the future relationship between these two constituent parts of Greater India may be adjusted should be fully examined.

As a result of this letter the Commission's terms of reference were extended to include not British India alone, but also Greater India, and chaps. iii and iv of vol. ii of the Report deal exclusively with federation, the third being called 'An All-India Solution' and the fourth 'The Ideal of Federation for All-India.' From these two chapters it is worth making the following quotations:

We hold that the ultimate development of the Indian polity must lie in the direction of a solution embracing All-India. [Chap. iii.]

However distant that may be [the day of federation] we desire in our proposals to do nothing to hinder but everything to help its arrival, for already there are emerging problems that can only be settled satisfactorily by co-operation between British India and the States. [Chap. iv.]

Sir John Simon went on to propose a Round Table Conference:

If the Report we are preparing and the proposals to be subsequently framed by the Government take this wider range it would appear necessary, because of the need of consulting the States, for the Government to revise the scheme of procedure to be followed after these proposals are made known. It seems to us that what would be required would be the setting up of some sort of conference after the Reports of the Statutory Commission and the Indian Central Committee have been made, considered and published and their work has been completed, and that in this H.M. Government would meet both representatives of British India and representatives of the States for the purpose of seeking the greatest possible measure of agreement for the final proposals which it would later be the duty of H.M. Government to submit to Parliament.

It is therefore undeniable that the Round Table Conference was proposed by the Simon Commission itself and cannot be fairly represented as a side-tracking of the Commission.

In May 1930 the monumental Report of the Statutory Commission was presented to Parliament and published. Its three principal recommendations were: first, that the only permanent and satisfactory Constitution for India would be a federation of the whole sub-continent; secondly, that complete provincial autonomy should be conceded at once, including the transfer of Law and Order; and, thirdly, that for the present the Government of India should continue to be responsible to the British

Parliament and not to the Federal Assembly. The Round Table Conference suggested by the Simon Commission duly met in 1931, and to the astonishment of everyone the Princes at once came forward with a proposal to create that federation between the States and British India which the Commission and the Government of India in their despatch had regarded as a remote goal. The Princes made it a condition, however, that the federal Legislature in which they were willing to join should control the Government of India and not be a merely representative body. This completely altered the nature of the problem to be solved and necessitated a reconsideration of the provisional recommendations of the Simon Report if the British Government was to carry out the Commission's declared wish—'to do nothing to hinder but everything to help' federation. The Liberal and Socialist delegations accepted the scheme subject to very far-reaching safeguards; the Conservative delegation was not prepared to go quite so far until the whole picture was more complete, but in his final speech Lord Peel said on behalf of the Conservative Party:

> If the safeguards can be made effective with care and goodwill, and if our practical problems can be met in a workmanlike spirit, as I believe they can be, then we shall not hesitate to accord our assent to a new Constitution because it involves a transfer of new powers and responsibilities to Indians.

The second Round Table Conference was held in the autumn of 1931, and, although little further progress was made, the scheme, in so far as it had been worked out in the previous year, survived all criticism. At the end Mr. Ramsay MacDonald announced that the National Government accepted the principles laid down in his statement made at the end of the first Round Table Conference. This in effect meant that the Conservative leaders regarded Lord Peel's conditions as having been fulfilled provided that the safeguards could subsequently be more fully and satisfactorily defined. It was the task of the third Round Table Conference to elaborate these safeguards. The Viceroy retains complete control of Foreign Relations and Defence, which will be administered by Councillors or Ministers responsible to him. He will also have special responsibilities to see that his Ministry does not infringe certain principles, and he will have whatsoever powers are necessary in any department of the Administration to discharge his responsibilities. The principles which the Viceroy must insist upon are the maintenance of peace and tranquillity, the safeguarding of the financial stability and credit of India, the fair treatment of minorities, commerce and the public services, and respect for the rights of the Indian States.

It must, of course, be recognised that the proposal to grant responsible government to the Indian sub-continent would scarcely have been entertained by any responsible statesman of any party five years ago, and to alter the solution to meet a changed problem requires some elasticity of mind. That the bulk of the Tory Party should accept these new proposals is more surprising than that there should be a section which still desires to apply to India the policy which lost the American Colonies, Ireland, and Egypt to the Empire.

Mr Winston Churchill remained a loyal supporter as long as Mr Baldwin was in power, but in the dark and difficult days of opposition when Mr Baldwin's position was being attacked he dissociated himself from the other Conservative leaders on the Indian question. He began by criticising Lord Irwin's Administration, and then, when the Conservative delegation had been satisfied with the safeguards and accepted the principle of responsible government, he put himself at the head of the anti-White Paper section of the Tory Party. It is difficult to believe that he was not actuated by a desire to assert himself and to persuade the country to make an exhibition of nationalistic self-assertiveness, and it seems unlikely that he had any firmly-held conviction as to the most appropriate Constitution for India, for his only personal experience of that country dates from Queen Victoria's reign, and the only notable speech he made on India before his present series of philippics was a defence of his then colleague, Mr Edwin Montagu, when he broke General Dyer. On the other hand, he was a protagonist of granting self-governing institutions to Ireland and South Africa, and his speeches on these matters are replete with wise and liberal constitutional principles which he then claimed were of universal application.

Mr Churchill's followers, or rather associates, include most of the Right wing who still blame the Tory Party rather for its share in the Irish Treaty than for its successful opposition to earlier and more moderate proposals for Home Rule. In the House of Lords the opponents of the White Paper are drawn from the same schools of thought; the more decided are led by Lord Lloyd and the more moderate by Lord Salisbury, whose final conclusions will undoubtedly exert the greatest influence in that Chamber. In the country an organisation called the Indian Empire Society was formed consisting largely of retired Indian civilians and soldiers rather surprisingly presided over by a retired lord of appeal. This organisation gives information to and works in co-operation with the India Defence League which conducts propaganda against the White Paper. Geographically the opposition comes from the constituencies in the South of England, where retired Army officers have great influence, and from

Lancashire, which is apprehensive of losing still more of its Indian trade.

The Indian Empire Society and the India Defence League consider that these are wild and reckless proposals put forward after insufficient consideration, and that they are a legacy of the Socialists which the National Government has unwisely taken up. They cite the Simon Report as authority that the Government of India should not now be made responsible to the Central Legislature. They maintain that the Princes have not offered to federate, that whatever they have said is due to tremendous and improper pressure from the British Government, and does not justify any substantial departure from the Simon Report. They consider that to grant provincial autonomy is in itself a sufficiently great experiment to be made at the moment and one that can only be undertaken with safety if the Central Government remains strong by being responsible only to Parliament. Even provincial autonomy is to be partial, for they consider that responsibility for Law and Order should not at present be transferred to Indian Ministers.

Enough has already been said to dispose of the suggestion that these proposals have been made without sufficient reflection and as a leap in the dark. They are the logical and inevitable development of the Simon Commission's proposals, and are, indeed, in line with the whole development of English policy in India during the last century. Nor can it be argued that this policy is a legacy from the Socialist Government, for even while in Opposition Mr. Baldwin had made it quite clear that he would implement any policy to which his delegates at the Round Table Conference agreed.

Turning to the question of Central Responsibility, the opponents of the White Paper pray in aid the Simon Report when, and only when, it suits them to do so. If they take a certain literal interpretation of the Simon Report and claim for it verbal inspiration, they can say that they are resting on its authority; but later they reject the authority of the same Report when it recommends the transfer of Law and Order in the Provinces. In the second place, the Commission reported against responsibility on the assumption that they were dealing with British India and that the Princes were not as yet ready to come into federation and thus provide ballast for the ship of State. Nothing in the Simon Report condemns responsible government for a federated India. But it is precisely on the proposals for the Centre that the Simon Report should not in any case be followed. The Central Government as proposed would not have been strong, but hopelessly weak. This defect was so fundamental that the Government of India and many other

observers considered that it made the entire Simon Constitution unworkable.

The whole of our Colonial history goes to show that representative (as opposed to responsible) government is unsatisfactory and unstable, and that, in Lowell's words, 'an irremovable Governor and a popularly elected Assembly are a contrivance for creating friction and perpetuating it.' The position since 1920 of the Government of India, obliged to rule in subordination to Parliament, and yet compelled to secure for its legislation, taxation, and supplies the assent of a largely hostile Legislative Assembly, was a very false one. The Legislature was unrestrained by any responsibility for seeing that the King-Emperor's government was carried on, and for this reason a Central Government which appeared on paper 'strong,' to use the cant phrase of current controversy, was as a matter of fact very weak. A difficult position would have been made impossible by the Simon Commission's recommendation that the twenty-six officials nominated to the Assembly to form the Government *bloc* should be withdrawn. The Commission was undoubtedly misled by the evidence of the Government of India, which took pride in the fact that the Viceroy's overriding powers had then been used on only four occasions to certify legislation, but he had frequently been obliged to 'restore' demands for grants which the Assembly would not pass. It was not sufficiently emphasised that almost all the controversial Government measures which have been passed by the Assembly have been carried by a majority of less than twenty-six, and the withdrawal of the official *bloc* would therefore have altered the position of the Government of India from one of usually enjoying a precarious majority into one of being in a chronic minority. This criticism that the Simon Constitution would not have produced a strong but an almost impotent Government has never so far been answered by those who advocate standing pat on the Commission's recommendations.

Weak as this Government would in any circumstances be, it would be in an intolerable position if provincial autonomy and self-government were introduced into the Provinces without a similar change being made at the same time at the Centre. The experience of most federations shows that there is an inevitable conflict between the Government of the federation and the Governments of the units—the one representing the centripetal, the others the centrifugal tendency. In Australia this has become acute when there has been a Nationalist Government at the centre and Labour Governments in the States. How much worse would this conflict inevitably become in India if the Central Government were British and bureaucratic, responsible to the

Secretary of State, while the provincial Governments were Indian and democratic and responsible to provincial councils?

Since the offer of the Princes to federate has entirely altered the problem, it seems desirable to inquire why the Princes have unexpectedly announced their willingness to do so. The opponents of the White Paper allege that they acted under coercion of the British Government or because they thought Britain was abdicating her position in India. This is only true in the sense that they recognised that it was the fixed intention of all parties to develop self-governing institutions in British India, and they realised that Oriental autocracies could not remain permanently insulated from the new ocean of democratic ideas surrounding them. The real explanation is seldom stated. Loyal as the Princes are to the British Crown, they have for long felt increasing dissatisfaction with the interpretation the Political Department of the Government of India puts upon paramountcy. So strong were their protests against the alleged infringement of their treaty rights that Lord Birkenhead appointed the Harcourt Butler Committee to investigate the whole position, but its Report so deeply disappointed the Princes that they despaired of securing any alteration in the position by negotiation, and therefore welcomed an opportunity of securing some measure of control over the Government of India by means of federation. In fact, they feel that as the Government of India is responsible for their defence and foreign relations and fixes the customs duties which their subjects have indirectly to pay, a *de facto* federation already exists, but it is one in which they have no share in the federal Government. Mr. Panikkar in his recent book says

the central authority in India had gradually become an all-India authority in many matters, and the legal isolation of the States remained purely theoretical. Under the new Constitution the internal autonomy of the States will continue undiminished, as the federal Government will exercise authority only over those subjects which are already within the *de facto* jurisdiction of the Government of India. Even in regard to those subjects, the States will share in the formulation and control of all policy, and to that extent they will have recovered the ground lost during a century of imperial penetration.

The majority of States having no seaboard and no manufactures feel aggrieved that the price of imported goods should be increased to provide revenue for the British Indian Exchequer and protection for British Indian interests. It is natural that this consideration in favour of federation should not have appealed to the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, who had a maritime State which collected and received its own customs and who had a long-standing dispute with the Government of India, which had reimposed a customs cordon through Viramgaum behind the

Kathiawar States. His views cannot, therefore, be taken as representative of the Princes.

The idea of responsibility at the Centre has therefore been accepted by the Government in the White Paper proposals, not only because it is demanded by India and is a condition without which the Princes are not prepared to federate, but also because they recognise that an irresponsible Centre as advocated by the Simon Commission would be even more ineffectual than the present Government of India, and because it would be quite unsuitable as the Centre of a federation composed of self-governing and autonomous Provinces.

In opposing the transfer of Law and Order the Indian Empire Society has a far better *prima facie* case, for this is a more dangerous experiment than to give responsibility at the Centre. But the Simon Commission, after stating with great fullness and with complete candour the arguments on both sides, decides unanimously in favour of transfer. It is only fair to add, however, that as a safeguard they proposed to empower Governors to appoint an official minister who might or might not be entrusted with the portfolio of Law and Order. Apart from the difficulty of separating Law and Order from the other functions of government, and thereby perpetuating the diarchy which it is almost agreed should be got rid of, to retain the police under the control of Parliament would be to isolate them as the minions of a foreign Power and a fit object for constant hostile criticism. Police administration must always be a difficult and unpopular matter, and the only way of disarming criticism and of making Indian politicians undertake the unpleasant burden of government is by putting fairly and squarely upon their shoulders the responsibility for maintaining law and order. Of course, special powers will be in the hands of the Governor to see that a breakdown does not occur and that the police are fairly and efficiently administered. It is sometimes argued in connexion with this and all the other emergency powers that it is a contradiction in terms to speak of responsibility subject to safeguards; if the safeguards are effective, can there be responsible government; if there is responsible government, can the safeguards be effective? There is no such antinomy. Responsible government comes as a certainty; it is only on the contingency of misgovernment occurring that the safeguards come into operation and partially and temporarily suspend responsible government.

The Government, then, having arrived at these conclusions, it was obvious that there was going to be a definite conflict between the leaders of the Conservative Party and that section of Right wing members of Parliament who were associated with Mr. Churchill and were entirely opposed to the general forward

policy accepted by the Government. The struggle was first begun in Parliament. On December 2 and 3, 1931, the House of Commons debated the Prime Minister's statement at the end of the second Round Table Conference in which he accepted on behalf of the National Government the principles laid down in his statement made at the end of the first Round Table Conference. Parliament was not asked to vote upon the merits of the Round Table scheme, which in fact was still only a rough draft in which many features including the safeguards were undefined, but to approve the general policy. This the House of Commons did by 369 votes to 43 and the House of Lords did on December 10 by 106 to 58. The next important debate was when Sir Henry Page Croft on February 22, 1933, moved a resolution expressing the view that it was inexpedient at the present time to transfer responsibility at the Centre and that Law and Order should be reserved in the Provinces. An amendment refusing to prejudge the Government's proposals which were shortly to be set out in the White Paper, and was subsequently to be referred to a Joint Select Committee, was carried by 297 votes to 42. When the White Paper was published the Government resolution only asked Parliament to refer it to a Joint Select Committee, and therefore the only division was one demanded by the Socialist Party, who seemed anxious to recall, what had been rather forgotten, that it is, nominally at any rate, the Opposition. The interest of this three days' debate lay in the effort of the Indian Defence Committee to state their case fully and persuasively to a crowded House, and its importance arose from Mr. Churchill's conspicuous failure to advance his cause. There was no reason to suppose that the Government had lost any of the support it had received in December 1931.

The debate on the personnel of the Joint Select Committee was far less favourable to the Government, and many who had supported the Government on previous occasions voted in opposition feeling that Ministers ought not to be on the Committee, and that too many of the non-official members had some share in preparing the proposals or had approved their principles. The Government, however, had been handicapped by the refusal of a large number of members and peers who were either opposed to the White Paper or entirely independent to serve on the Committee, and also by the fact that most of the experts who clearly were most likely to carry weight had already made some statement of their views. The suggestion that the Committee was 'packed' is absurd, for it implies that ex-Viceroys, ex-Governors, ex-Secretaries, and ex-Under-Secretaries of State and such eminent public men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Derby, and Lord Rankeillour would deliberately support unsound proposals. The

authoritative committee which the Government promised meant one composed of men with expert knowledge, not a common jury of men with no preconceived ideas and no knowledge of the subject. The real trouble is that so few of the opponents of the White Paper, except those who were invited to join the Committee and refused, have the qualifications to warrant their being included. However admirable may have been the motives of Mr. Churchill, Lord Lloyd, and Sir Henry Page Croft in refusing to serve upon it, their action has undoubtedly alienated many who sympathised with their views and desired to see them expressed on the Committee.

The India Defence Committee thereupon changed its tactics and directed its attention to the constituencies, where, with the help of the *Morning Post*, it succeeded in persuading a large number of local Conservative associations to pass resolutions expressing anxiety at the White Paper policy or urging the Govenment not to go beyond the Simon Report. Similar resolutions were moved at the meetings of the Conservative Central Council in March and June and defeated, but were carried at the Women's and Junior Imperial League Annual Conferences.

The case for the White Paper was clearly being allowed to go by default in the country, largely owing to the preoccupation of the party leaders with the responsibilities of office, and the opponents obtained a long start. The tide, however, turned with the formation on May 15 of the Union of Britain and India with the object of counteracting the propaganda of the India Defence League and supporting the principles underlying the White Paper. Useful as have been the Union's educational work and the criticism to which it has subjected the statements of the opponents of the White Paper, it has been of most value in showing by its membership that the majority of recently retired Indian administrators are in favour of the Government's proposals. No less than seven members of the Council have been Governors of Provinces, seven have been acting Governors, and others have been members of the Council of the Secretary of State, of the Governor-General, or of provincial Governors. This remarkable testimony demolishes the contention that the White Paper is supported only by politicians with no real knowledge of India. Nor can the opinion of these men be impugned on the ground that they seek or sought office from those responsible for the White Paper policy. Almost all were appointed before this controversy arose, many of them when Lord Birkenhead was Secretary of State, and they were then only required to subscribe to the principles of the Government of India Act, 1919.

The position at the moment is one of guerilla warfare until the Joint Select Committee presents its Report in the winter; but

now that the arguments for the White Paper are being stated they are making a great impression, and the ordinary Conservative worker is coming to realise that the weight of expert opinion is in favour of the Government's policy and not against it. The approval of the European Association, representing the British community in India, and of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, representing British trade and commerce in India, has undoubtedly reassured business men and even to some extent Lancashire, which is coming to realise that Parliament deliberately conceded a considerable measure of fiscal autonomy to India fourteen years ago. It must be anticipated, however, that there will be a further and fiercer struggle when the new Government of India Bill is introduced into the House of Commons, for, although the Joint Select Committee is likely to make some alterations in the White Paper proposals, it must be clearly recognised that the existing Government is committed to the general principle of provincial autonomy and the concession of responsible government at the Centre in the event of federation becoming a reality and adequate and effective safeguards being provided. There does not now seem to be much likelihood that the party will be permanently split. It has always been the great strength of the Conservative Party that, great and deep as have been its internal differences, the sense of solidarity and loyalty has always in the end prevailed, to the surprise and discomfiture of other parties which looked for office as the result of the disintegration of the Tory Party.

HUGH MOLSON

HISTORY FROM THE LOOM

A Monthly Survey of Foreign Affairs

Exactly as expected, the Economic Conference settled no economic problems. Merely it brought into spotlight glare the fundamental divergence of policies behind the triangular conflict of the United States, Great Britain, and France. Whether the Conference is ceremonially interred, or whether its uneasy shade will linger in the thin existence of the unburied dead, that conflict will continue. Nor is the issue yet predictable. Ultimately at stake is nothing less than whether the distinctly damaged nineteenth-century system of economics is to be repaired for a further lease of life, or whether it is to be replaced by something utterly new in modern experience. The fate of the entire world is involved in the decision, a decision which will probably be reached by the automatic play of elemental forces, and not by the finite personal wisdom, or the reverse, of financiers and politicians. But, save in time of war, never was history so rapidly in the making.

The United States is still the overshadowing colossus, disconcertingly dynamic. Whether she is gigantically laying the foundations of a new era, or whether she is merely and catastrophically upsetting the common applecart, no nation can remain indifferent to or immune from the revolution she is precipitating so ruthlessly and yet apparently so deliberately. Welcomed or not, President Roosevelt is handing out a New Deal to everybody on the globe. As for the American people, if certainly they expected the antithesis of Mr Hoover to do something vaguely sensational in a magic restoration of Prosperity (with a big P), equally certainly they did not expect him to do the things he is doing. While latterly they were newly optimistic in a somewhat feverish revival of industry which perhaps overestimated its immediate retail market, now they are still more newly scared, and more scared every day. The rise in commodity and Wall Street prices, which began by being an expression of confidence in better times imminently near, turned all too soon into a panic flight from the dollar into what are believed to be real values. Even so, the effect is to a definite extent beneficial. Commerce everywhere was drying up in utter stagnation. This at least is a stirring of

the waters. Also the rise in the value of bank-collateral has immensely ameliorated the banking situation, still precarious even after the *crise d'assainissement* of March. But these aspects are merely incidental and superficial. The American people has unprecedentedly surrendered itself to a complete autocracy for a vast social experiment equally without precedent. It does not yet perceive, though anxiously and apprehensively it tries to divine, whither it is being conducted.

It is safe to say that the average American does not yet consider Franklin Roosevelt a great man. He suspects him to be rather a very capable histrion, effectively performing a part written for him by someone else. (When isolated and speaking for himself, as in the case of the bombshell hurled into the Economic Conference from the Presidential yacht, Mr. Roosevelt is liable to lose his balance and be a trifle crude.) The ordinary American, also, has a half-amused contempt for the 'professors' of the Brain Trust mobilised to do the President's thinking for him. Very few Americans—and almost no British—are aware of the surprising affiliations of those supermen, Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell, Professor Raymond Moley, Professor Mordecai Ezekiel, and Mr William C. Bullitt. The leader of the team, Professor Tugwell, is not only Professor of Economics at Columbia University, he is a left-wing Socialist, contributing editor of the Socialist *New Republic*, member of the advisory board of the Socialist 'People's Lobby' movement, committee member of the American Civil Liberties Union—specialising in the defence of Communists and radicals, and whereof Morris Hilquit was one of the founders in 1920—and co-author with Stuart Chase (Socialist) and Robert Dunn (Communist) of *Soviet Russia in the Second Decade*. His 'right arm,' Professor Raymond Moley—who raced across the Atlantic authoritatively to express the President's exact mind at a crisis of the Economic Conference—was formerly lecturer at the Rand School, a Socialist-Pacifist institution, and is also a prominent member of the American Civil Liberties Union and a director of the Foreign Language Information Service which is its offshoot. The less conspicuous Professor Mordecai Ezekiel, adviser to the Department of Agriculture, apparently is chiefly a specialist in the Soviet Five-Year farm plan which he studied in Russia. Mr Bullitt, the fourth member of the 'Trust,' seems to be most important, as a close friend of the Communist writer Lincoln Steffens, who, with an American-Jewish banker, was instrumental in the release of Trotsky from British custody at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, and who accompanied Trotsky and his party to Russia. In 1919, after the abortive 'Prinkipo' negotiations, Mr. Lansing sent Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Steffens to Russia to ascertain on what terms the Soviet Govern-

ment would cease fighting. Mr. Bullitt brought back to Mr. Lloyd George in Paris those official Soviet proposals which Mr. Lloyd George subsequently denied receiving, and the resultant minor diplomatic scandal made Mr. Bullitt's name briefly familiar to the world. Doubtless all these gentlemen possess exceptionally brilliant intellects, but they are hardly the persons one would have expected to find in control of the destinies of the ultra-capitalist United States. It is exactly as if the British Empire should surrender itself into the hands of Professor Laski, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, and Mr. E. F. Wise. And behind the Brain Trust looms the enigmatic figure of Mr. Bernard Baruch, the aforetime autocrat of the American War Industries Board, possessing (as he himself modestly admitted to a Congressional Committee) 'more power than any other man had during the war,' and creating some contemporary scandal by the alleged predominance of Jewish personnel in that organisation to which the whole of American industry and commerce was inquisitorially subject. General Johnson, the present 'boss' in the complete regimentation of industry under the 'New Deal,' is confessedly a nominee of Mr. Baruch, and a partner in his private business office. It would be interesting to know exactly who does indeed 'recommend' the Presidential policy to Mr Roosevelt, and to what ultimate purpose.

It is certainly arguable that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers saved, by the only possible means, the United States from the utter collapse which was cumulatively imminent at his election. Certainly something had to be done, and done quickly. Demonstrably and affrightingly, orthodox finance was producing merely a 'gold-plated anarchy.' Orthodox finance insists that the distribution of commodities must be subordinate to the quite fortuitous supply of money; if there is not enough currency and credit effectively available, so much the worse for the commodities: they must rot unused. The new Administration insists on the contrary thesis. The supply of money—which ultimately is but an arbitrarily created medium of exchange—must be made commensurate with the volume of commodities to be distributed. Furthermore, that volume of commodities must be regulated to parity with the probable demand. To which end the President has asked and obtained powers which are entirely revolutionary. In fact, an immense and fundamental if silent and bloodless revolution has occurred in the United States. The ultra-sacred essentially individualist Constitution has been torpedoed. For an indefinite period the American Republic is firmly gripped in a dictatorship deliberately elaborating a gigantic State Socialism. The entire mechanism of production and distribution, industrial and agricultural, is now subjected to the control of the State, which will plan ahead in the approved Gosplan manner. What

was sanguinarily initiated in Russia by Lenin's band of fanatics and criminals has in America been unobtrusively achieved by a group of socialistically minded professors working through a constitutionally elected President. It is an amazing illustration of the docility of modern democracies. Once get your hands on the levers, and you can do what you like. It is the Leninist thesis. In barbaric Russia the dream of the Socialist theorists has eventuated in the most appalling accumulation of human misery known to history, and the experiment is now in the penultimate stage of colossal failure. It would seem that the same experiment is now again to be tried, with appropriate difference of method, in the utterly different environment of the United States. It may, or may not, prove to be the salvation of the world. Certainly we have not yet seen the end of it. Some more surprising things are going to happen.

In the meantime the action of the United States in smashingly devaluating the dollar has thrown the rest of the world's finances into yet more chaotic confusion. At the time of writing, the dollar has fallen to the pre-war parity with sterling—a quite absurd parity if the external balances of the two Empires are taken into account. But the American Administration has unequivocally decided to ignore the outside world altogether—at least, for the moment. Doubtless, in the long run, it expects to recapture a percentage of the export trade lost to the United States by the devaluation of the pound in what almost all Americans regarded as an artificial and unfair competition. But it is not clear how the United States expects to be paid for those exports in dollars without shooting the dollar rate up again, and certainly it does not intend to be paid in manufactured goods. Nor, with all European markets protecting themselves artificially by quotas and tariffs against the competition of the devaluated dollar, is it easy to discover an outlet for those exports. As far as Europe is concerned, the old-fashioned international trade is in fact dead. Europe has come round full cycle to the locally self-sufficient States of the Middle Ages, the interchange of luxuries their only commerce. Every civilised country is now industrialised for the supply of its home market and more; its problem is to pay for the supply of raw materials. For America there remains only the yet barely exploited possibility of China, still a potential market despite local cheap production and the fierce competition of Japan.

Since Japan showed itself urbanely indifferent to Mr. Stimson's eloquent Notes the United States has been glumly silent about the Far East. But it has not forgotten it. If, in the first days of the Roosevelt Administration, the decision to lay up 30 per cent. of the American navy on grounds of economy seemed to point to a

relinquishment of American interests on the other side of the Pacific, that relinquishment is by no means permanent. From the American point of view, perhaps the most important feature of the Economic Conference was the side-line conversations with Soviet Russia. The purely commercial basis of those conversations was interesting enough. Soviet Russia would be extremely glad to take immense quantities of American wheat and copper, and America would be equally glad to supply them if they could be paid for, in a triangular trade, by Soviet exports into a reopened British market. This would have the additional attraction of damaging the Ottawa Agreements, which the United States bitterly resents. On a wider field the American recognition of the Soviet Government would, it was certainly suggested, make possible a potential double front against Japan. That recognition would certainly in the long run work out to the sole profit of the Soviet; it would, as nothing else could, reinforce the dangerously decrepit structure of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The double front against Japan is nothing but a mirage, but Moscow has long become expert at casting mirages on the nebulous minds of the ridiculously gullible *bourgeoisie*. In proof of those potentially bellicose relations with Japan the Soviet Government has recently been ostentatiously fortifying the Vladivostok zone. That, of course, is pure bluff. The Soviet military power could not hold Vladivostok for a fortnight against Japanese attack, and the Soviet camarilla know it perfectly well. They have no intention whatever of voluntarily getting involved in a foreign war which would certainly be the end of the Soviet *régime*; the days of 1919 are gone for ever. But they would be delighted to see the United States fight Japan, and would promise anything to bring it about. And the United States finds a further allurement in the recent worsening of Anglo-Japanese relations caused by intensive Japanese competition in India and elsewhere. It is, to American eyes, just possible that Britain might consent to the common front against Japan which was refused at Geneva when Manchuria became Manchukuo.

As for Soviet Russia, Moscow has exploited to the utmost her recent treaty with France. From that as a jumping-off point, and using France's influence with the Little Entente, she has concluded a double series of insurance policies on her western and southern frontiers which should preclude a war on two fronts if war should come in the east, and if possible preclude a war at all. The first series comprises all the seven border States—Esthonia, Latvia, Poland, Roumania, Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan; and Finland also is expected to give her adhesion. The second series is with the Little Entente Powers—Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and again Roumania. By its definition of 'non-aggression' the

Soviet Government has implicitly agreed never to disturb the existing status in Bessarabia, which for fourteen years has been perpetually a potential *casus belli* between itself and Roumania. That is almost startling. Moscow is now far from the erstwhile glittering visions of militant world revolution. Stalin and Company are praying for peace more earnestly than any Quakers ever did.

What are the real relationships between the new Hitlerite Germany and Soviet Russia? France somewhat hastily assumed that they must of necessity be hostile, and doubtless Moscow fostered the illusion. Nothing is less proven, nor inherently less likely. Ever since 1921 Russia has been the vast and conveniently walled-off *place d'armes* for Germany, her arsenal for every kind of weapon, her training-ground for all those implements of war forbidden her by the Treaty of Versailles. Hundreds of millions of marks have been poured into that investment (Krupp's organisation in Russia, for example, is distinctly more important and otherwise more formidable than Essen), and if the Red army owes all it possesses of efficiency to German technique, in exchange Germany has purchased an infinitely precious military hinterland upon which to draw when dawns the day of revenge. Whether the post-war Governments of Germany have been Left or Right, whether Ebert has ruled or Stresemann or Brüning, the Reichswehr High Command has independently and unperturbedly maintained the closest possible intimacy with the inner circle of those Bolshevist dictators who should, in theory, be anathema to it. Over and over again the German Social-Democratic Party (hating their fellow Marxists more than they loved their Fatherland) has, at the risk of prosecutions for high treason, denounced, with damning and multiple details, that dark and secret alliance which goes so far as annual joint naval manœuvres in the Baltic. Now the Social-Democrats are proscribed in Germany, and the German Communist Party (ever cynically regarded in Moscow as merely a catspaw) also. And Moscow itself, the fountain-head of the evil? Hitler is no doubt passionately sincere in his hatred of Marxism, as in his *Judenhass*, but in the matter of Russia his doctrinal dogmatism must bow to the highest reason of State. The high command of the Reichswehr, throughout stubbornly preparing for a resurgent Germany, has—cynicism matching cynicism—done nothing more than forge and safely preserve the weapons for precisely such a white-hot patriotic German youth as Hitler has awakened. It would be suicidal madness to throw it all away. It will not be thrown away. The *Drittes Reich* has more need than ever of the barbaric empire which Ludendorff virtually captured when he arranged for Lenin's passage in the sealed train. It has so much need for it that Herr Hugenberg's hint at the Economic Con-

ference anent 'colonising Russia' was perhaps a calculated indiscretion. The Soviet structure is imminently menaced with internal collapse. In that case Germany must intervene to save its secret aircraft factories, its secret tank factories, its secret chemical warfare factories. (If anyone thinks these are figments of imagination, he is invited to read Cecil F. Melville's masterly and restrained exposition in *The Russian Face of Germany*, a book which met with a mysterious boycott.)

For the rest, save for Herr Hugenberg's other little outburst re colonies, Germany has latterly refrained from further alarming the world by provocative loquacity. The *Führer* and his lieutenants have been busy consolidating their position by wiping out ex-allies and adversaries alike, and at the same time restraining followers inclined to be too enthusiastic. It is one thing to be an inspired demagogue, it is another to be a successful statesman, and Herr Hitler proposes definitely to be a statesman. Mussolini had to pass through the same transition. Hitler is now discovering that he must reckon with two immense forces, the Reichswehr command and the great industrialists closely in alliance with it. Both, after all, have been working for the resurgence of Germany, and both are necessary for her triumphant future. Hitler is perhaps also discovering that the idea of a Germany turning a defeat into victory did not begin with him. But the great industrialists are not easy to reconcile with his ideal of a national community of petty craftsmen, nor the Junker-controlled Reichswehr command with his twin ideal of a nation of small farmers, and behind the great industrialists, and perhaps behind both, is—horrors!—international finance. So, doubtless reluctantly, Hitler is putting on the soft pedal as to international finance, and has issued a decree that for the moment the great Jewish-owned department stores are not to be molested (presently they will all become bazaars occupied by a hive of individual craftsmen, *à la Stambul*, but not yet). In exchange, international finance has to a great extent ceased its attacks on the Nazi *régime*. It glimpses a possibility of coming to an understanding with this *régime* as with every other, for the speciality of international finance is coming to an understanding.

None the less, the Nazi *régime* is desperately in earnest. It may be true, as Moscow believes, that when Hitler fails to solve an insoluble problem of unemployment the disillusioned masses will savagely turn to Communism. But Hitler is giving back to the middle class its self-respect (something Moscow never had to deal with), and he is giving to the entire youth of Germany a faith. Mohammed and Ali and Omar did the same thing; and let the sceptics beware. Simultaneously, Hitler is drastically subordinating every other spiritual agency in the *Drittes Reich*.

Protestantism may not have a very great influence over modern German youth, but nevertheless the German Lutheran Church is henceforth to be a united Nazi Church. Roman Catholicism is a different matter, but Hitler has just been making it clear to the Vatican, *via* Herr Papen and emphasised by the contemporaneous destruction of the Bavarian *Volksparten*, that, while he has no objection to good Catholics, he does not propose that there shall be any Catholic political parties; it is the concordat in the Napoleonic manner. The Vatican, which after all has lasted a long time and seen many revolutions, apparently has suavely accepted the brusque announcement. Doubtless it remembers Mussolini, and that it was well advised to throw over Don Sturzo.

These are but incidents of an immense phenomenon. The youth of Germany is on its feet, vibrant with a new faith. And patiently and doggedly it is drilling, it is subjecting itself enthusiastically to the military discipline of the 'voluntary work' organisations which are the temporary substitute for conscription, its soul is being cast white-hot in a uniform mould by every possible educational and spiritual agency, while the Government Press Bureau invents mythical foreign airplanes over Berlin as a preliminary to the demand for 'police planes,' which will be the beginning of the military air force denied by victors who have almost forgotten that they won. *Der Tag* is not yet. But young Germany, wearing the *swastika* which is the old Teutonic rune for Victory in Battle synonymous with the Omnipotent Sun, passionately prepares for it. In the meantime, the all-important thing is to do nothing which might precipitate a premature war. Also, it is important to be on good terms with England. Hence the Nazi reaction to Herr Hugenberg's 'unauthorised' demand for colonies at the Conference; it gave them a beautiful opportunity to get rid of him and simultaneously to ingratiate themselves with Britain. As for the *Anschluss* with German Austria, that dearest dream of Hitler's whole life, perhaps after all it is better not to press it just now. On the other hand, Hitler may profitably have a little talk with General Gömbos, of Hungary, anent the diversion of the Hungarian grain surplus from Czechoslovakia to Germany, and also perhaps mentioning the possibility of Austro-Hungarian reunion under a restored Hapsburg. Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia dislike that possibility, half-sponsored by France. Would such a restoration ultimately restore also the 'brilliant second' of pre-war days? Perhaps Herr Hitler and Herr Gömbos smilingly mentioned the old axiom that if the Austrian Empire did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. Could France be sure of controlling such an empire?

France is more worried than ever. She views herself,

pathetically and bad-temperedly, in an almost tearful self-pity. Everybody is being unkind to poor France. The rest of the world obstinately refuses to see that the whole future of civilisation is dependent on a France seated on heaps of precious gold and therefrom exercising hegemony over Europe. The United States is the chief villain. Almost every Frenchman passionately believes that the American devaluation of the dollar was a deliberately diabolical attempt to force France off those heaps of gold. And a perfidious and short-sighted Britain declined to range herself unequivocally by the side of France against the American attack. France is always logical, but frequently she argues from wrong premisses. The wrong premiss in this case was that the United States cares a hoot whether France stays on gold or not. From the American point of view, indeed, it was preferable that France should stay on gold and thus automatically exclude herself from the export market. But in reality America does not bother about France at all. To America France is a fundamentally immoral country which does not pay its debts and America can afford to be indifferent to its ultimate fate.

In sober fact, for France the storm clouds are rising all around the horizon. Despite the fact that she has managed to form a militant gold *bloc* which not only reaffirmed the tottering gold policies of Holland and Switzerland, but to which Mussolini resoundingly declared his adhesion, the position of the franc is more and more precarious. The gold *bloc* itself merely means that the metal resources of the Bank of France are now open to depletion in perhaps impossible support of the currencies of her little brothers in the faith. It is safe to prophesy, indeed, that gold will for these countries also be dethroned at no distant date. That will be, not on account of any malignant external attack, but because—at any rate at present parities—gold itself is fatally breaking down the economic machines which weight themselves with it. Just as the United States, with the biggest gold hoard in the world, abandoned gold under the imminent threat of mass starvation passing into social revolution, so Switzerland, with immense gold hoards and almost universal unemployment, and Holland, with immense gold hoards and no trade, will also be compelled to relinquish it. Whatever the orthodox may say, nothing is clearer than that a high gold-content currency is not a guarantee of economic prosperity but, in given circumstances, a definite destruction of it. Indeed, the orthodox gold standard has never worked in human history. It has genuinely existed only since 1871, when its introduction plunged the world into an acute and prolonged economic depression, lifted only by the immense gold discoveries on the Rand and the subsequent cyanide

process. Had it not been for the war, with the concomitant abandonment of gold by the belligerents, there would probably have been an economic crisis in 1915; it was on the verge of commencing, with Germany as its starting-point, in the autumn of 1914. So long as metals which are not themselves useful commodities are regarded as intrinsic wealth, and not as mere symbols for eventual interchange of commodities, they will tend inevitably to an accumulation destructive of trade in the consequent scarcity of the medium. The classic example is ancient Rome drawing to herself all the precious metals of the ancient world, with a final crumbling of the empire under the weight of a taxation so crushing that the communal dignitaries selected for the erstwhile honorific office of collecting those taxes sold themselves into slavery rather than accept the responsibility. In the fourth and early fifth centuries A.D. there was a scarcity of circulating currency for the purposes of trade and for the payment of taxes entirely comparable to the situation in the United States last March.

This is a digression, but it is germane. The position in France is rapidly approaching the crisis which America presented to President Roosevelt for his inauguration. The burden of taxation is crippling both trade and agriculture, and even then cannot be met. The French Government desperately tries more or less to cover its persistent deficits by loans which ultimately only mean yet heavier taxation. Export trade is dead. The tourist trade is dead. France does not desire higher prices; artificially sustained prices are already fantastically high as measured by the outside world. High prices are of no use in an absence of buyers. There is a serious crisis in wheat and wine production, no longer adequately consumed. The French Government, terrified of the peasants, is committing itself to an intensification of artificially high prices for wheat which ultimately can only mean increased production and a surplus which the State will be forced to buy, at the expense of yet more taxation. As for wine, the Government is desperately trying to reconcile the interests of the home growers with those of the wine growers in Algeria and Tunisia, fiercely competing for a market which cannot possibly absorb a production originally stimulated by the Government itself. Its full gravity concealed from the French public, the economic distress of Algeria and Tunisia is indeed becoming so acute, and discontent so organised and active, that a revolutionary outbreak involving the whole of French North Africa (at the present moment a sanguinary little campaign against Moroccan rebels is in progress) looms as an ugly possibility which would annihilate the whole of the French position in Europe.

Behind the brave battle-front of the French Government, the

Bank of France and the *rentier* Press, all vehemently swearing that never, never will they go off gold, Frenchmen themselves are by no means so unanimous. An increasing percentage believes that France *must* at no distant date abandon the present gold parity, and a large proportion are praying for the day. These latter are practically the totality of those engaged in active business, or business which would be active were it not for the paralysis inflicted by the present rates of exchange. The textile industries of Roubaix, Lille, and Lyons are practically dead, as are the metallurgical industries; while the *de luxe* industry (big hotels, *grands couturiers*, and jewellers), which since the Second Empire has earned so large a something-for-nothing national revenue, displays a similitude of existence thanks only to already excessively prolonged bank overdrafts. In the mingled hope and fear that France cannot much longer maintain the present gold parity, a larger and larger number of Frenchmen are buying gold and hoarding it. The statistics of the Bank of France are proof of the ominous fact. If the movement continues, it may be far more the spontaneous action of the French themselves than the iniquity of the foreign speculator which will enforce the abandonment of a standard which has become a noxious fetish, ruinous to the country.

In home politics French parliamentary government is daily becoming more and more discredited, and indeed hated. It is more and more viewed, exasperatedly, as merely an instrument for an immense *gaspillage* of the national wealth. On the grounds that it means only a further Governmental squandering and yet more bureaucracy, the new Social Insurance Law is provoking widespread and bitter resistance, and a scandal when recently at Peronne the *gendarmerie* charged a mass meeting of peasants protesting against the sale of the effects of a farmer who had refused his contributions. The incident was almost comparable in significance to the revolt of the Iowa farmers last May, and the severity of the sentences inflicted on the leaders of the meeting is symptomatic of the alarm felt by the authorities. Temporarily stabilised by the summer adjournment of the Chamber of Deputies, the political situation is subterraneously precarious. In France, as everywhere else, the strong post-war Socialist movement is splitting and disintegrating. The advent of a dictator is ubiquitously discussed, but so far there is none in sight. The Royalist Party whisperingly prophesies, improbably, a *coup d'état* with the Comte de Paris in the *rôle* of Louis Napoleon. Others see M. Daladier as the strong man with dictatorial powers. Most vainly scan the horizon. Meanwhile, Mr. Léon Blum, representing primarily the Second International (particularly fond of Austria just now), does his dexterous best to continue to extract

the maximum political profit from the sempiternal dogfight of parties uninspired by any national ideal.

The formation of the gold *bloc*, which in reality subjects the currencies of the Little Entente to the autocracy of the Bank of France, has to some extent reaffirmed that authority of France over its Central European subsidiaries which was shaken by the Four-Power Pact. And France is delighted to see the Austria of Herr Dollfuss shaking the fist of defiance at the Germany of Herr Hitler. Belatedly, France from her side is coming to realise the truth of the axiom that if the Austrian Empire did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. But Italy also proposes to have a hand in that re-invention, and then it would not be at all the same kind of thing. Mussolini urges the simple reunion of Hungary with Austria, with the plea to France that it would mean the end of the *Anschluss* bogy. France is not so sure of that; despite Herr Dollfuss, the Austrian people is itself half Nazi, and the Hungary of General Gombos is far too confidential with Herr Hitler. Still, France is inclined to think that a Austro-Hungarian reunion which should be linked with Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia in a Danubian confederation where the latter three possessed all the military power would be an effective barrier to a resurgent and militant Germany, with the *Anschluss* danger removed for good. Also, it would tend to consolidate Jugoslavia, permanently in peril of internal explosion, and keep that disparate State in existence as a counterpoise to Italy. France is seriously, and rightly, concerned about Jugoslavia. For which reason she would prefer to convert the Franco-Jugoslavian Treaty of 1927 into a tripartite Franco-Jugoslavian-Italian pact as a preliminary to any Danubian negotiations. Just now, what with those worries about gold where Italian co-operation is so valuable and the annoyance of Herr Hitler across the Rhine, France would like to be friends with Italy. Also, if there should be trouble in North Africa, and specifically in Tunisia, she wants to be sure that Italy will remain completely uninterested. So M. Daladier and *Il Duce* are going to have a little chat.

Great Britain in these past weeks has been having an uneasy time. Not all the suavely anodyne formulas of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, that ex-Red revolutionary apostle to the Gentiles who is all things to all men, could prevent the battle of the currencies from breaking out in full fury. It was a battle where Britain not only sat precariously on the fence, but was internally torn by rival urges within herself. It is notorious that while the Bank of England, in mysterious secrecy, autocratically decrees the financial and not a little of the general policy of the country, the Bank of England is not necessarily in accord with British commercial and industrial interests, nor even with the Treasury.

Notoriously, also, Mr. Montagu Norman looks forward to the time when all currencies will again be stabilised in terms of gold as in the happy days of 1925–27. The smashing devaluation of the dollar considerably spoilt this pretty picture; Mr. Roosevelt even unkindly referred to international bankers as fetish worshippers. France is now the lone champion of the golden calf. Surely, then, said M. Moret, the Bank of England should definitely align itself with France against these mad inflationists so obnoxious to the sacred principles of Mr. Norman. But Mr. Norman has had some experience of the Bank of France, and it was not too happy. The little affair of the *Creditanstalt* in 1931 still rankles. Mr. Norman thinks of gold in terms of international finance; the Bank of France thinks of gold in terms of political power, ruthlessly used when necessary. British adhesion to the French policy would automatically subordinate the Bank of England to the Bank of France, and Mr. Norman, for all his hankering after gold, will have none of it.

On the other hand, there is no export industry in Britain which is not alarmed by the undercutting of sterling by the dollar. And the Dominions have no respect whatever for the sanctity of gold. What they want is high prices. They would like to see sterling devalued *pari passu* with the dollar no matter how far the dollar may go. Again Mr. Norman shakes his head. It was not his fault that sterling was forced off the gold standard in the first place, but being off he was content to let it remain at its apparently natural parity of about 3.50 gold dollars. That is one thing, but artificially to devaluate further—who knows to what depths in an insensate competition?—is entirely another. Not only would it be against every principle he has ever stood for, but it would shake that world confidence in the cost-what-it-will probity of the City of London which is the foundation-stone of British financial power. So Britain does nothing one way or the other, except to peg sterling to gold *via* the franc by selling the franc when necessary.

In the long run this masterly inactivity may prove a good policy. It is at least possible that the ring fence of the sterling area, and the trade agreements that accompany it, may prove strong enough to resist the rushes of a mad-bull dollar. And when, as is almost certain, the gold *bloc* countries are forced to go off gold, with a loss in prestige corresponding to the vehemence of their protestations that they would do nothing of the kind, Britain will again stand out like the one firm rock in a seismic world—at least, temporarily. In all her major problems Great Britain is marking time. Those problems are sufficiently immense. We will discuss them at greater length next month.

F. Britten Austin.

THE AIMS OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM

HITLER has declared in a recent speech that the achievement of the National Socialist 'totalitarian' State marks the end of revolution and the beginning of evolution. He has surmounted his most dangerous obstacle by concluding a concordat with the Vatican and has begun to take measures against those extremists in his own party who wish to make the pace too hot. He is endeavouring, by the judicious use of concentration camps, to put a stop to the self-seeking and place-hunting which has been such a menace to industrial stability. The inevitable 'clean-up' of the governing party which has been a feature of the new revolutionary technique in Russia and Italy has begun.

What does this mean? Certainly not the end of the great historical change which is taking place in Germany to-day. An old friend of mine, one of the leading industrialists in Germany, aged not much more than fifty, regretted sadly that he was not young enough to see how it will all work out. It would take thirty or forty years, he thought, before we could realise what had happened. Just as the contemporaries of the French Revolution or of the Reformation—for both can, curiously enough, be compared in some respects with what is happening in Germany—could not realise the magnitude of the events taking place under their eyes, so it is to-day.

The Nazi revolution is not merely the expression of economic discontent, as many believe; it is not just the inevitable national reaction against the treatment of Germany since the war; and it is certainly not only the seizure of the machinery of government by wild fanatics aided by hired bullies, as was stated in a recent article.[1] Economic discontent, national humiliation, and the skilful exercise of violence have certainly contributed to the success of the Nazi Party, but the party is, above all, the political expression of a deep-rooted movement in the people, the strength of which probably surprised the Nazi leaders as much as anybody. The Nazi movement is based much more on popular feeling than

1. 'Reflections on the German Revolution', the *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1933.

the Communist movement in Russia or the Fascist movement in Italy. Hitler is as much a product of the movement as its creator. Here lies both his strength and his weakness. Can he control the forces that he has unloosed?

This question is of immense importance. Upon Hitler probably depends the future course of the movement. Were he to die, or to make a serious political mistake and thus be swept away by further violent explosions, there would be much less chance of the orderly evolution which appears to be his aim to-day. There would be much less chance of obtaining the co-operation with and gradual absorption into the Nazi Party of the best non-Nazi elements of the population upon which this orderly evolution depends. For—let there be no mistake about it—Hitler's personality is the rallying-point of the whole country, the principal link between the Nazi Party and those outside it. Perhaps even more important, it is the principal link between the party and the permanent civil servants, the *Beamten*, who have always played the leading part in the government of Germany. Like all civil servants, the *Beamten* are conservative by nature and find it difficult to swallow National Socialism at one gulp. But they seem to be prepared to swallow Hitler; indeed, many of them have already done so.

Hitler's task is thus to assure the orderly as opposed to the disorderly establishment of the third *Reich*, co-operating as far as possible with those who are willing to co-operate, but allowing no interference with his aims, which are also those of the Nazi Party. There is a great deal of loose talk about the divergence of views within the party, about the Right and Left wing extremists. There is certainly a divergence of views, but conversations with Nazis of all sorts and kinds, from the party leaders down to storm troopers, have convinced me that it concerns methods and *tempo* of the revolution rather than aims. What are these aims? They have never been clearly and concisely formulated in print, and yet every good Nazi seems to know them. The famous 'unalterable' twenty-five points of the party programme, which were purely propagandist in origin, are very incomplete. Hitler's book *My Fight* gives a better idea of them. But in reality they have to be distilled, as it were, out of countless public speeches and private conversations, and out of the voluminous and often contradictory literature of the party.

The first and most fundamental aim seems to be to unite th nation, or, perhaps better, the German race; to give it commo ideals, a common purpose, and a common enthusiasm. To th end all other parties have been destroyed; to this end all activ opponents of the Nazis have been and will continue to be ruth lessly eliminated; to this end the third *Reich* will be organise

as a vast school of the new ideas. The Nazi fight against 'Marxism,' is above all directed against the idea of an international class struggle, the idea that the working classes in each country have common interests opposed to those of their employers. Similarly the fight against 'international capital' is directed against the idea of international capitalist solidarity. If, as Oswald Spengler maintains, the question of the future is whether the world is to be ruled by international millionaires or national statesmen, the Nazis are firmly determined that it shall be by the latter. In order to achieve this unity a second fundamental aim of National Socialism is the substitution of personal for collective responsibility in every department of the national life. Democratic representative government as we understand it is to disappear, not only from national affairs, but also from private business, clubs and associations of all kinds. If parliaments, municipal assemblies, boards of directors, committees and other organs of collective control remain in any form, they are merely to have advisory powers. A single individual, the leader, must take the responsibility of every decision that has to be made. This was laid down by Hitler ten years ago in his book. It has been the iron rule in the party and is to become the iron rule in the nation. On the other hand, the democratic principle of equal opportunity is as far as possible to be ensured. Hitler has laid it down that 'the best constitution is that which naturally brings the best brains out of the whole community to leadership.'

The object of the unification of the nation and the concentration of authority is not to be the glorification of the State as such. 'The State is a means to an end,' writes Hitler. 'Its purpose is to maintain and assist in the development of a community of similar racial and spiritual characteristics.' Thus the highest aim of the *Volkischer Staat* (Racial State) is to maintain its best elements and to do its utmost to improve the quality as well as increase the quantity of its population. Every form of organised sport, drill, and physical exercise is to be encouraged, particularly for the young. Eugenics are to be taken seriously. Defectives will probably be sterilised. Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior, has declared that far less public money should be spent on the maintenance of defectives of all kinds and more on the furtherance of family life among the healthy elements of the population. Marriage loans without interest have already been introduced. Hitler is known to advocate an entirely new system of remuneration by which early marriages and large families will be favoured. The Nazis are quite capable of introducing a system of health certificates to encourage the breeding of the 'best elements.' Back to the home is the slogan for women.

From all this the Jews will inevitably be excluded. If the women are to go back to the home the Jews are, in effect, to go back to the ghetto. The exclusion of all persons of Jewish blood from the full privileges of the 'Racial State' is a fundamental principle. There is no prospect of a change in this respect. What the ultimate solution of the problem will be cannot as yet be foreseen. Nor is it possible to say how many earning activities will remain open to the Jews. But it seems obvious that they will have to have their own schools and universities, their own clubs, associations and other organisations, and in general to hold themselves aloof from 'Aryans.' If this involves loss to the nation—well, the Nazis prefer to accept it.

In the economic field the primary aim of the Nazis is certainly not the raising of the standard of living. That comes some way down the list. First and foremost the unemployed must be absorbed at all costs, for social, moral, and above all political, reasons. Hitler realises that this will be the acid test of his economic policy, and has already indicated that a general campaign against unemployment will be his next move. If this involves a reduction of the standard of living of those at present employed, such a reduction will be regarded as a necessary evil. Certainly it is likely to involve fairly drastic interference with the 'freedom of private enterprise.' For example, at the present time it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that nobody in Germany dares dismiss a man, unless he be a Jew, a Communist, a Socialist, or otherwise politically undesirable. In the carrying out of their economic policy the Nazis have almost absolute power. They can approach any enterprise and suggest that more men could be usefully employed, and he would be a bold director who refused to obey this order. How they will tackle the problem is not yet certain. The appointment of Dr Schmitt, the general director of the Allianz Insurance Company, to the post of Economic Minister suggests caution. That of Dr. Feder, the Nazi currency theorist and the original economic expert of the party, as Secretary of State for Economics suggests that, in spite of Dr. Schacht, policies reminiscent of President Roosevelt may play a part. Indeed, a beginning has already been made in this direction with road construction, land settlement, the remission of taxation on motor cars (which has produced a boom in the motor trade), marriage loans, provided the wife gives up employment, reduction of taxation on improvements and renewals, the granting of tax remissions for domestic servants, and other forms of discounting future income. Many of these schemes are the work of previous Governments. How they will work out remains to be seen. The results will be important, but it would probably be a mistake to consider them vital for Hitler's success or failure

The reduction of unemployment is for obvious reasons the most immediate aim. But the reorganisation of business on National Socialist lines is to the Nazi ultimately just as important. These lines, as applied to economics, are, first, the 'principle of leadership and the abolition of anonymous capital,' and, secondly, the axiom that the good of the community must always take precedence of the good of the individual. The first principle will be put into force by a reform of company law, which will almost certainly abolish bearer bonds and shares and will probably make the responsible manager of a company liable with his personal fortune for its debts. As regards the second principle, the economic ideal of the Nazis is less State Socialism than individual private enterprise under strict Government control. The primary organ of control will be the Labour Front, which embraces employers, clerical staff and workers, and membership of which is to be compulsory. Courts of various kinds will be set up. The theory, at any rate, is that anybody acting wilfully against the national interests, or anybody convicted by the courts of offences against commercial morality, will be excluded from the Front and thus *ipso facto* be prevented from engaging in commercial activity in the country. This might, for example, be due to anybody evading labour laws or cartel restrictions. Business under the Nazi State is to be disciplined.

The object of this discipline is perhaps above all to get rid of class antagonism and thus to achieve the unity of the nation. If economic efficiency suffers, so much the worse. The worker must feel that his employer, like himself, is a servant of the people, and that he gets higher pay merely because he has greater responsibility. I was particularly interested to hear this principle confirmed by all Nazis, even the most radical. The rejection of the Communist principle of equal pay is fundamental. Inter-class solidarity is to be furthered in every way possible. Leading company officials and managing directors will be expected to march at the head of their men on Labour Day and at similar Nazi festivals. From the compulsory labour service, under which all classes of the community will be called up on reaching the age of eighteen to do six months' manual labour, no exceptions will be allowed. Everybody must learn what manual labour is, and that it is just as dignified as any other work. Mere symbolism, perhaps, but none the less important.

It should not be forgotten that the whole Nazi movement is bound up with an intense religious and moral revival. The German Christians should be taken seriously. They are not mere cranks who repudiate the Old Testament and try to prove that Christ was not a Jew, as is sometimes asserted. Indeed, the movement has repeatedly declared that dogma is to be left

intact. The movement is an attempt to harness the 'national revival' in the service of Christianity and Christianity in the service of the 'national revival.' The Church, the German Christians say, is universal, but the Almighty created humanity in different races and species, and each race should develop itself and experience its Christianity in its own way. To act otherwise is a sin against the Creator. Whatever the logic of the idea, the Lutheran Church is on the move and the young are beginning to go back to the churches. As far as the Roman Catholic Church is concerned, the speedy conclusion of a concordat seems to indicate that the Vatican feels there is more to be gained out of co-operation with the Nazis than out of opposition to them.

The military aim of National Socialism is to make every German citizen fit and willing to fight for his country if required. '*Wehrsport*' (military sport), a typically German conception, is to be encouraged by every means possible. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Hitler's Reichstag speech on foreign policy and disarmament, particularly as he offered to accept international control. Ultimately, however, failing general disarmament, Germany will undoubtedly rearm unless prevented by force from doing so. But there is no hurry about this. In the meantime it is sufficient to discipline and train the people as far as possible. If the modern military theories are right, and the next war will require a small highly mechanised striking force backed by a thoroughly trained and disciplined civil population to supply reserves for the army and war material, the Nazis are certainly on the right lines.

The aim of Nazi foreign policy has been clearly stated by Hitler in *My Fight*:

> The foreign policy of the Racial State has to secure the existence of the race embodied in the State on this planet, by creating a sound and natural relationship between the numbers and growth of the population on the one hand and the area and value of the land occupied by it on the other.

Conquests, according to Hitler, are only of value if they provide land upon which German peasants can settle. The repudiation of the policy of 'Germanisation' expressed in his Reichstag speech appears to spring from a fundamental conviction that a conquering upper class merely becomes absorbed by the inferior race to the detriment of its purity of blood. Equally emphatic is the repudiation of a policy of commercial expansion and overseas aggrandisement. Germany tried that before the war and merely succeeded in getting England against her. Hitler has stated that if expansion proves to be necessary it can only be towards the east, and this conviction is reiterated by every Nazi treatise on foreign policy. Precisely where there is land to be had for

German colonisation eastwards is not stated. When Hitler wrote his book he certainly had the idea that Soviet Russia might break up. He has clearly stated that a German–Russian alliance against the west would be fatal. To-day his attitude is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he is patron of a Russian National Socialist Party consisting entirely of *émigrés*. The *Anschluss* with Austria, the recovery of the Corridor, and the return of irredentist populations adjoining the frontiers are obvious aims of Nazi foreign policy. So is the establishment of German influence in Central Europe—*Mitteleuropa*. Alsace-Lorraine, however, is not yet an *irredenta*, and Germany would be quite prepared to reaffirm her renunciation in good faith as a part of a general understanding with France. In general, Hitler has laid it down that irredentist populations must inevitably be sacrificed to considerations of expediency. The essential thing is that the Fatherland itself should be strong and its development undisturbed.

The Nazis realise quite well that the immediate effect of their revolutionary domestic policy is to isolate Germany and thus to weaken her position in regard to foreign affairs. This they accept as a necessary evil. It is the discontented Nationalists who grumble that the expected 'successes' in foreign policy have not materialised. The Nazis have so much to do at home that they seem unlikely for some years to risk their achievements by an aggressive policy likely to lead to war. Under Hitler's leadership they think in centuries. Yet their philosophy accepts war as an instrument of foreign policy, as a method of ensuring the survival of the fittest races. But war should only be undertaken for well-defined and well-thought-out aims; a 'crusading' policy like that of Barbarossa or William II. should be avoided. Contempt is often expressed for 'pre-war bourgeois nationalism'—the glorification of war as such. At any rate, the Nazis appear to realise the responsibility of engaging in war, and there is a growing tendency to extend their racial philosophy to other nations and to hope that they will also become Nazi and therefore, by definition, strong.

Such appear to be the most fundamental aims of a party which has not only seized power, but is proceeding with amazing energy and all the resources of propaganda to convert the whole people to a fanatical belief in its views. It has probably already won over a considerable majority of the nation to acceptance, though not to fanaticism. The fanaticism is, however, already general in the youth of the country, upon whom the Nazis, following the Communist and Fascist examples, are concentrating their best efforts. There is no opposition, and, if the lesson of Russia and Italy mean anything, there is little likelihood of any opposition

developing. Sixty-five million people in the centre of Europe have frankly changed their course. They have already abandoned even lip-service to the ideals of democracy, liberty of the subject, free speech, individual rights, and even international law, which at any rate, in so far as it aims at the maintenance of a *status quo*, they reject. Their supreme law is the good of their race, its maintenance, development and improvement, and they call on other nations to adopt the same tenets. What attitude shall these nations, and England in particular, adopt?

Are the Western nations prepared to fight once more 'to make the world safe for democracy'? If so, they had better start soon. Or is there a gradual, sorrowful realisation of the fact that while democracy could win a war it could not establish as stable, just and prosperous a peace as the oligarchies of 1815, and that therefore retribution is overtaking it? Although in my opinion the danger of war, at any rate on Germany's provocation, is not acute, there are without doubt great forces moving in Central Europe. History shows the difficulty of maintaining a *status quo* at such a time. What are we in England to do about it? To attempt to destroy National Socialism as we attempted to destroy Communism in Russia? To join an eminent politician in thanking God for the French army, and to use diplomatic influence to encircle and isolate Germany, and to keep her, if we can, in a state of permanent military inferiority? Or to return to a policy that has stood us in good stead for centuries, and watch the Channel ports while maintaining our position at sea and in the air? Might we not perhaps learn from Hitler that the principal object of a nation's policy should be to develop its own resources and assure the future of its own race? Then, if Germany forgets the lesson the Nazis appear to have learnt and once again turns towards the west, we should be in a position to face her.

H. Powys Greenwood.

THE REBIRTH OF CHINA

THE recent visit to London of Nanking's able Minister of Finance, Mr T. V. Soong, though overshadowed by the opening of the Economic Conference, was an event of great importance. He arrived on Whit Monday, spent a week-end at Chequers, dined at the House of Commons with the China sub-committee of the Conservative Party's Foreign Affairs Committee (when Sir John Simon was present and proposed his health), and met everyone whom he ought to meet. Not only was it Mr Soong's first visit to England; it was the first time he has left his office since, in 1925, he took charge of the finances of the late Dr Sun Yat-sen's last Government at Canton, which eventually bloomed into the present National Government at Nanking. To attend the Economic Conference was only a part of Mr Soong's motive in coming abroad on a tour that took him through the capitals of all the chief Western Treaty Powers. He certainly would not have left China unless assured that things were more stable there than they have been—or, it may be added, without the hope of strengthening that stability by his mission. It is China's misfortune that her most important news rarely gets on to the front pages of the newspapers. For nearly two years Manchuria has absorbed all attention. Yet for many months past Manchuria has receded into the second rank among the things that really matter. Meanwhile changes have been taking place in China, changes not only political, but psychological. With all the caution that many disappointments have taught us, there is good reason to believe that China stands on the threshold of a new era. Hence a clear appreciation of what she has been doing is specially needed—by none more than Great Britain, whose interests in China still exceed those of any other Power.

A brief retrospect is necessary to make the picture clear. The root cause of all the quarrelling and civil war which broke out again within nine months of the supposed unification of China under the new capital at Nanking in June 1928, and continued almost without intermission down to the Japanese conflict in September 1931, was the monopoly of power claimed by the *Kuomintang* as the inheritors of Dr. Sun's mantle and the sole

exponents of his political testament. By the instrument of government adopted in October 1928 they established themselves as the source of all authority, above all law and even above questioning; and throughout the provinces their powers were vested in district councils, the famous, or rather infamous, *Tangpu*. The evils created by numbers of freebooting generals all over the country, entirely disinclined to submit to Nanking, are certainly not to be forgotten. But wiser statemanship would have allowed for their existence and proceeded with caution. Instead, the *Kuomintang* with none of the prestige of a Son of Heaven claimed rights at least as great as the old emperors, and tried to enforce a Procrustean bureaucracy upon a country twenty-five times the size of Great Britain, in which the enormous differences of custom, temperament and even language had been satisfied for thousands of years by the amplest local autonomy. Such a system, even if otherwise without reproach, was too utterly alien to be workable. In fact the *Kuomintang* monopoly proved an unconscionable tyranny, cumbrous, inefficient and corrupt, while the *Tangpu's* barefaced plunderings, the numbers of illicit tax bureaux, and wholesale confiscation of property would scarcely be credited by those who do not know the Far East. In justice it should be added that the *Kuomintang* contains many earnest and sincere men. But the 'power behind the throne' has always been a formidable factor in China's politics, and she is not the only country in which the party machine has been too strong for individuals.

The outbreak of the conflict with Japan found Nanking and Canton in open strife. Canton has always been the stronghold of the *Kuomintang*. General Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Government (of whom more presently), had for over a year been trying to break the *Kuomintang* monopoly, and had even gone so far in the previous May as to seize and imprison its chief champion, the able, tireless but hopelessly bigoted Hu Han-min. Taking advantage of the anti-Japanese war fever in the autumn of 1931, the Cantonese overthrew the Government of General Chiang Kai-shek, who has always seen the folly of endeavouring to fight Japan, knowing well that China's real troubles lie at home. It is said, very probably with truth, that before they withdrew the Chiang faction had removed every penny in the Treasury to a safe place well out of their enemies' reach. At any rate, three or four

¹ In passing, it is interesting to notice that the brilliant success of the British administration of Weihaiwei, now no longer ours, was simply that it expressed the ideal form of Chinese government: the officials kept order, collected taxes (most of which were handed back in the form of public works), and left the people to manage their own affairs according to immemorial tradition. On these terms the Chinese, as they fully showed at Weihaiwei, are the most peaceable and most easily governed people on earth.

months of office convinced the Cantonese of the impracticability of their policy of strong measures against Japan, and by May last year they had faded away to Canton leaving General Chiang and his associates to take charge once more.

Then came the announcement of a new policy which has already meant much, and may, if the fates are kind, mean yet more. The Nanking Government proclaimed that it would fight no more civil wars, except against the Communists; other regions must do as they pleased; it would concentrate upon its own sphere, the Yangtze Valley (which contains some 170,000,000 of the most industrious people and some of the most fruitful lands in the world), and leave the rest to the future. To this resolve it has held in spite of a good deal of provocation, and undoubtedly much practical reform has been achieved. Administrative expenses have been pruned, the conversion of internal loans has saved $100,000,000 a year, and even the army has been rationed. Altogether expenditure has been cut down by $200,000,000 annually; a number of taxes—wine and tobacco, stamps, etc.—have been consolidated into a single administration with great increase in economy and efficiency; and by the end of last year Nanking had balanced its books for the first time without borrowing. The claim that the budget has been balanced is not quite accurate, since, as will be seen later, considerable foreign debts remain unpaid. Still the achievement is truly notable, and Nanking deserves congratulation on it and every good wish for further success.

Not the least important and hopeful part of the new policy is the bid made for the support of that shrewd, sagacious class the great body of business men, while the power of the *Kuomintang* has certainly been reduced. Thus the majority of the Board which, under the presidency of Mr T. V. Soong, now controls Nanking's finances is composed of leading bankers and merchants. In the provinces the district councils have been replaced by civil governors with plenary powers, and provincial legislative committees are to be elected by the business classes themselves, both to assist the civil governors against the military and at the same time to prevent the former from abusing their powers. It is true that these committees as yet seem only to have come into existence in Shanghai and Nanking, but the movement towards them appears to be significant. Nothing is more worth watching in China to-day than the growing demand of her business men for a voice in affairs of State. The National Anti-Civil League, supported by leading non-official Chinese in many districts, is not to be ignored in connexion with Nanking's renunciation of 'unification by force.' As between Chinese civilians and officials the problem of 'belling the cat' is, of course, a very old one. It

may be going too far to say that the cat actually seems disposed to bell himself. But there is no doubt that the quarrel with Japan, especially the fighting at Shanghai, gave the best of the official classes a severe fright, revealing to them as never before the dangers to which China's feckless quarrels expose her. 'It is folly,' General Chiang Kai-shek said not long ago, 'to talk of resisting foreign aggression till we have put our own house in order.' And to that end the leading men in Nanking have come to realise that the support of public approval is indispensable.

The guiding spirits in these changes are the two redoubtable brothers-in-law, Mr T. V. Soong and General Chiang Kai-shek, widely different in character, often differing hotly in private, yet as able a combination as any Government in the world can show, endowed with a practical sense of realities hitherto conspicuously absent from Chinese nationalism. Both, it is interesting to note, are Christians; indeed, the extent of Christianity in high places in Nanking is little recognised abroad. Mr. Soong's father was converted in America in 1885 and returned to China to marry a Miss Ni, a noted member all her life of the Methodist Church; he founded an establishment for printing the Bible in Chinese, which grew into a very prosperous business. The eldest Miss Soong married Dr. H. H. Kung, who was in England last spring on a special industrial mission, a lineal descendant of Confucius, but a Christian. The second daughter married Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who became a Christian in his medical student days at Hongkong and died a Christian. And the youngest in 1927 married General Chiang Kai-shek. She is a very sweet and lovely woman, to whose influence one may well attribute his conversion three years ago. General Chiang undoubtedly takes his religion seriously—it may even be feared too seriously. An atmosphere of austerity prevails in Nanking, with frequent exhortations to plain living and high thinking, while gambling and even smoking are sternly discouraged. This is a marvellous change from the joyous amorality of former days, and one can only hope there will not be the usual reaction. But the General is not a man to be lightly defied. Mr. Soong—'T. V.,' as he is called by all who know him—was educated at Harvard, took his degree in 1917, served for some time in a New York bank, and after a year as president of the Central Bank, Canton, became Minister of Finance in the former Canton Government. Above the average height for a Chinese and strongly built, 'T. V.' is an impressive personality, rather reserved, but of very charming manner, a tremendous worker, unquestionably a notable financier, and of deservedly high personal repute. He wastes no time in talk, but goes straight to the point with a directness delightful to all foreigners but a little apt to ruffle his leisurely countrymen. But on his

word one can rely implicitly. It is worth noting that during the miserable years of civil war, when 'T.V.' complained that all his time was wasted in raising money for the soldiers, his loans were well secured and the service of them punctually met.

General Chiang Kai-shek, now forty-seven years old—'T.V.' is forty-two—has spent most of his life as a soldier, and this has probably increased his naturally autocratic disposition. Yet, though he has great military ability, one cannot help thinking that Nature designed him rather as statesman than soldier. He studied soldiering at Paotingfu, the Chinese military school, and in Japan, and fought in the first revolutionary battles of 1911 and 1913 which ended in the temporary discomfiture of Dr Sun Yat-sen, whose varying fortunes Chiang followed to the end of the Doctor's life. In these confused, vacillating years Chiang learned two lessons—the supreme importance of time and of sticking to one essential purpose. He spent the year 1923 in Moscow studying military science, and returned to found the famous Whampoa Academy, which supplied the officers of the army that Chiang led in triumph from Canton to Hankow in the autumn of 1926. Evidently the year at Moscow taught General Chiang something more than soldiering. There is no doubt that he always distrusted the influence of the Russians whom Dr Sun had so unwisely called in to his help in 1923. There was a violent quarrel between Chiang and Borodin, Moscow's principal agent in Canton, in 1926, which was only patched up because the Northern armies suddenly gained some unexpected successes. And in the spring of 1927, when the Russians threatened to dominate all Central and Southern China and the moderate Chinese Nationalists were aghast at the hold that Communism had gained over the party and the atrocities committed by the Reds, it was General Chiang who took the lead against the Bolsheviks, overthrew their Government at Hankow, and drove the Russian agents from China.

Chiang's fight against Communism in 1927 anticipated his later attacks on the *Kuomintang* monopoly. Since the latter has visibly been weakened in Central China—in the North it never had any real hold—half a dozen well-known men have plucked up courage to denounce it, and Chinese newspapers speak with a boldness which they would never have dared to use two years ago. But it was General Chiang who gave the lead as far back as 1929, and he never ceased to hammer at the faults of the party, which he saw all the more clearly in that he was and is himself a member of it. His opponents abuse him furiously as a dictator and a militarist. Austere, reserved, decidedly terrifying until one knows him, General Chiang is an easy target for abuse. Yet those who know him best are devoted to him; he never speaks until he has something worth saying, and I never remember his

utterances being falsified by events. What he says he means, and he keeps his word. Looking back over his career, one cannot doubt his patriotism, and he is unquestionably in the forefront of the world's most able leaders.

Everyone returning from the Far East is familiar with the fatuous question, 'Well, and when is China going to settle down?' The only possible answer is, 'Which China do you mean?' Not counting Manchuria, there are at least five Chinas—Canton in the South; Nanking in the Centre; the North (in a generally fluid state, very difficult to define); the huge western province of Szechuan; and the Communists.

Canton, centre of the South-west Federation, which is composed of Kuangtung and Kuangsi, Fukien, Kueichow and Yunnan (though the last-named is really its own mistress), is for all practical purposes an independent State, collecting its own revenue, running its own army, and with its own Supreme Court for all the South-west. It remains the chief stronghold of the *Kuomintang* and of undying defiance of Japan—witness its telegram to the Powers on the signing of the armistice in North China. This defiance is a useful stick to beat Nanking with, and, owing to Canton's remoteness from the scene of conflict, is in no way likely to cause the Canton Government any personal inconvenience. Meanwhile the opposition between the Southern politicians and General Chen Chi-tang appears to be developing on lines rather similar to that between Chiang Kai-shek and the *Kuomintang*. General Chen is highly spoken of by those who know him, and, in spite of Canton's hostility to Nanking, he appears to be co-operating actively with General Chiang against the Communists.

North China is at present beyond analysis. With the monarchists scheming to link up with Manchuria and to reinstate the Dragon Throne, the independent provinces of Shansi, Shensi and Shantung each under its own dictator, the famous Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang, a nuisance to friend and foe alike; and a mob of lesser generals simply out for plunder, it is impossible to foresee what may happen. Nanking has a nominal hold on Peking, and seems recently to have increased it a little. The armistice with Japan was a godsend, and still more the fact that, in spite of Canton's passionate denunciations, it has not led to the internal upheaval that many had feared. Although the anti-Japanese boycott remains adamant, especially in Canton, where unfortunate merchants have actually been shot for having Japanese goods in their possession, it seems safe to say that the quarrel with Japan will gradually fade out of sight, through equal disinclination and inability on both sides to pursue it. Japan, having found Manchuria terribly costly, will certainly not interfere

further south of the Great Wall if she can help it. And in the long run the North and Centre understand each other better than either does Canton, which has always been the pariah of China.

Szechuan for several years has been the private property of three or four big generals. Last year they began fighting again—a wantonly selfish quarrel which, on the top of previous wars, has brought this huge, fertile, enormously wealthy province to utter exhaustion. It is said on good authority that taxes have been collected in some districts thirty years ahead. Worst of all, this strife has let in the Communists, who were driven out of the Middle Yangtze Valley by General Chiang last autumn. Exact reports are as yet scanty, but the Reds appear to be spreading well into the centre and east of Szechuan, and the missionaries are fleeing before them as they fled in 1926–27, leaving their churches, homes, hospitals and schools to be plundered and burnt. Communism remains a 'running sore' of dreadful dimensions. Although the majority of its forces are nothing but peasants driven to madness by the intolerable conditions of life, there is a nucleus of genuine Russian-trained Communists, continually reinforced by Chinese students from Moscow who enter disguised as ships' firemen, pedlars, etc., and its propaganda organisation, which, it is to be feared, will be much strengthened by the renewal of diplomatic relations with Russia—a mad step taken by the *Kuomintang* in the transport of fury with Japan—seeps into all parts of the country. A year ago the Reds dominated all the Middle Yangtze Valley and even threatened Hankow. In the autumn, when General Chiang drove them out, some fled into Szechuan, others fell back again on the old Communist stronghold in South Kiangsi, where they have their own Ministries, laws, schools, and even currency. It is against this stronghold that the operations of General Chiang and the Cantonese leader Chen Chi-tang are directed. But the mountainous country is all in favour of the defence, and the Reds have recently reinvaded Hupeh (the Middle Yangtze) in alarming numbers. The best news is that the Government's soldiers are better paid than formerly, and therefore less liable to go over to the Communists *en masse*, and that the atrocities of the Reds appear to have begun to revolt even the peasants, who were previously disposed to hail them as their saviours.

'The problem of Communism,' General Chiang said last year, 'is three-tenths military, seven-tenths administrative.' When China recovered tariff autonomy and introduced her first graded tariff in January 1931, Nanking pledged itself to abolish all illicit internal taxation, which weighs intolerably alike upon foreign trade and Chinese well-being. More has been done in this direction than was expected when the promise was given. Never-

theless, tax bureaux continue to swarm on every road and waterway. The same load of cargo may be mulcted half a dozen times in twenty miles. These bureaux must go if peace is to be restored, yet the abolition of only one of them means the dispossessing of fifty or a hundred harpies who, deprived of their illicit gains, join the ranks of intrigue against ordered government. And at all times there are multitudes of greedy place-seekers, political clubs, student organisations, agitators of all kinds, for ever on the look-out for some chance to upset the 'ins' and seize the fruits of office. It is an appalling problem. Still, a practical beginning has been made. Something has been achieved, and that on the only lines that offer hope of ultimate order, by trying to create an orderly State within a limited area, and expanding its boundaries as opportunity serves. This, too, is the historic method pursued in China by every new dynasty, and such is the force of public opinion that if within the next few years Nanking can show a good record in the Yangtze Valley other districts must inevitably be drawn into its orbit by sheer weight of public demand. The very accentuation of present divisions may be the best augury of ultimate reunion, not on a basis of force, but of reason and mutual advantage. Moreover, an effort by the Powers to lend that help to the Nanking Government which the Lytton Report urged so strongly, and without which it is hard to believe that Nanking can succeed, becomes feasible if it can be applied within a limited area. The problem of China as a whole can only be solved by the Chinese themselves in their own time and in their own way. But the problem of the Yangtze Valley, accessible at every point by its endless network of rivers and creeks, is an altogether more manageable matter.

It has long been felt by all who are intimate with the Far East that British policy in China needs urgently to take a new turn. The famous memorandum of December 1926, reiterated a month later to the Chinese with all the i's dotted and t's crossed, has few defenders and never could have been anything but a failure. In the passionate atmosphere of the times, amid a savage anti-British boycott and the vilest abuse of Great Britain from every platform and paper, what we intended as a gesture of friendship was regarded by the Chinese as the whimperings of panic; and this feeling was confirmed when they saw us throw away our concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang, with no atom of benefit to China then or since, to a Communist Government already deserted by the best of the Nationalists, and consisting of nobody but Eugene Chen, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, and Borodin. Times have changed; the Nationalists know in their hearts that British 'imperialist aggression' was merely mendacious Russian propaganda, but they see quite clearly that our policy has for some

years been concerned only to avoid trouble at all costs. This irritates them and is unworthy of our great prestige. Throughout the nineteenth century the leadership among the nations was ours. There is no real doubt that it might be ours again. Russia, the most dangerous influence, has spoilt her chances for a long time to come by bargaining with Japan for the sale to Manchuria of the Chinese Eastern Railway in flagrant and cynical disregard of China's just rights. It need scarcely be added that if only the Yangtze Valley could be made peaceful and orderly its influence on British trade would be considerable.

In framing an active, constructive policy in China some obvious ideas easily suggest themselves. China is weak in administrative experience. Nanking needs help in building up, as she is trying to do, an effective civil service. A well-organised gendarmerie to police roadways and waterways is most necessary; incidentally, it would form a valuable outlet for China's superfluous troops. There is an enormous field for help in industrial and economic development, road-making, bridge-building, and factory legislation suited to the country's peculiar conditions, all of which are essential to any hope of progress. Certain stipulations must be clearly understood. In all questions affecting others besides ourselves, such as extra-territoriality, and in all matters affecting Shanghai, we have no right to act except in full harmony with other Powers. Foreign concessions and safeguards, as Mr Justice Feetham's Report so well showed, are actually more important to China now than even to foreigners as the mainstay of her finance and industry, and it would be doing China an incalculable disservice if they were sacrificed to mere sentiment. Finally, whatever help we offer, there must be no more advisers; there have been far too many and, except two or three, all have been figureheads. If a foreigner is engaged to do some work he must be given responsibility and allowed to do it. The Customs and Salt Gabelle illustrate how this can be managed without offence to Chinese *amour propre*.

Finance is an unavoidable and very thorny question. Chinese revenue has suffered very heavily through the civil wars, the terrible floods of 1931, and above all through the loss of Manchuria. At the recent annual meeting of the Bank of China the chairman pointed out that the fighting at Shanghai in the spring of last year stopped all normal financial transactions for several months, with the result that farmers far into the interior, deprived of their usual credits, had to sell for what they could get and prices dropped 50 per cent. with widespread misery and ruin. This sort of misfortune can be repaired, though it is a disgrace to China that she imports more and more foodstuffs every year. But Manchuria means a standing loss of 25 per cent. of her

Customs revenue and about 20 per cent. of her salt tax. A report by the Chinese Maritime Customs at the end of last June showed a drop in China's foreign trade in the past four years from, roughly, £280,000,000 to £100,000,000.* The adverse balance of trade is giving Nanking grave apprehensions. To this as much as to the desire to penalise Japan are due the heavy increases in certain sections of the Chinese tariff during the past twelve months. For so large and potentially so rich a country China's foreign debt is really small. But when she looks abroad for more loans an ugly obstacle presents itself in the shape of continued refusal of the railways to pay their long overdue debts to foreign bondholders. These arrears of interest and sinking fund now amount to over £10,000,000, of which the British share is certainly not less than £6,000,000.

All Chinese railways suffered badly during the civil wars, but a great deal has been done in the past two years to rehabilitate them, and there is every reason to believe that they could pay if they wanted to. The Tientsin-Pukow line, for instance, has been doing excellent business latterly, but since last January it has stopped even the meagre sums which it had been persuaded last autumn to set aside monthly for its creditors. The Peking-Mukden line was able to find $4,000,000 last year towards building the new port of Hulutao, but nothing for the British bondholders. The Shanghai-Nanking Railway is a particularly bad case. Early in 1930 the British and Chinese Corporation practically surrendered all the control of the line which it had exercised as trustee of the British bondholders. It has never been shown by what right the Corporation took this step, on which the bondholders were not consulted, but presumably it was done under official pressure—as another 'friendly gesture.' Since then the Ministry of Railways has got rid of as many of the British staff as it could, has reduced the remainder to mere figureheads, and every department has been swollen, in the usual Chinese way, with dummies and sinecures. The general upshot is that the railway, formerly an excellent investment, has defaulted for three years, and now owes the bondholders over £700,000. To make matters worse, since early in 1931 advances of over £4,250,000 have been made or promised to Chinese railways out of the share of the Boxer Indemnity, some £11,000,000 in all,† which Great Britain returned to China. Out of this sum the railways are supposed to pay interest and amortisation, the remainder being used for educational benefits; though there is no evidence that education has yet received a penny. There is naturally wide resentment at

* This is taking the pound at the old conventional rate of five American dollars, Chinese Customs dues being collected on a basis of gold units, worth forty cents.

these millions being poured out on the railways until they have done something to repair their much-battered credit. In contrast to these defaults, loans secured on the Customs are punctually met and the arrears on those secured on the salt tax are being steadily reduced. These loans are under the care of Mr. T. V. Soong; the railways are not. This division of responsibility is perhaps intelligible in the still adolescent state of organised administration. Unfortunately the credit of the Nanking Government is not divisible, and the unpaid railway debts, which in fact are nothing short of a scandal, will certainly bar the way when it looks abroad for the money essential to its economic and social development.

As one surveys the general picture of China, the prevailing feature is incoherence—endless political associations vociferating their own nostrums; departments and bureaux tumbling over each other and stultifying action, feverish imitation of impracticable Western models; regulations which no one obeys; agitators agitating for every reform except the virtues of dull, honest work. Yet, amid so much that is disheartening, false and pretentious, one discerns the growth of something like a steady purpose. No doubt throughout vast tracts of China the present disorder is regarded merely as one of the normal periods of chaos between one dynasty and another; but impulses have been imparted which cannot be checked. New China is becoming more Chinese—as witness the revolt against the *Kuomintang*. Old China is beginning to peep out of its shell. The increasing popularity of motor cars, aeroplanes, radio, electric light and other Western conveniences of life may as yet mean no more than superficial changes, but they cannot fail in time to affect thought and opinion. More and more, one ventures to believe, old and new must tend to draw together for the production of some workable system, moulded by Western example to modern needs, but tested and approved by Chinese custom and instinct. And in this transformation Great Britain might play a splendid part—for herself and China.

O. M. GREEN.

THE STATISTICAL EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS[1]

CHEERFULNESS is out of fashion. No word has been on our lips in recent times so frequently as 'depression,' whether in relation to public or to private affairs. The historian of the future, if he had no guide but contemporary public utterances on the platform and in the Press, in his estimation of our condition in the last few years, would imagine a nation steadily sinking from great prosperity and material well-being to a state of poverty and distress. Fortunately for truth, he will have antecedent facts to enable him to set our present condition in true perspective, and he must surely be at a loss to reconcile those facts so obvious to him with our perpetual lamentations. He will be compelled to the conclusion either that we are singularly incompetent to estimate our true situation, or that we are habitually incapable of anything but complaint. For the facts will reveal a degree of material prosperity for all classes unparalleled at any time in the past and increasing at a rate surely satisfactory to all save those who wish to reach the millennium in a moment.

This may seem a revolutionary notion, yet it can only seem so because we have for so long been overwhelmed by the psychology of depression. It is probably due to the persistent propaganda of the Socialists, that all is for the worst in a capitalist organisation of society, that the notion that times have never been worse is so widespread. It is astonishing that those who oppose the Socialist doctrine so generally join in the lament, instead of proving, as they easily may, that the lament is entirely unjustified. It is high time for a bold statement that, on the contrary, times have never been better for the general body of the people, and for a vigorous proof of the statement with facts and figures that lie to hand. It may be because this is a sentimental age that we have so easily been persuaded to look back to a golden age in the past—in our careless thought the phrase 'before the war' usually describes the golden age—but if we were to substitute facts for sentiment we should discover that to regard 'before the war' or any

[1] The statistics in this article are taken from the *Annual Statistical Abstract*, from various Government publications, and in some cases have been obtained directly from the Ministries concerned. All are official Government figures.

antecedent period as materially more prosperous than the present time is simply great nonsense.

Yet it is not an easy matter to collect and display the statistical evidence of progress in such a manner that a true picture in proper perspective may be presented. It is therefore the purpose of this survey to set out under the most important heads certain statistics which will show conclusively that, by all the tests by which material prosperity is commonly assessed, there has been a continuous, substantial, and accelerating improvement in the material condition of the people of this country. The statistics will relate principally to the wage-earning and middle classes, and will bear as closely as possible on their life, work, and conditions. In most cases the latest year for which official statistics are available is 1931. This is the only reason why the year 1932 is not in every case quoted, though figures for that year are used when they are accurately available.

The headings under which the statistical evidence is set out are as follows: Health, Housing, Education, Wages and Hours, Industrial Conditions, National Insurance, Wealth (Public and Private), Social Conditions. It is not part of the argument that in any direction conditions are perfect, or even satisfactory. The argument is solely that conditions are not merely better, but substantially better than at any time in the past. The statistics have been carefully chosen to give as concisely as may be a picture at once true and graphic of the progress it is desired to illustrate.

Health

The fundamental statistic of health is the death rate. This has shown a steady decline with every recent census. In 1871 the annual death rate per 1000 of the population in the United Kingdom was 21·4, in 1891 it was 19·5, and in 1932 it was 12. But while the general death rate shows this large decline, the decline in infantile mortality is even more striking. In 1871 the infantile deaths per 1000 births was 144, in 1913 it was 108, and in 1932 no more than 65, a reduction in two generations of nearly 55 per cent. Mortality under the age of five years shows an equal improvement over the same period. These figures can be stated in another form with an even more powerful appeal. In 1871 in England and Wales the expectation of life at birth of males was 40·4 years, and of females 43·5 years. In 1921 the expectation had been extended to 55·5 and 59·5 respectively. In 1871 the young man of 20 might expect to live to the age of 59 and the young woman to the age of 61. In 1921 the span had been extended to 66 and 69 respectively. Undoubtedly, the last two generations show a pronounced tendency back to Methuselah.

Housing

Notwithstanding complaints that the housing of the population is by no means as good as it should be, the population has undoubtedly been able to spread itself more easily with each succeeding decade. In 1881 the average number of persons in each house in England and Wales was 5·4, in 1911 it was 5, in 1921 it was 4·8, and in 1931 it was 4·5. The provision of houses to avoid overcrowding is necessarily a slow process, but the figures show that it has gone on steadily, uninterruptedly, and at a reasonable rate. Since 1920, however, the provision of new houses in England and Wales has been statistically rather startling. In the decade 1923–32 the total number of new houses completed was 1,701,000. It is interesting to set this beside the increase in the population during the period 1921–31, which amounted to approximately 2,000,000. The rate of house-building, in other words, is almost equal to the rate of increase in the population. Moreover, if this rate is maintained for another thirty-five years after 1931, the total number of houses built between 1923 and 1968 would be 7,650,000, a number approximately equal to the total number of occupied houses in 1921. It is beyond all possible doubt that the rehousing of the population has never proceeded at anything like this rate at any time in the past.

Education

The statistical evidence of educational development is, as might be expected, overwhelming. The simple figures, for England and Wales, of children attending elementary schools first strike the attention. In 1851 the figure was 230,000, in 1881 it had grown to 2,863,000, and in 1932 to 5,5775,752. But in view of persistent complaints that the size of classes is too great, and that no satisfactory progress has been made towards reduction, the following table, confined to the past decade, is illuminating. It shows the number of classes at both ends of the scale of size in 1920 and in 1932:

NUMBER OF CLASSES

	With under 20 Pupils	With 20 to 30 Pupils.	With 50 to 60 Pupils.	With more than 60 Pupils.
1920 .	11,397	25,415	31,204	6,970
1932 .	12,844	29,056	7,910	76

Surely a remarkable record for a period of 'depression'! The number of elementary teachers who have been able to secure

the benefits of a full college training has also greatly increased. In 1914 the number in the teachers' training colleges was 12,807; in 1920 it was 14,259, and in 1932 it was 19,561—a 50 per cent. increase on pre-war figures.

Secondary education shows a more recent and more rapid growth. In 1914 there were 187,647 scholars in the secondary schools; in 1920 the number was 307,862, and 1932 showed an increase of well over 100 per cent. on the pre-war figure at 449,717. The number of full-time secondary school teachers had marched in consonance from 10,724 in 1914 to 16,037 in 1920, and to 21,694 in 1931. Technical education is almost a post-war development, and compared with 1914 the pupils at technical schools now show an increase from 17,000 to 56,000. The progress extends to the universities. No figures are available to make an accurate comparison with 1913–14, but ever since the war the increase in the numbers taking full-time courses at the universities has been remarkable, rising from 49,000 in 1919–20 to 62,000 in 1930–31, while during the same period the expenditure of the universities has risen from just over £3,000,000 per annum to just under £6,000,000. So if an educated nation is not being produced, lack of opportunity cannot be the cause.

Wages and Hours

It is not necessary to go back to the middle of the nineteenth century to illustrate the substantial increase in the general wage level, or to prove the assertion that, in many cases, the sum payable as unemployment insurance benefit is as great as the wage formerly received for a full working week. A comparison with 1914 is sufficient. In general the weekly wage of the manual worker in 1931 shows an average increase of 60 to 70 per cent. on 1914. This increase must, of course, be corrected for the increase in the cost of living, which in 1931 was 47 per cent. above the level of 1914. Nevertheless, when the correction is made the general wage level in 1931 was 15 per cent. higher than in 1914.

Specific instances are even more striking. The table below shows the average wages in 1914 and 1931 of certain classes of manual workers taken at random:

	1914		1931	
	s	d	s	d
Agricultural labourers .	18	0	31	4
Engineers . .	38	11	59	1
Boot and shoe operatives .	27	0	54	0
Printing trades . .	35	8	73	10
Railway engine drivers .	40	6	78	0
Railway porters . .	22	0	42	0
Labourers generally .	25	0	51	0

The railway porter's wage of 22s. in 1914, corrected by cost of living index, equalled 32s. in 1931. Even at the present reduced rate the unemployment insurance benefit payable to a man with a wife and three children is to-day 29s 3d., and at the rate prevailing in 1931 would have been 32s 3d.

At the same time as wages have increased the hours of labour have been reduced. Reduction had been proceeding slowly before 1914, but the reduction in hours between 1914 and 1931 has been at a considerably accelerated rate. Since 1914 the net reduction in the weekly hours of wage-earners has amounted to 41,300,700 hours, and this reduction has affected a net total of 6,250,395 workers. This represents a decrease in the working week of these workers of no less than 6·6 hours. Beyond this there is a large army of workers, such as those in clerical employment and in the distributive trades, whose hours have been substantially shortened, without the fact passing into the sphere of recorded statistics. Both in leisure and in the means to enjoy that leisure the position of the wage-earners compares very favourably not only with nineteenth-century conditions but also with those halcyon days immediately before the war.

Industrial Conditions

Objection may be raised to the statistics of wages on the ground that, while wages may be higher, a smaller proportion of the population are wage-earners now than in the past. Such an objection has no foundation. Each succeeding decade shows an increase in the percentage of the occupied population, as the following table shows. Exact figures are not yet available for 1931. An approximate percentage is given:

	1881	1891	1901	1911	1921.	1931
Percentage of occupied to total population:	42·8	43·9	44	44·9	45·2	46

It might be supposed that this was due to the increased employment of women. Again this is not true. For whereas the percentage relationship of occupied women to occupied men in 1881 was 43·8, in 1921, the last census for which exact figures are available, the percentage had fallen to 41·7. This increase in the number of the occupied population has had a material influence on family as opposed to individual earnings. It is the more striking in view of the enormous decrease in the employment of child and juvenile labour since 1881. It is almost certainly an underestimate to say that in 1881 10 per cent. of the total occupied population were children under the age of fifteen.

Many minor statistics may be used to illustrate the general improvement in industrial conditions, but perhaps one of the

most illuminating is the figure of industrial accidents. In 1913 the number of persons reported as killed in industrial accidents was 5158, while in 1931 the figure had fallen to 1912. Yet while the amount of compensation paid in 1913 in respect of fatal industrial accidents was £590,865, in 1931 it was £668,296. Although statistics in this respect are not a reliable guide, it would almost seem that, since the year of climax, 1926, the strike and lock-out seem to have fallen into disfavour, for the average number of days lost per year in the last five years is far lower than in any other recent year, or five-yearly period if 1926 is excluded, and compares at a figure of 4,250,000 very favourably with the 10,230,000 of 1913. It would seem, therefore, that wages are earned by more people, who are better protected against the dangers of their work and are better compensated if they fall foul of those dangers, and that the relations of employers and employed are improving and their differences resolved with fewer stoppages of work.

National Insurance

It is proper to add to the improved conditions provided by industry itself the additional security against sickness and old age, and the provision for dependants on death afforded by the various schemes of national insurance. In no direction has the position of the wage-earner improved more substantially since so recent a time as 1914. In this respect the actual money disbursed is the best indicator of the benefits received. Under the National Health Insurance schemes the benefits paid (in Great Britain) at three periods were as follows:

1914	£14,447,000
1920	£21,190,000
1932	£31,850,000

For old age pensions the figures are:

1914	£9,822,000
1920	£15,499,000
1932	£37,850,000

Since the war the Widows, Orphans, and Old Age Contributory Pensions have been instituted. The numbers participating and the amount expended in this new benefit have grown rapidly, as shown:

	Numbers benefiting.	Amount distributed
1928 . .	1,035,269	£11,048,353
1931 . .	1,659,620	£38,435,000

It is not, of course, possible to make any useful comparisons between the amount disbursed by way of unemployment benefit before the war and in recent years, for the scheme was no more than embryonic in 1914. Yet that alone is evidence that in those earlier days the unemployed worker had to rely entirely upon his own resources, whereas now he receives a substantial supplement. But statistical evidence reveals one remarkable feature of unemployment insurance history. It is common to suppose that the subvention to the unemployed worker is smaller now than in the years immediately after the war. The contrary is the case. The monthly averages of unemployed in the financial years 1922–23 and 1923–24 were 1,808,000 and 1,500,000 respectively. The amounts paid out under the Unemployment Insurance scheme was £47,880,000 and £41,880,000 respectively, giving an average paid out per head of approximately £32 in each year. For 1932 the corresponding figures were 2,789,000 unemployed and £117,870,000 paid out, giving an average paid out per head of £42, an increase on the previous years of £10. During that period, however, the cost of living index had dropped from 80 per cent. to 47 per cent. above the 1914 figures. The corrected figure for 1931–32 for comparison with the £32 of 1922–23 becomes £52 10s., with the surprising result that the average amount paid out to unemployed persons during 1932–33 (which included both 'cuts' and 'means test') was no less than 64 per cent. above the figure for 1922–23.

The consequences of these various insurance schemes compels the conclusion that the income thus assured to the wage-earner at the times formerly most difficult must be counted amongst the most important of the additions to his material and mental comfort

Wealth

The increase in public wealth is illustrated most concisely by the revenue of the national Exchequer on the one hand and the receipts of the local authorities from rates on the other hand The figures at four representative dates are as follows:

	1851–52	1881–82	1911–12	1932–33
Exchequer revenue	56,307,000	83,955,000	185,090,000	827,000,000
Rate revenue (England and Wales)	9,966,000	23,850,000	63,369,000	146,000,000

As compared with 1881–2 the 1932–3 figures represent an increase of 800 per cent., and, lest it should be objected that the real wealth represented is not the same, it is pertinent to note that, according to the official (Sauerbeck) index of wholesale prices, the index figure in 1881 was 85, while in 1932 it was 80.

There are various indices of comparative private wealth in

1931 and 1914. In 1913–14 the amount of income assessable to income tax was £951,000,000; in 1931–32 it was £2,760,000,000. In 1913–14 the number of incomes of over £5000 was 14,008; in 1930–31 it was 29,000. In 1920–21 incomes of over £2000 numbered 79,529; in 1930–31 they were 105,517. These figures represent the wealth of those who are well situated. The position of the manual workers is better indicated by the development of Post Office savings, War Savings Certificates, building societies, and industrial and provident societies. The number of open accounts in the Post Office savings banks were not materially different in 1913–14 and 1931–32. They were 9,180,950 and 9,538,363; the amount due to each depositor had, however, increased by 50 per cent. from £20 to £30. Between 1918 and 1932 the amount invested in War Savings Certificates had increased from £137,000,000 to £379,000,000. In 1913 industrial and provident societies had 3,000,000 members and £78,000,000 of assets; in 1931 they had almost 8,000,000 members and £244,000,000 of assets.

The most striking evidence of the growth of working-class capitalism is afforded by the building societies, for advances by these societies mean house-ownership by the population. In 1913 the total of advances for house purchase was £9,131,000; in 1931 it was £90,253,000. A final item of evidence, which is not confined to any class, is the steady growth of the habit of life insurance. In 1913 life insurance premiums amounted to £25,000,000, in 1920 to £41,000,000, and in 1931 to £65,000,000. These figures do not display a population on the verge of indigence and bankruptcy, but a population which, both collectively and individually, has vast resources, the continuous accumulation of which has never ceased.

Social Conditions

It is difficult to select statistics adequately to illustrate an improvement in social conditions. The figures chosen are intended to show the improvement in social habits, in the sense of citizenship, and in the care taken by the community of its destitute citizens. Nothing illustrates the sense of decency and personal responsibility more graphically than the convictions for drunkenness. The decline is startling. In 1913 the convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales numbered 188,877; in 1931 the figures had fallen to 42,343. A somewhat complementary statistic is that of illegitimacy. During the same period the illegitimate births had fallen from 37,009 to 28,026. If we look back a generation further, we find that in 1881 the illegitimate births were 42,939. Criminal statistics are apt to be misleading, but the number of persons convicted of criminal offences at

assizes and quarter sessions in England and Wales fell from 10,165 in 1913 to 7389 in 1931.

The number in receipt of poor law relief in 1931 was very high. It was higher than at any previous census, although not materially higher than the figure for 1871, and was lower than the figures for any of the years 1922–1930. The average number for England and Wales was 1,101,066. Incidentally, this figure showed an increase, but not a great increase, to 1,183,866 in 1932. In considering the 1931 figure by the side of pre-war figures it must be remembered that many now receive relief who certainly would not have received relief in those earlier years. But the striking change is in the generosity of the provision made by the community for those amongst it who are in want. In 1914 the annual amount paid to each person in receipt of poor law relief was £20, while in 1931 the equivalent figure had risen to £35.

If the figures could be calculated on the 1914 basis, it is highly doubtful whether there is at present any material increase in destitution as compared with that year, while it is quite certain that the assistance afforded to the destitute is on a much more generous scale.

Conclusions

In the statistics given above there has been no attempt to twist facts to prove a case. The facts are merely set out. Yet it is plain that a case proves itself, and with a great deal more force than the writer imagined when he set out upon this investigation. The compelling motive leading to the investigation may have its importance. Day after day the writer had listened in the House of Commons to statements on the condition of the people from the Socialist benches. The statements were usually careless, often violent, and sometimes vituperative. The condition of the industrial population had sunk, he gathered, to a depth of material degradation and poverty unparalleled in history. 'The Government,' he heard, 'were treating the unemployed like beasts and swine.' Even after allowing for a generous partisan discount, these statements seemed to be at variance with observation. The desire for truth led to an examination of evidence.

The statistical picture of our present condition, and particularly of the condition of the wage-earning classes, is remarkable. It denies utterly the suggestion that the working population have declined, or are declining, in material prosperity or in social comforts. Instead, it reveals the manual worker of to-day as one who works for shorter weekly hours for a higher weekly real wage than ever before in the country's history. The years of his life are longer, while the years of his working life are shorter. He and his family are healthier, and more of his children grow to be

adults. He is more comfortably housed. All his children enjoy a better education than was possible for him, and a much larger proportion of them pass through the secondary schools and even reach the university. In sickness, in old age, in unemployment he no longer experiences a complete cessation of income, but can look forward with certainty at all times to an income such as was formerly only available to one who had accumulated considerable capital. This assistance enables him to engage in saving to a degree impossible when the accidents of industrial life were continually making inroads on his small accumulations, and he makes good use of this new opportunity both to be an owner of real property in the form of his house and of liquid capital in the form of deposits in savings banks and similar institutions. Legislation has protected him against the dangers of his occupations, and he is now less likely to fall a victim to industrial disease or to lose his life by accident. Yet even if he does die before his time, those who are left behind, his widow and his orphans, are not left to rely solely on his savings, but are generously succoured by the State. As an industrial worker he is less easily persuaded to abandon his work to engage in strikes, just as his employer is now unwilling to lock him out. These industrial and social advantages have a further consequence on his reliability as a citizen, for he now gets drunk far more rarely than formerly, and only with the greatest difficulty is led into crime. His life, in short, has a security and a prosperity beside which the life of his Victorian grandfather, or to a lesser degree even of his Edwardian father, must seem 'nasty, brutish, and short.' Far from being the victim of decline, the manual worker in this country to-day is better off, and in most directions considerably better off, than ever before in history.

There is surely a political moral to be drawn. It is common for Socialists to implore their audience to gaze around them on the wreck of capitalism. There is no wreck. Instead, the rapid development of society in recent times has led a capitalist society to hold out such bright hopes for all its members—hopes that fifty years ago would have seemed the wildest fantasy—that we have become accustomed to relate our present condition to those hopes instead of to the experience of the past. It is the divine discontent of the capitalist which provides the Socialist with his dangerous opportunity. Is it not, therefore, time for the capitalist to cease lamenting because he cannot proceed more quickly, and instead rejoice that he can, in fact, proceed as quickly as he does? Might it not even assist the country, in its proper pursuit of more, to halt for a while to contemplate, in sober perspective, the much it has already got?

WILLIAM MABANE.

COAL AND THE FUTURE

A Socialist Plan

I suppose that most people are familiar with the facts about the coal industry. They know that production is declining, that foreign markets are unable to absorb the normal output of our exporting districts, that consumption is diminishing because of competition from other forms of fuel, that wages are low, that employment is irregular, and that the number of men employed in the industry has declined from more than 1,000,000 in 1920 to fewer than 800,000. Nor is it necessary to stress the frequency of accidents and fatalities in the pits, and the distressing disputes which occur with such regularity; these are matters constantly brought to the notice of the public through the medium of the Press and of parliamentary debates. What everyone wants to know is, how can we extend the use of our coal resources and maintain a steady and profitable price level, provide the miner with reasonable wage standards and working conditions, and absorb the bulk of those miners now unemployed—in short, how is the problem facing the coal industry to be solved?

Those who profess to believe that the depression in the industry is temporary, and that upon a revival of world trade our coal troubles will vanish, are, in my view, mistaken. It is extremely doubtful whether our exports can be substantially increased, because the productive capacity of all the coal-producing countries in Europe and elsewhere is far in excess of estimated consumption—at any rate, until a new and extended use is found for coal. Germany, Poland, Belgium, France, and the Netherlands have large stocks on hand, and would find no difficulty in increasing their output by at least 20 per cent. Russia has more than doubled her production since 1920, while the United States has an output capacity of 700,000,000 tons annually, though her present production has fallen to 500,000,000 tons owing to the depression. This important factor in the situation cannot fail to influence the price at which coal is sold on the open market. When coal-owners are constantly struggling to dispose of output in the competitive field prices inevitably fall. If the quality of the

commodity is the same, or nearly so, the difference of a few pence per ton is of vital importance to a consumer buying a large quantity, and the order will go to the coal-owner ready to sell at a cut price. To retain their export trade the owners, particularly in Great Britain, Germany, and Poland, resort to every kind of device to lower the cost of production. They equip pits with improved machinery and labour-saving appliances; this throws more miners out of employment, and at the same time puts more coal on the market. Wages are reduced, working regulations are evaded, and excessive overtime is put into operation.

But rarely do these methods produce more than temporary benefit to the coal interests of the countries concerned. If, for example, British owners, after reducing wages, or by other means, sell at lower price levels, German and Polish owners respond with further reductions. Thus the advantage is lost and new remedies must be sought. In this game of 'beggar my neighbour' the miners are certain to suffer—in further unemployment, reduced wages, and an all-round worsening of working conditions. In the inland trade a similar condition of things prevails. Before the Coal Mines Act of 1930, apart from a few spasmodic and voluntary efforts, no attempt was made to regulate output in relation to demand, or to limit competition by fixing prices. This Act, designed to facilitate the production and sale of coal, undoubtedly falls far short of what is desired to solve the problems which have confronted the industry for many years. Nevertheless, its principal features have been welcomed by a majority of owners, who claim that the creation of a Central Council of Coal-owners exercising a co-ordinating influence within the industry has invoked a measure of harmony between output and the estimated capacity of the market to absorb the product, and by eliminating district competition has maintained higher price levels.

Experience, however, has demonstrated the inherent weakness of a scheme which, although eliminating competition in a district, permits unfettered competition as between one district and another, provides no means of creating a satisfactory price level for various grades of coal throughout the whole of the coalfield, and fails to afford protection to the exporting districts. Perhaps the strongest indictment against the coal-owners is their failure to speak with one voice regarding measures capable of improving organisation within the industry. Both the late and the present Government have offered to amend the Coal Mines Act and to strengthen the hands of the Central Council if the owners could reach agreement among themselves. Yet, after three years' experience of the working of the Act, no definite proposals have emerged, and the Government is left with the alternative of amending the Act over the heads of the owners, or leaving the

industry to 'stew in its own juice.' Occasional demands by certain owners and exporters for the complete repeal of the Act may safely be ignored. Whatever defects are revealed in the existing legislation, nothing short of disaster would follow its repeal. For a brief period collieries would work to full capacity, the market would be flooded with unsaleable coal, prices would tumble headlong into unprofitable levels, the miners' wage standards would be adversely affected, and further industrial strife inevitably ensue.

The most convincing answer to the malcontents is to be found in the maintenance of the price level in face of the steady decline in production and exports. Production declined—I give round figures—from 243,000,000 tons in 1930 to 219,000,000 in 1931 and 209,000,000 in 1932, while exports show a reduction from 54,000,000 tons to 42,000,000 and 38,000,000 in the three years. Yet, on the whole, no substantial change in prices has occurred. On the other hand, to put the blame for this decline on the quota provisions of the Coal Mines Act is taking too narrow a view of the situation. The causes are to be found in world trade depression, in the increased capacity of other coal-producing countries, and in the import restrictions imposed by foreign Governments subsequent to the reversal of our fiscal policy. The trading agreements with Germany and the Scandinavian countries cannot effect more than a trifling improvement in future export movements. Modified changes in relation to imports from these countries are expected to produce concessions which may increase the volume of coal exports by, roughly, 4,000,000 tons annually. As this amount approximates to the total decline in exports in 1932, the result can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. It leaves us in the position we occupied at the beginning of that year; all we have accomplished is the partial recovery of the ground lost through the imposition of tariffs. But, fiscal policy apart, the facts do not warrant the assumption that any substantial improvement in the volume of coal exports is likely in the immediate future. This opinion, however, is not acceptable to a section of owners and exporters, who maintain that the removal of restrictions on output and prices and the relaxing of quota arrangements in respect of exports—whether by voluntary agreement or by amended legislation—would lead to the recapture of lost markets.

Meanwhile, the miners are clamouring for a renewal of the national agreement affecting wages which operated prior to 1926. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain intensely dislikes the district agreements, which terminate at varying periods. Over such agreements they are unable to exercise any supervision and consequently cannot function as a truly national organisation

Moreover, they point to the existence of similar agreements in other industries, like textiles, shipbuilding and engineering, iron and steel, and in the railway services. They fail to understand why the process can be applied elsewhere and not to the mining industry. To the owners the position is simple: there is no central body empowered to deal with wages; the Mining Association may express an opinion on other matters, but on no account will the main body of owners consent to allow the control over wage rates to pass into the hands of a central organisation. The miners respond that all they ask for is the power of correlating agreements reached locally, and of fixing increased percentages over and above district rates—if and when agreed upon—through the medium of some central organisation speaking on behalf of the whole industry. They claim that their acceptance of the 'gentleman's agreement' in July 1932 was conditioned by the Government's offer to induce the owners to agree to the creation of such a body. However, in spite of the efforts of the Mines Department, the owners remain firm and the Government is faced with the dilemma of accepting defeat or promoting legislation. But previous experience of compulsion does not warrant repetition. Under the Coal Mines Act there existed provision for the creation of a National Industrial Board to regulate wages and conditions in the industry. The Mining Association declined to join this body, and, although several independent owners volunteered their services, the Board has fallen into disuse.

There is abundant material either for legislation or for industrial strife, and, as the Government will strive to avert the latter, parliamentary action seems inevitable. Though July marked the termination of the 'Gentlemen's Agreement,' it did not prove to be the fateful month, because most of the district agreements do not expire just yet, and trouble is not expected until they run out. Thus a further opportunity for negotiation exists, and should legislation be necessary the delay will suit the Government time-table. Whether it is legislation intended to strengthen the hands of the Central Council of Coal-owners in the reorganisation of the industry, or the revival of the national process of negotiating wage rates, it will revive the complaint about political interference—always resented by a large and influential section of coal-owners.

Successive Governments have been left with no alternative in the matter. Many owners have consistently refused to play fair. They objected to legislation designed to make the pits safer, contending that they alone should be the best judges of what was best for the miner. Fortunately, the public conscience directed otherwise. Similarly with the working day: every step in the reduction of the hours of labour was bitterly contested

by them in Parliament and elsewhere. Moreover, when progressive owners sought to improve the position of the industry by promoting changes in organisation their schemes were ruined by the action of their recalcitrant colleagues. Hence the breakdown of voluntary methods and their replacement by State action, which in turn aroused intense opposition. Nevertheless, these owners are not above making demands for Government interference when their special interests are affected: witness the appeals for stern representations to those foreign Governments imposing restrictions on the entry of British coal.

Yet, whether with or without political action of the kind presently contemplated, the coal problem will defy solution. Suppose the coal-owners modernised their methods by eliminating competition, fixed uniform prices for the various grades of coal, established direct selling agencies, and concentrated on the most profitable units of production, what would be the effect? If the price level rose and could be maintained, the pithead proceeds would be higher, and in due course would be reflected in increased profits and wages. By closing down the less profitable pits more regular employment would be enjoyed by the miners working in others; instead of working three and four shifts weekly they might work five or six. Furthermore, the organisation of the industry would be improved—a desirable result from a mechanical standpoint. On the other hand, no substantial improvement in the unemployment position is likely to ensue; it may, through the closing of pits, become worse. Even if trade improved, the effect could only be felt in those pits where more regular work was provided. Therefore no organisational change alone can produce a remedy; the main problems facing the industry would remain unsolved, there would be no sensible diminution in the volume of unemployment, many mining townships would become derelict, and the stability of the price level, which affects wage rates (and peace in the coalfields), remains at the mercy of owners, who might change their minds about the matter at any moment if they cared. To provide the miners with satisfactory wages and conditions of labour, to reduce unemployment, to secure a reasonable price level for household and industrial coal, which is fair to consumer and producer alike, and to satisfy the public that our coal resources are being properly developed, and used to the fullest advantage for the whole nation, requires a more extensive measure of State action than has yet been adopted.

State acquisition of mines and minerals is, in my submission, essential. This should proceed on the basis of compensation, fair to existing owners, and imposing no unfair burdens upon the community. Morally, those royalty owners whose forbear-

assumed ownership by questionable means, or who were granted rights in land, are not entitled to compensation; but many transactions have passed since the original acquisition, and some colliery companies are now the owners of both mines and mineral rights. Anyway, it appears desirable to pay for any property acquired by the State, unless it is proposed to repudiate interest charges on the National Debt, debentures, trustee stock, and the like. But the sense of the people is against such action, and it is both unfair and impracticable to compensate for one kind of property and not for another. Subject to parliamentary enactment providing for State ownership of mines and minerals, power would be vested in a body of commissioners to acquire all minerals, discovered or otherwise, with all mines, other than those with a short lease of life, which in the discretion of the commissioners could remain in private hands.

Clearly, the administration of the industry by a Government department, with a Minister responsible to Parliament, is out of the question. The appointment of a board of commissioners possessing expert knowledge of the coal trade and large-scale commercial operations is essential, but room must be found for representatives of the workers engaged in the industry, whose experience and knowledge of labour questions would prove invaluable. The question of improving the status of the workers by means of representation is being keenly discussed in Labour circles at the present time. Some maintain that sectional interests are inimical to smooth working; others contend that workers' representatives cannot present the claims of their constituents and promote the welfare of the industry at the same time; but I imagine that if any such conflict of interests arose it would hardly be of a serious character, and even if it were, the balance of advantage is in favour of associating with the management a few experts with extensive knowledge of labour questions. To this would be added a measure of representation on a wages board, safety and health committees, and on pit committees of an advisory character.

To guard against fluctuations in prices which react adversely on the consumer a council of consumers' interests is necessary, with power to review prices and make representations to the proper quarter if any grievance should arise. Apart from questions of national policy the board in control would assume a free hand in running the industry; but in the event of a dispute between the consumers' council and the board, or between the workers and the board, upon which no agreement could be reached, the final decision must remain with the Government. It is assumed that internal competition would disappear, that uniform prices for the several grades of coal would be fixed, and

the evil practice of transporting coal over long distances discontinued. The average cost of transport is between 4s. and 5s. a ton, a burden that could be substantially reduced if price competition no longer obtained. The sale of coal from the pit-head would be conducted through selling agencies, though the experience and machinery of factors and agents could be retained—for some time, at least—operating on fixed margins of profit. In the case of household and small commercial sales, for which a large number of middlemen are now responsible, it would be essential to dispense with the services of the majority; but some of the larger concerns with efficient distributing organisation could remain—*e.g.*, factors, supplemented by municipal and co-operative agencies. In this fashion a substantial saving would be effected in distributive costs.

Financial assistance is essential for the purpose of fresh development, particularly to extend the use of coal in more efficient forms. It is an established fact that oil can be produced from coal. Upwards of 200 processes have been experimentally proved; but the difficulty is to discover a commercial solution—that is, to produce oil yielding a price at least equal to the cost of coal used, plus labour and other costs entailed in its production. So far that has not been done. Although considerable progress has been made by low-temperature carbonisation processes, the yield of gas and smokeless fuel—both competitive with coal—fails to afford reasonable ground for assuming that this method is a complete solution, even if the oil could be produced at low cost. A more promising process is hydrogenation, where the yield of oil is considerable, and where little solid residual requires to be disposed of. However, several conditions must be fulfilled before large-scale operations on this process can be undertaken. It is estimated that a minimum of £7,000,000 is required to install plant and acquire patent rights. This sum may not provide for more than a plant capable of treating 1000 tons of coal a day, yielding approximately 30,000,000 gallons of oil annually. To deal with coal treatment on an extensive scale, meeting national requirements in oil consumption, we must provide plant capable of treating 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 tons of coal every year, which involves a huge capital outlay. It is useless to expect private enterprise to find the money, and if the matter is to be handled at all the State must undertake the task. Obviously the project is one that can only be tackled step by step. Moreover, the present preferences on home-produced oil would require to be retained for some years, otherwise the pressure from imported oil would be too severe.

If these and other difficulties can be surmounted—and I believe they can—there is no doubt that the mining industry

can gain renewed vigour and provide employment for many unemployed miners. But to exercise any considerable effect on the amount of unemployment a reduced working day is essential. Apart from the burden of unemployment, existing hours in mines are much too long. In addition to the seven and a half hours of legal time there must be added the winding time, varying from seven to seventy-five minutes, the average for the country being thirty-five minutes. In many cases miners have long distances to travel to the pits, and this may involve an actual day of ten hours or more. When the nature of the work is taken into account, the hours are certainly too long and ought to be reduced. In my opinion, a six-hour day is ample, and would enable us to produce all the coal we require. In existing circumstances this means an increase in working costs, which would react adversely on wages or raise prices unduly. If, however, transport costs are reduced by shortening the distance over which coal travels, and selling agencies assist in reducing distributive charges, more of the proceeds will go into the pithead price without entailing any higher cost to consumers. In any event, coal is being sold at too low a price to many industrial consumers because of intensive competition in the trade; it would entail no sacrifice to ask them to pay more. Furthermore, when improved methods of working succeed in producing more coal with less labour, the advantages of such rationalization processes too often flow into the pockets of the owners instead of being used for the benefit of workers and consumers. Under a co-ordinated system of working the advantages would be enormously greater than at present, thus contributing to a shorter day without the need for increased prices.

In the export trade cut-throat competition among European coal-owners has forced prices down, sometimes below the cost of production, and some form of international agreement is necessary to protect the trade. I have had something to do with trying to reach agreement on these lines, but, though some progress has resulted, the obstacles in the way of success are too formidable. The most serious is the inability of British owners to reach agreement among themselves. There is no unity of purpose; and as long as the predominating motive is profit, with scanty consideration for national interests, there is little hope of promoting international unity. The German, Polish, and French Governments, and the late Labour administration each sought to induce coal interests in their respective countries to conclude an agreement which would stabilise prices at a fair level and lead to an allocation of markets, without, so far, meeting with any measure of success. The blame largely rests upon the shoulders of the British owners, many of whom hug to themselves the vain

delusion that one day they will recapture the foreign market and despise all efforts in the direction of international under-standing.

In both Germany and Poland—our chief competitors—Governments exercise a substantial measure of control over th industry, and the creation of a unified industry here would undoubtedly lead to an economic agreement between the countrie affected. Already a Convention to promote a shorter and uniform working day for the miners of Europe has been signed—though our own Government resolutely blocks the way to ratification and if Governments in the coal-producing countries of Europe ca reach agreement upon this issue, it indicates their capacity t remove other obstacles to commercial unity. Certainly one of th first acts of a nationally owned industry would be to enter int negotiations to eliminate competition in the international fiel and this would prove an important asset to our export trad particularly in relation to the price level. The object can be mor readily attained by an industry under national control than whe it is exposed to the blasts of internal competition.

My submission is that an industry unfettered by profi making considerations, concentrating all its energies on th efficient production, distribution, and use of coal, with expe management whose primary purpose is to provide a satisfactor service for the public, is a more desirable institution than th present chaotic and wasteful machine upon which we depend f our coal supplies. The alternative is a continuance of competitio fluctuating prices, reduced wages, further unemployment, dereli mining villages, and the menace of industrial disorder; and, ov and above all that, our coal resources wasted in unscientif consumption while nearly 2,000,000,000 gallons of crude ar refined oils are imported every year, much of which could l produced at home.

If those who own the industry have a plan, let them produ it. If not, they must not complain when one based on th national ownership of the industry is presented. The natio cannot afford to submit passively to the existing situation muc longer. The coal industry is of vital importance for the mainte ance of our commercial prosperity. If in its organisation defec are revealed, they must be removed, even though—in spite of t opposition of the coal-owners—State action is contemplated.

E. SHINWELL.

CLASSES FOR THE UNEMPLOYED

MANY people in this country must have listened with interest to the series of talks entitled 'S O S,' that were given over the wireless by Mr S. P. B. Mais last winter, on the subject of social work amongst the unemployed. There was an obvious need for some kind of locally organised effort for assisting our unfortunate fellow-countrymen, who, through circumstances over which they had no control, suddenly found themselves deprived of their ordinary work and occupations and obliged to support life on a bare pittance. In the North, where the need arose earlier, there were already a number of schemes in existence. The deepening of the depression last winter brought this matter home to a number of public-spirited people in the London area, and a crop of occupational and other centres sprang up there. The latest figures issued by the London Council for Voluntary Occupation during Unemployment, the co-ordinating and advisory body that has come into existence to further this movement, gives 200 as the total number of centres now in existence in the area of Greater London. These have a total membership of some 80,000, and as there are not less than 200,000 unemployed in this area it is obvious that there is ample room for expansion. The movement has arisen in typically British fashion, spontaneously in answer to a pressing need, and the schemes vary in accordance with local possibilities and ideas. I propose to give an account of the working and inception of one with which I have been intimately connected, together with some ideas as to the scope of this work and its place in the scheme of things, gathered as a result of this association.

I was asked by a friend last October if I would be willing to take a class in Current Events in connection with an educational scheme for unemployed men at the Working Men's College, St. Pancras. I greeted the proposal without any great enthusiasm, but I accepted because I did not see how anyone who could spare the time could, in decency, refuse such a request. I was co-opted on to the committee running the classes, and I can honestly say that I have found the work to be of absorbing interest. Our scheme was located in the Working Men's College, an old-estab-

lished institution for adult education that has been running evening classes for working men for over three-quarters of a century, and we decided to run afternoon classes in various subjects for unemployed men over eighteen years of age. We recruited our teaching staff by the process that can be best described as 'beating around,' getting in touch with persons likely to help and asking them to give their services on a voluntary basis, or, in default of that, to put us in communication with somebody else who could help. This is perhaps a better method than advertising in the Press. Everything depended on getting the right type of person for this work, as it might prove difficult later on, to get rid of enthusiastic but unsuitable voluntary helpers. Teachers who were temperamentally or otherwise unsuited for the work might do untold harm. Men teachers obviously have a natural advantage in dealing with unemployed men, but it is generally difficult to obtain their services in the afternoons, and we have found that many of our women teachers have produced good results. It is largely a matter of personality.

The original students were informed of the scheme by means of notices posted at the local labour exchanges or through the good offices of evening students at the college. Since then additional teachers and students have been enrolled, chiefly o the snowball principle. Now after ten months of work we have some forty teachers on our panel and over 500 students. As regards finance, we recognised that this must be a work of faith. We started off with a small sum raised by voluntary subscription, sufficient to cover the inevitable preliminary expenses of stationery, printing, stamps and so forth, and we worked on the principle that, if we delivered the goods, the funds would be forthcoming. Our faith has, so far, been justified. We have never been handicapped in our development by lack of the essential finances, and we would like to take this opportunity of thanking those generous people who have risen to the occasion when our need has been most pressing.

The original objective that we set before us was to help the men to cope with their problem of enforced leisure. Unemployment sprang from causes outside our control as well as theirs. One might hold any views, or none, as to the best means of tackling this primary problem; but nothing could alter the fact that they found themselves with time on their hands, that most of them had neither the knowledge nor the means to turn it to any useful purpose, and that it was, to say the least of it, highly improbable that this state of affairs would alter in the immediate future. Paradoxically enough, excess of leisure had become a curse, and our object was to provide a means of enabling them to turn it to good account, either by taking up some subjec

such as a foreign language, shorthand, typing or book-keeping, that might be of practical assistance to them, or some other more academic subject that they had hitherto never had the leisure to pursue, and which would provide them with a new interest.

One of the first things that we did was to hold a general meeting of all the students and explain these objects to them, asking for any suggestions as to additional subjects that they wanted. Apart from the inevitable humorist, who got up and demanded to know 'What's behind all this?', the results were very encouraging, and we got a number of useful suggestions. One of the results of this meeting was that four men came up and volunteered to edit and run a magazine for the classes. This is still appearing regularly, and is a very flourishing concern. The labour involved in getting out several hundred copies of an eight-page magazine, using only an ordinary duplicating machine, is considerable, but there has never been any lack of volunteers to assist in the work. I mentioned our humorist partly because it always happens that in the initial stages of any venture of this kind someone makes an attempt to 'try it on'. There is something about an academic atmosphere that seems to induce this form of humour. But anyone who knows his job should find no difficulty in competing with this sort of thing. The other reason why I mention this incident is to bring out the fact that, at first, we had to compete with a considerable amount of quite genuine suspicion on the part of the men. There was an underlying feeling that there must be a catch somewhere, and that those attending our classes might be penalised by the labour exchanges and the public assistance committees. In my own class I found considerable difficulty at first in getting the men to sign the attendance list. I know this suspicion to be entirely unwarranted, but it still persists to a certain extent, and, I suppose, will only be entirely eradicated when these centres become established features recognised by custom.

In addition to our other classes, we found it essential to give facilities for physical training and gymnastics. Many of the men who came to us were far from fit, in most cases more on account of mental depression and lack of exercise than actual under-nourishment, though there were cases of this, too. We were unable to obtain the services of a voluntary instructor, and we had to engage a man and trust that we should be able to find the funds to pay him. We were fortunate in getting hold of the right stamp of man, who knew how to lead his class and not drive them—barrack-square methods lead one nowhere with unemployed men. The gymnasium has proved very popular, and most of our new students now pass through it before deciding what classes they want to attend. That they do actually pass on

to the classes is shown by the fact that at the end of last winter, when we were still enrolling students fast, a census showed that only 10 per cent. were attending the gymnasium without having taken up some other class or subject. As our classes lasted from 2.30 to 5.0, we decided to provide teas for the men at 3.30. We found that we could give them a cup of tea and a biscuit or a piece of cake for a penny without making a loss. The men themselves now do all the work connected with the teas.

The following is a list of the classes and activities that we have been able to provide up to date (the figures are for average attendances):—

Languages.—English (including literature), 16; French, 19; German, 21; Spanish, 7; Russian, 11.

History.—History of London, 11; Industrial History, 20.

Economics.—Theory of Economics. Lectures on economic subjects, 25.

Science and Mathematics.—Wireless Science, 10; 'The World of Life' (biology), 10; Popular Engineering; Arithmetic.

Current Events.—'Human Problems of To-day,' 18; 'The World To-day,' 15 (both consisting of a consideration of present-day conditions, the former primarily in the economic sphere, the latter in that of foreign politics).

Commercial Subjects.—Shorthand, Typing, Book-keeping, Business Management, Salesmanship.

Law.—Law in everyday life, 10.

Art.—Drawing, 16; and Painting.

Dramatic Art.—Play Reading, 13; and Play Production (students produced *The Lost Silk Hat*, by Lord Dunsany).

Music.—Appreciation of Music, 31; Part Singing, Community Singing; Piano; Orchestra of unemployed professional musicians, 40.

First Aid.—Nine students out of class of ten passed St. John's Ambulance Certificate.

Athletics, etc.—Physical Training, gymnastics, boxing, cricket, running, swimming; Camp (a fortnight's holiday camp attended by 50 students in July).

Gardening.—Flower-growing (a small piece of waste ground was obtained and laid out as an ornamental garden by the students; it has been impossible, so far, to obtain land for allotments, although we are very keen on starting these).

The attendance at classes has tended to fluctuate, but this is inevitable in work of this kind. Men are constantly obliged to absent themselves in the search for jobs, and, happily, sometimes get them. But the figures show that there is sufficient demand for all the above subjects to warrant their inclusion in our programme for next season, providing instructors are availabl

It is particularly interesting to note the high attendances at classes such as economics, industrial history, and current events. My experience with my own class showed that there was a real desire on the part of the men to try and get to the bottom of the causes of the depression. They had obviously been trying to think matters out for themselves. In view of the ill-informed nature of much of the comment on current events that appears in the popular Press to-day, I think this is a very hopeful sign.

The popularity of the class in appreciation of music is noteworthy. This was partly due to the personality of the woman who took it. But I think it was also due to the fact that the men had a real love for and appreciation of good music. The idea that we are an unmusical race is a complete fallacy. Our orchestra needs a word of explanation. One or two of the men who came to us originally were unemployed musicians, and what they wanted more than anything else was an opportunity of playing, and thus keeping their mouths or their fingers supple. Most of them had been out of work for some time, and both they and their neighbours were heartily sick of the sound of exercises on the trombone or violin carried on in their lodgings. Mr. Charles Hambourg, the musical director of the Working Men's College, offered to form and conduct an orchestra. We now have a very successful orchestra of fifty players, all of them experienced musicians who have played in orchestras before. We gave a series of orchestral concerts in the college last winter, which were very successful, and we hope to do even better in the coming winter. Here again, apart from his great ability as an artist and a conductor, it is the personality of Mr Charles Hambourg that we have to thank for our success.

The following table, which gives the normal occupations of our students, may be of interest —

Domestic Trades	44[1]	Salesmen, Travellers and Shop Assistants	36
Engineering, etc	45	Typists and Clerks	75
Building Trades	24	Musicians	50
Telephone Trades	3	Store and Stock Keepers	16
Music Trades	6	Warehousemen and Packers	12
Railway Workers	8	Carpenters and Joiners	24
Printing Trades	7	Woodcarvers, Designers and Draughtsmen	14
Wireless Trades	5	Furnishing and Decorating Trades	25
Theatre and Cinema	3	General Labourers	23
Tailoring Trade	8	Miscellaneous	30
Barmen	5		
Blacksmiths	3		
Motor Mechanics and Drivers	22		

[1] Three stewards, ten waiters, seven cooks, two messengers, three footmen, nineteen porters

Apart from the musicians, who are something of a 'peculiar people,' 72 per cent. of our students were manual workers and 28 per cent. 'black-coated.' As regards ages, 70 per cent. were thirty years old or younger. Our experience shows that many manual workers are glad to take up and study some academic subject which, in the ordinary way, one would imagine to be quite outside their purview. I think that in many cases men may have found something, through these classes, which will provide a new interest in life for them, and which they will not readily drop when they get back into regular employment. Several of our old students have enrolled in the evening classes at the Working Men's College. In my own class I have had men of every type and age, and we have never had any difficulty as regards the different classes of workers, manual and 'black-coated,' getting on with one another. The attendance at classes is, of course, governed by the conditions of unemployment, and it is inevitable that this will not be as regular as it would be in evening classes or schools. From the point of view of the teacher, this is a factor that must be reckoned with, and it undoubtedly demands a somewhat peculiar technique. The principle on which we have worked is to give our teachers as free a hand as possible. The secret of success lies in the personality of the teacher and in his (or her) ability to interest the man in a subject, so that he can be relied on to go on with the work in his own time. We are hoping to make use of examinations to give students an object to work for, but this, again, is left entirely to teachers. Any formal introduction of examinations would be a mistake—certainly at this stage.

When our initial organisation problems had been solved and the classes were going concerns, we began to get to know the individual men better. At first one could not fail to be struck with their outward cheerfulness in the very trying circumstances in which they found themselves. But when their reserve was broken down one began to see something of what was going on under this brave exterior. As one man put it to me: 'It's all very well; I come here and forget it while I am doing something, but right down inside I have a feeling of utter hopelessness, and I wonder if I shall ever get a job again.' Another man said: 'If I was an employer I wouldn't take myself on. I feel as though I had lost confidence in my own powers.' Anybody who has tried looking for a job will realise what these men felt. The constant search, always ending in failure, is an extraordinarily demoralising process.

I have said that the original task that we set ourselves was to help the men to compete with their 'leisure problem,' recognising that in their main difficulty—the fact that they were unemployed—we were quite unable to assist them. We began to wonder

whether, even if we could not find work for them, we might be able to improve their 'employability.' A man who has 'got his tail down' is obviously in a worse position when it comes to getting a job than someone who has a certain amount of self-confidence. The problem thus resolved itself into this question: was it possible to restore some of this essential quality? We accordingly set about endeavouring to do this by making the classes as far as possible self-governing, and by organising outdoor and indoor games and sports against other centres. We formed a working committee of the students, and we made this body responsible for discipline, the running of the teas and so forth, and we were able to place a certain amount of clerical work upon its shoulders. We sent out members of this committee to get in touch with other centres, and with neighbouring factories, to challenge them to box, run, play cricket, etc., against us. It is too early to judge whether or not we have been successful in our object, but if we are right in thinking that self-confidence can be stimulated by this means the signs are hopeful. The working committee is a very flourishing concern, and it takes its duties seriously.

In the athletic field we have done well. We have won several boxing matches, and a team of our men won an athletic competition for which we entered against five other teams composed of Rover Scouts. In getting in touch with other local centres we found several where manual work of various kinds, such as carpentering, was being done by unemployed men, and we established a liaison with some of these, so that their men could attend our classes and our men could employ some of their time in handwork.

We found that attendances tended to fall off in the summer, owing to men getting seasonal work and to various other causes, and at the present moment we have only a few classes going. The decision whether to keep their class running or not was left to individual teachers. We hope to start up all the classes again at some date in the middle of September. Our final activity during this first season was a summer camp, which was attended by fifty of our students. This was a great success, and has done a lot to further the sense of *esprit de corps* that we have been endeavouring to instil into them. Besides the ordinary camp duties the time was taken up in games and sports and in visits to various farms, where the men were able to get an idea of what work on the land entailed. Several of them had never been outside London before. The camp was made possible, from the financial point of view, by the generosity of a local resident (who placed the site at our disposal), of a tent manufacturing company that lent us the tents, and of the railway company which provided cheap transport. Even so, it represented a considerable item in our budget, but it was well worth while.

Of course, in this early stage our work has been largely experimental, but our experience during the short time that the classes have been running has shown, without any doubt, that they were appreciated and were meeting a real need. There will in al probability be a considerable increase in the number of centres available for the unemployed in the coming winter. This being so, I think it is worth while considering the work in its more general aspects. It may not be generally recognised that when a man loses his job he loses a great deal more than the monetary difference between his pay and the dole. The unemployed man may very often be hard put to it to make both ends meet, but he is in most cases far worse hit by the fact that he finds himsel with unlimited time on his hands, without having the slightes idea of what to do with it. The ordinary comparatively well-to-do person, who finds himself with time on his hands, can generally find some means of employing it. But in ninety-nin cases out of a hundred he has to spend money to do so. Even th doing of odd jobs about the house costs money, and that i precisely what the unemployed man cannot afford. Thus th first effect of unemployment is virtually to condemn a man t enforced idleness. He is in very much the same position as prisoner of war, the principal difference being that the barbe wire and the sentries that keep him in his prison camp ar invisible. But they are none the less real for that. Th next thing that happens to an unemployed man is that he begin to lose one by one his associations, affiliations, and friends. H loses the comradeship of his factory or place of work. In man cases he loses his trade union affiliation, either from apathy o because he cannot afford to keep up his subscription. Finally, h frequently loses his friends as well, because the constant unsucces ful search for work makes a man utterly miserable, and th natural reaction of men when miserable is to become churlis and to avoid the society of their fellows. Most of them have th sensation of being hit by something the nature of which they c not understand, and in the circumstances it is not surprising th 'the system' comes in for a good deal of criticism. It is difficu to deny that 'the system' is open to criticism; but mere unco structive criticism leads nowhere and only embitters. The on thing one can say to these men is: 'We recognise that the situ tion is a grim one, and you can hold any views you like, or non at all, about "the system" itself and everything under the su But the fact remains that if you sit down and do nothing yo will inevitably deteriorate physically, mentally and moral We offer you the chance of keeping yourself fit and ready f whatever fate may have in store.' Taken in this way, they a extraordinarily reasonable.

The incidence of unemployment varies very much in different districts and in different trades. In the North of England it is far more widespread than in the South, and in country districts it is met with in far more manageable proportions. In every case the problem requires different treatment. In the North there are already a large number of centres, and in some of them the men themselves have actually undertaken and carried out work of one kind or another which was of use to the community in which they lived, but which was unremunerative from the commercial point of view and would otherwise never have been done. Examples of such work are the making of a public park or a club-house for an unemployed centre. The materials are found by the municipality or by private subscription and the men give their labour. The Mayor of Guildford actually solved the unemployment problem of his town last winter in a somewhat similar fashion. He found that there were on the books of the labour exchange something like 600 local unemployed men. He raised a work fund and undertook the building of various amenities, including an open-air swimming bath, badly needed by the town. In this case sufficient funds were raised to enable the men to be paid for their labour. In the case of London the problem is different again. The majority of men do not remain unemployed for any great length of time; three months seems to be the average period. In this case their requirements appear to be met best by a variety of centres. In addition to educational and occupational centres there are some that are purely recreational. The ideal arrangement would seem to be that the man should be given facilities for education and handwork in addition to recreation. All three are equally important, and the best results can probably be obtained by individual centres filling the need for which they are most suited and establishing a contact with other local centres of a different type.

The Prince of Wales laid down the right lines for the movement for helping the unemployed by insisting on the necessity for 'breaking it up into little pieces.' The problem of every locality is a different one, and the men are best served by schemes that spring up spontaneously in answer to the particular need of a given neighbourhood. There is ample room for ingenuity and innovation; there can be no 'sealed pattern' in this kind of work. The only requirements that a scheme must fulfil are that it should serve the interests of the men and that it should not interfere with the interests of other men who are still in employment. Given these preliminary requirements, everything depends on the personality of those who undertake the running of a scheme. If the men are handled in the right way there is no limit to the results that can be achieved. One of the sayings

attributed to Napoleon is: 'There are no bad soldiers. There are only bad colonels.' This is essentially true of men all the world over, whether they be soldiers or civilians. What most of these men are looking for is a lead, and when they are given this the response is certain.

There seems little doubt that a large part of our unemployment is due to improvement in machinery and in machine technique. One of the results of the depression has been to force harassed factory managers to overhaul their whole organisation with a view to reducing costs. The effect of this, in many cases, has been that staffs have been cut to a minimum. The permanent staff has been reduced to the men occupying 'key' positions. For the rest, the labour exchange can be relied on to supply as much unskilled labour as is required when the orders come in. Thus, in the South of England, where, unlike the North, whole trades have not been knocked out by the depression, factories tend to rely more and more for their labour requirements on a 'pool of labour' administered by the labour exchanges. The unfortunate men who find themselves in this pool have lost most of the contacts and affiliations on which they relied to supply the social side of their life. It would seem that the real place of this movement in the scheme of things is to provide them with the means of turning their enforced leisure to some useful purpose, and at the same time to provide them with a social centre where they can meet their fellows and make their friends. To get the best value out of this work it is essential to cultivate some kind of *esprit de corps*, and this is best done by means of organised games and sports. It is extremely unlikely that, even if the depression lifted to-morrow, this tendency towards a pool of labour would suddenly be reversed. That being so, I think it is not too much to say that this movement constitutes a social experiment of very real and far-reaching importance.

B. T. REYNOLDS

THE HUMANITARIAN SPIRIT

In August 1833 Parliament passed the famous Act abolishing slavery within the King's dominions. The centenary suggests the need for some historical stock-taking and for weighing the achievements and the prospects of the humanitarian ideal. There will be a natural inclination, and up to a point a proper one, to dwell on the progress effected in and after that almost miraculous effort of our great-grandfathers. But it is equally important to remember that it has by no means been victory all along the line; there have been reverses and withdrawals as well as advances.

In 1841 it was calculated that there were just under 6,500,000 slaves in Christian countries, and at least as many again in non-Christian countries. To-day it is estimated that there are between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 persons living in slavery. Numerically, a century of abolitionist struggle has succeeded in reducing the evil to something less than half its old dimensions. In the process it has induced most of the Governments of the civilised world to follow Britain's example in putting at least a paper embargo on slavery and the slave-trade, although, significantly enough, the attempt to raise the whole question of "securing the complete suppression of slavery in all its forms and of the slave trade by land and sea," still meets with plenty of opposition in the Assembly of the League of Nations. Still, the campaign has, on the whole, shifted from a national to an international basis. The opposition at the League has been overridden to this extent, that by an Assembly resolution of 1932 a permanent Anti-Slavery Commission, with which the United States is associated, was set up and stands pledged to carry on the campaign until its final objective is attained. So far so good. Here is solid improvement, and it is right to give full and grateful recognition to it. But it would be a grave mistake to suppose, as many are apt to, that the main battle is won, that the world has been made safe for a humanitarian ideal which must realise itself automatically with the mere lapse of time, and that it is now only a matter of mopping up outlying pockets of slavery in non-Christian areas whose backwardness the pundits of Geneva will gradually correct.

There is no need to stress the point, important though it is, that Geneva itself is dependent on organised and vocal opinion throughout the world. What does call for emphasis is that the abolition of slavery has been followed by an enormous spread of various types of serfdom, which, though not slavery, are closely analogous to it. The history during the last sixty or seventy years—of Polynesia, South America, China, India, and Africa—abounds with examples. To take Africa as a typical instance, it is no doubt true that some of the worst abuses which accompanied and followed the rape of the continent by European Powers in the 'eighties and 'nineties have been mitigated in recent years. In parts which have remained comparatively free from the bane of white settlement and capitalist exploitation some beginnings of an ordered system are being made. But up and down all Eastern and Southern Africa, except for parts of Uganda and Tanganyika, the bulk of the native populations lives in a state either of neo-feudal villenage with a minimum of rights and a maximum of obligations, or of the rudest type of what Marx called wage-slavery. If British policy in Africa has led to these results, the policies of other colonising Powers give no better grounds for complacency. The fact is that the reform of 'conditions analogous to slavery' to-day constitutes a graver practical problem even than the abolition of what remains of slavery itself. The slavery question has passed into that of the whole treatment of subject races. The crucial problem is not that of getting non-Christian slave-owners to toe the Emancipators' line; it is the far more difficult one of purging the policies of conquering nations who regard themselves as apostles of enlightenment.

It is not possible here to describe in detail the forms which the new native serfdom in Africa, for instance, assumes. But two characteristic examples may be given. For the first let us take the position of native labour in the Transvaal gold mines. Some two-thirds of the total labour force is in normal times either recruited or 'assisted'—*i.e.*, enlisted under some kind of pressure or enticement. At the mines themselves the workers are segregated under the strictest surveillance and, on the average, for ten months at a time in 'compounds,' which in many ways curiously resemble the *ergastula*, or slave-penitentiaries, of Augustan Rome. This unnatural arrangement leads to serious social evils which nice-minded people prefer to leave to the imagination rather than to discuss or to mend. The worker's movements outside the mine premises are closely restricted by the pass system, and he is cut off from all the more desirable jobs and from any kind of progressive career by the ubiquitous colour bar. Industrial organisation on trade union lines is a criminal offence. In the forty years which have seen the rise of South

Africa from backward agriculture to industrial prosperity the wages of native miners have markedly decreased, until their real wages to-day are worth roughly one-third of what they were in 1896. On the average, native wages are about one-eighth of those paid to white underground workers. The mines thus well illustrate the common rule of mixed societies in Africa, that the richer a country grows, the smaller becomes the native share of the increasing wealth. No doubt the main features of the Transvaal system will be reproduced in Kenya, if and when a gold-mining industry is established there on the lines contemplated by the Colonial Office.

For the second example the Native Service Contract Act, passed by the South African Parliament in 1932, will serve. Before glancing at the provisions of this charter of slavery, as it has been called, it is well to mention that it is aimed directly at the large class of natives (numbering about two millions) who live either as squatters or labour tenants on European-owned farms in the Transvaal and Natal. It seeks to tie them to the land on which they are domiciled, as serfs, in the literal sense, of the owners. But coming as it does as the latest, though probably not the last, of a long series of steps designed to put control of the personal movements of natives in the hands of European employers and their representatives, it will have an important effect on the whole unskilled labour market, flooding it with labour it cannot absorb and still further depressing wages at a time when economic crisis has already driven thousands of rural natives to offer to work for nothing but their board and lodging.

The Act makes every adult male native of the class mentioned liable to render unpaid service to his landlord for a period to be specified but not to exceed six months in each year. So long as this maximum is not exceeded, the owner is entitled to call upon his tenants for labour as and when he likes, and particularly at such intervals (*e.g.*, a fortnight on and a fortnight off) as would make it impossible for them to go elsewhere in search of paid employment. Natives whose labour is surplus to the owner's requirements are, on the other hand, to be driven out into the labour market by means of a tax of £5 a head a year in respect of adult males who shall not have rendered service on the farm for the full period specified. The object, of course, is to give the farmer the first refusal of all rural native labour outside the reserves, and to circulate what he does not need to other European employers so as to swell and cheapen the general supply. In terms of the Act no male native may be employed outside the farm on which he resides, unless he carries a document from the farmer permitting him to seek employment. Even then the employment may only last as long as the farmer cares to specify.

The Act, in a word, gives the farmer control over the time and movement of all his tenants and their dependants, and even empowers him to decide whether or not paid work should be open to them. True, it is technically an offence for a farmer to refuse to provide the required document in respect of a period for which a native is not legally obliged to render service to him; but the onus of protecting himself is upon the native, who is in no position to litigate against his master, and knows well enough that, if he tries to do so, eviction at three months' notice will be his only reward.

A further singular provision is that the head of a native household can enter into a service contract on behalf of any member of his household under eighteen, whether male or female, and whether consenting or not. A principle of vicarious responsibility is thus reintroduced which is quite foreign to criminal law, and which was, as it happens, expressly illegalised by an Act previously passed at the instance of General Hertzog's Government—the Masters and Servants Law (Transvaal and Natal) Amendment Act of 1926. But the present Act not only enables a native tenant to bind unwilling members of his family to service to a master; it also enables the master to evict the entire native household if one of its members fails to fulfil the contract—even when the contract has been made for such member by someone else against his will. By providing also for the legal recognition of oral contracts the Act in effect gives the land-owner power to impose what terms he likes upon his labour tenants and all members of their families. Another section validates contracts making native boys and girls between the ages of ten and eighteen liable to any kind of work in any part of the Union. They are not merely to do farm work while living at home. A farmer will thus be able to buy a cheap strip of drought-stricken and malarial land, dump down on it as many native families as it will hold, and then draft this private proletariat, as required, to wherever he happens to be carrying on farming operations. This is already a fairly common practice among farmers of the high veld, but the Act empowers them to compel a native to do that for which his consent has hitherto been necessary. What is more, there is nothing in the Act to prevent landowning companies, and others, from hauling their younger tenants by force to the towns to work for their industrial concerns unpaid. The section is, of course, calculated to deprive farm natives as a class of effective schooling. It also deprives them of the benefit of existing legislation designed to protect child life. After all this, it is bathos to add that a breach of contract is a criminal offence, for the tenant but not for the owner, and punishable by imprisonment with hard labour. The

crime, one may note, consists not simply in failing to pay rent, but in failing to pay rent by means of personal labour in the landlord's service. Brutality is added to mere oppression by the provision that if a native male 'appears to be' under eighteen, he may be flogged in addition to any other penalties inflicted on him. Nothing is said of penalties for the employer, or of compensation for injured parties, when the employer fails of his obligations under a contract.

The system of villeinage which the Native Service Contract Act seeks to consolidate and extend in South Africa is not peculiar to that country, though the exploiting interests may have acted with more hardihood there than in some other places. Its leading principles are already enshrined in the various Masters and Servants Ordinances and related legislation and regulations which are in force in Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Kenya, and even Uganda and Tanganyika. Nor would it be difficult to quote parallels from Asia and South America.

There is a rough truth in the judgement that, while the theory of society among the ancients presupposed slavery as the submerged foundation of civilised order, the presupposition of modern theory is that civilised communities are self-sustaining and their members free men, no matter what detailed encroachment by public authority on individual licence may be made for the sake of national discipline and co-ordination. But the truth is of limited application in respect of the moderns. Western man has never shown much compunction in imposing slavery on races which were neither white-skinned nor Christian. It may be said that since 1833 things can never be quite the same again, and that slavery, provided it is recognised as such, has become impossible under the rule of progressive peoples. The proviso is as important as the main clause, for the perceptual apparatus by which Europeans detect slavery in non-Europeans is not yet very sensitive. Doubtless 'racial tyranny, where it exists, is nowadays defended as being in the best interests of the natives.' Ostensibly that criterion is common to the modern slave-driver and the humanitarian alike. But its acceptance shows that the slave-driving spirit has lost its ingenuousness, not its strength. On the whole, Western civilisation sees nothing odd or undesirable in brown men, black men, yellow men, living in virtual slavery, and slavery to itself, *as long as their condition is not called slavery*. The italics represent the chief psychological change effected by 1833. Our ideas of who is naturally qualified for slavery may differ somewhat from those of the Greeks and Romans; we retain their foible of keeping one sociological theory for 'citizens' and another for 'barbarians.'

The progress of the Industrial Revolution and the colonising

activities of Western man in the hundred years since Emancipation suggests that there is still little limit to the pain which men are willing to inflict on men for the sake of gain. The mere words 'Congo' and 'Putumayo' are evidence enough. And, though in some aspects the Congo and Putumayo cases may have been exceptional, we should not forget that in their general character they were typical also; they can be matched in all essentials by numerous examples from Queensland, British Africa, German Africa and Portuguese Africa, to go no further afield. Western civilisation is 'progressive' in its command over Nature, but perhaps in no other way. Its restive collective egoism tends to assume more and more that the meat is more than the life. Nevertheless, the fact that exploitation admits a point at which brutality is liable to jeopardise profits implies the existence of a body of opinion which brutality is capable of shocking, and that this opinion is influential enough for exploitation to have to take it into account. This in turn implies that Western thought is still engaged in the age-long struggle towards a shift of emphasis which will afford full scope to the conception of what man can be in virtue of the elements, commonly called divine, that are immanent in his total nature. The history of civilisation is largely the record of the slow energising of this conception—its effort to win over, by its own plastic and persuasive stress, the heart and mind of mankind to its effective entertainment. Were human nature a fixed shape, cast in a final mould and containing no latent but unrealised possibilities, such an effort would evidently be doomed to failure from the start. Fortunately, the laws of Nature, including human nature, do not manifest themselves as static enactments imposing unalterable patterns on the course of events. Rather the laws themselves arise from the customary communal character—one might almost say the statistical character—of the occasions which exemplify them. Thus, as Plato taught and Professor Whitehead has reminded us, even human beings can play their part in 'conditioning nature by the inherent persuasiveness of ideas. . . . Progress consists in modifying the laws of nature so that the Republic on earth may conform to that Society to be discerned ideally by the divination of Wisdom.'

Plato's theory of the soul included the belief that human nature comprises a divine character, which is rationality, and that man is essentially human just when and just because he is essentially divine. For the first time in the history of thought, as far as we know, the theory brought out into the clear light of intellectual apprehension moral premises that involve the conclusive condemnation of slavery. It led straight to the Kantian doctrine that all rational beings, since they are capable of

morality, ought to be treated as ends, and never merely as means. What is historically more important, early Christianity recognised the Platonic theory's kinship with its own profoundest impulses and quickly digested most of it. By that fusion were provided once for all a standard for measuring failure in human conduct and social organisation, and an accompaniment of enduring hope for every intuition of perfection This standard and this hope together have acted as what Professor Whitehead calls the gadfly of civilisation. They have been, and in spite of all transient eclipses still are,

> a deep-hidden driving force that haunts
> The straining world from conscience's first birth
> Through to the day of judgement; it implants
> A critical, reforming discontent,
> Yet quickens life with the expansive bent,
> The transcendental quest for which it pants.

The force of the new idea found no revolutionary application either in Plato's time or in that of early Christianity. But it was at work partly as yeast slowly raising the dough, as it were, in secret, partly, after the manner of great ideas in their youth, as a virus conferring on society some immunity from the infection's full attack. We may recall that St. Peter had a vision in Joppa, and on the following day visited Cornelius the centurion at Caesarea, to whom he bore witness how God had shown him that he should not call any man common or unclean. Peter became a strong opponent of the current racial and ceremonial prejudices of the Jews, and thereby split the nascent Church. During the whole life of the Roman Empire the idea was present as a potential threat to the existing order. So far as it was recognised as such, it no doubt called forth the natural repressionist reaction; but also, by the critical activity of small groups of penetrating minds, it was effecting gradual changes in men's notions of ethics, religion, politics, and law.

In practice, the Roman world showed a strong general trend in the direction of cosmopolitanism and the supersession of class divisions and local and national antipathies. The circumstances of the age, as well as some phases of its spirit, were ripening mankind for the doctrine of universal brotherhood preached first by the Stoics at least as early as Cicero, and later by Christianity. The attitude to animals is always an important test of the genuineness of humanitarianism; and it is worth remembering that Plutarch, at the end of the first century A.D., was probably the first wholehearted champion of humanity to animals for its own sake and apart from any reference to the doctrine of metempsychosis. The theory of a *jus naturale*, taking within its purview not only citizens and free men but all mankind and even all

setback, not of growth, for humanitarianism. When the Church elected to crush Lollardy rather than absorb it, it ranged itself definitely on the side of reaction, and became thenceforward more a conservative than a creative agency. With the suppression of the peasants' movement in Richard II's reign the struggle of the mediæval spirit towards democracy and freedom finally failed. On the Continent the spiritual power showed little sign of recovery from the exhaustion and loss of prestige which its long contest with the imperial house of Hohenstaufen in the thirteenth century had cost it. Throughout Europe the Church was slowly abdicating from spiritual leadership during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and sinking back into a life of privilege unbalanced by function—the kind of idolatry that consists in the acceptance of prevalent ideas. The old dream of united Christendom was giving way to new notions of national self-sufficiency, and the mediæval conception of a nation as a moral unit playing its part as a pious member of the human family to the Machiavellian conception of an international anarchy in which each group scrambled for aggrandisement at the expense of the rest. The way was being cleared for the Reformation and for the lusty paganism, the adventurous greed, of the Renaissance.

With the Renaissance the modern world begins to take shape—the world of big business, standardised production, wholesale trade, ocean-going shipping, capitalist finance, banking and credit systems, violent fluctuations in the value of money, large-scale pauperism, glutted labour markets, and perpetual unemployment. It is significant that colonial expansion and the negro slave trade enter the stage at the same time. While humanitarian rationalism was being translated into practical politics by Akbar in India, its dwindling band of champions in Europe—men like Erasmus and Thomas More—were seeing their ideas steadily submerged beneath the flowing tide of acquisitive materialism. The nations of the West accepted the status of slaves of their destiny and playthings of blind forces. Commercial morality began to displace Christian ethics as the accepted criterion of conduct. The Protestant Churches, soon sliding into the same idolatrous courses to which the fifteenth century had seen the pre-Reformation Church given over, devoted their energies chiefly to ecclesiastical politics, dogmatic quarrels, and the persecution of their critics.

The first reaction against the Renaissance spirit took the crabbed and fascistic form of Puritanism. The epoch of Puritanism's political triumphs proved, on the whole, barren and destructive. But it made an enduring impression on the mentality of the English people by reintroducing a temper of moral earnestness which gave promise of beneficial social results, if ever it should find an adequate intellectual base to work from. Such a

base was eventually afforded by the sceptical, humanitarian movement of the eighteenth century, under whose aegis the notions of freedom, brotherhood, and the dignity of man re-emerged into self-assertive life. It was, primarily, a French movement (Voltaire and Rousseau were its most notable intellectual leaders, and the French Revolution was its practical climax); but it was directly descended from English thought of the previous century as represented by such philosophers as Bacon, Newton and Locke, and it was in England that its effects in relation to slavery in the legal sense were first seen. Coincident with the age of reason and the rights of man, or close on its heels, came the beginnings of a formidable emotional revival. This in its turn became specialised in a wide range of forms from the Wesleyan movement, through various types of philanthropy, to romance in art. After two generations of ferment Western man for the first time braced himself to face squarely and candidly the question of slavery. Abolition was carried, as one of the first acts of the reformed Parliament in England, on a wave of thought and feeling, to whose raising the cross-winds of 'perfectibilitarians,' Quakers, Catholics, and evangelicals had all, some consciously, some unconsciously, contributed. At long last the seminal Logos, the speculations of the Platonic school upon the function and status of the human soul, fruited in effective action; at long last, the first social objective to which they had always pointed was carried. This partial reconstruction of the sociological premises of civilisation had been a labour of more than two thousand years. So tenacious is privilege, so slow the spread of understanding among mankind.

But abolition, as we have seen, is no more than the beginning of humanitarianism's task. How does our own time stand in relation to the more difficult and arduous work ahead? Is the humanitarian ship making headway, or lying becalmed, or even breaking up on the rocks of hostile criticism?

It is plain enough that the winds and waves on which emancipation reached port a hundred years ago have long since spent themselves. To the modern generation, roughly shorn of so many illusions, most manifestations of the romantic spirit are suspect, if not discredited. It inherits, too, many of the doubts as to the Platonic and Christian bases of social theory which were put forward by disinterested thought at the very time when the triumph of the Emancipators seemed to warrant the hope that those bases might at last be taken into regular use as practical guides of public policy. The doubts in question represented a genuine novelty in human modes of thinking. The Platonic-Stoic-Christian conceptions had certainly never been wholeheartedly acted upon, and were from age to age regarded as

impracticably exacting for workaday mankind. But the opposition to them had arisen, not from intellectual conviction, but from the self-seeking of vested interests or from mere weakness of the flesh. In no age from Cicero onwards had the best contemporary thought been concerned to question them as an ultimate social ideal. They had always provided an unshaken principle of reform, and had been fruitful of a spirit of idealist censure of any and every *status quo*. With the transformation of thought by modern science they began to be brought under cumulative criticism.

In the eighteenth century all notions of the human soul divine had been traversed by such thinkers as Hume and Condillac—by Condillac with his definition of personality as a stream of sensations plus the ability to say 'me,' and by Hume with his doctrine of the mind as a bundle of detached perceptions, united by no underlying substance constituting personal identity. These views were a direct challenge to evangelicalism and an indirect defence of slavery; for there seems to be no particular point in saving a mere series of separate impressions for immortal life, and no particular reason why one such series should not be related to another as master to slave. True, the emotional revival happened in spite of Condillac and Hume. But as the nineteenth century wore on the type of teaching with which their names were associated sprang into renewed importance as a reinforcement of certain scientific ideas then beginning to take the field, and of the prevalent political economy of unchecked competition. That political economy has been well described as the mysticism of Pangloss—'Give each man's selfishness its head, and trust to God. Do not hinder Nature in her work, and all will be for the best.' It erected free competition into a sacrosanct principle with a magical self-adjusting character by virtue of which an internecine war of individual private interests should carry society towards the common good more swiftly and certainly than any plan of benevolence or altruism conceived in the interest of the whole. As an example of the superstitious awe with which this principle was regarded and of the fantastic applications which it sometimes found, one remembers Lord John Russell's refusal to allow corn to be carried to Ireland by ships of the Navy at the time of the Black Famine on the ground that it was undesirable for the Government to interfere with the legitimate interests of shipowners. By a neat device of Nature's providence, so the belief ran, casualties trodden underfoot in the competitive arena ceased to form a social problem, and therefore had no claim upon the attention of statesmanship. There is in such ideas an obvious kinship with the uncomfortable law of Malthus that the mass of the population must always tend to

sink below the margin of bare subsistence, and with the biological law of natural selection, which seemed, to popular thought, to say that all progress depends on the crushing out of less favoured species. All these strands of thought, combined with modern notions of heredity derived from the schools of Galton and Mendel and complicated by the patterns of emotion they set up, tended to take the sting out of the secular ideal of democratic brotherhood. The main conclusion to which they appeared to point was that there is or ought to be (as, indeed, Hume had claimed) no such passion as love of mankind as such, since it could only issue in hopeless attempts to obstruct the work of that discriminating and omnipotent scavenger, Evolution. They, or ignorant perversions of them, have been fastened on with avidity ever since by white men living in contact with coloured races.

No doubt this whole trend of thought has undergone much qualification at the hands of later scientists. There is probably no necessary conflict between science and humanitarianism, and the former may in time itself furnish the solvent of the current opposition to the latter. The latest emphasis of biology, for example, is perhaps on the literal consanguinity of all animal life including mankind, and suggests that there is little foundation for such a thing as race at all among human beings in any but a very general and superficial sense. But however much the intellectual defences of the old Victorian attitude may have been undermined, the attitude itself is still much with us. The faith of modern Governments may be fairly summarised by saying that humanitarianism is a good image to pay lip-service to on the day of rest, but not a sound guide to action throughout the week. This faith finds an ally in the peculiar emotional state of our generation—disenchanted, nerve-exhausted, old. The Methodism of the Wesleys, in helping to produce the final effective force that made slavery impossible—impossible, I mean, as long as it was publicly recognised as slavery and did not apply to men of colour—brought to society a kind of hope, a kind of emotional release, a kind of spiritual insight, qualities in which our own time of bitter mental struggle and straining vision is conspicuously lacking. Men are not likely to give their best attention to the civilisation of others when they are scared to death that their own may disappear down the drain at any moment.

The humanitarian movement is part of the whole movement towards democracy and freedom, it must fail or succeed according to their failure or success. We have seen democracy fall on evil days since the war which was to strike off its fetters for ever. The seedling freedom has in many places been choked by the rank growth of authoritarianism, and dictatorship of one kind or

another has become almost the order of the day. Racial and class intolerance no longer bothers to wear a furtive air. Perhaps these things are only the modern counterpart of anti-Jacobin reaction, and only temporary impediments to the march of democracy. But they are not encouraging omens for subject peoples. If we want to find encouragement, we shall have to look beyond the specialised tendencies of the day to more general modern attitudes which have as yet produced few concrete results of importance—to the general movement towards social and international co-ordination, to the belief, so far as it exists, in man's power to plan his own future, to control the environment that he himself creates, and to adapt society consciously to it—the belief, in a word, 'in the value of constructive effort based on exact study of human nature.' The future not only of subject races but of all civilisation depends on that belief becoming effective in the sphere of action. Our generation has a clear duty to pursue the study and to persist in the effort. Conditions do not favour the achievement in our time of any results so striking as those of the Emancipators a century ago, but it is perhaps possible to keep alive some sensitiveness of the European conscience in relation to subject races. We can at least approach those races, not, like our fathers, as swaggering lords of creation, but with the humility demanded by the complexity of the problems they present. Yet humility should not mean quietism. The need for reforming energy is as great to-day as it ever was.

LEONARD BARNES.

WHAT OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT?

By one of those coincidences that give a lifted horizon to history, and, as from a hill-top below which the near or distant drift of cloud has dispersed, that offer to us an unexpected view of many neighbouring shires, the year 1933 is the centenary of two apparently different (but, in their origin, not wholly different) movements. On July 14, 1833, the Rev. John Keble preached at Oxford the sermon from which the beginning of the Oxford Movement is generally dated. In the same year, according to the English version—the American one may be equally authentic but does not concern us here—Mr. Richard Turner, an artisan of Preston, addressed a meeting on the virtue of temperance in which he affirmed that 'nothing but tee-tee-total' abstention from wine and beer 'would do.' The common ground of both homilies was a protest. Richard Turner thus launched the heresy of teetotalism, and John Keble, whose sermon was published under the title of 'National Apostasy,' started the series of *Tracts for the Times*, which gave rise to the term Tractarian for his sympathisers. The object of these Tracts was to arouse the Church of England from its Erastian slumber, to recover a great memory that had almost disappeared, and to return, within the fold of Anglicanism, to its refreshing source in the tradition of Catholicity which the Tractarians held to inhere in the reformed Church of England.

In the industrial slums around him Richard Turner protested against the drunkenness that seemed the only respite of the swarming proletarians, men (the word means) 'who serve the State, not with property, but with offspring'; and, in his natural horror, he confused the abuse of a good thing with the Good itself. The protest of John Keble was better founded and more subtle, since but few dignitaries held the then prevailing torpor of the Anglican Church to be a good, and its Erastianism was defended, mainly, on the ground of political expediency. The consequence was that the whole Establishment was aroused by the sermon on 'National Apostasy,' and the Tractarians who wrote and who read the *Tracts for the Times* that followed started the Oxford Movement with a fair wind, though a con-

science, after its first prick, often, as the Tractarians were soon to find, yields to irritation, and irritation in its turn becomes critical of the goad that has pricked it awake. No movement is proved to be genuine until it encounters, and survives, opposition, and the Oxford Movement was no exception to this rule. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end not yet reached—for its epilogue, at any rate, is still being played in England—the story necessarily has the interest of a drama. This, and not the temporal fact of its centenary, is the mainspring of the present celebration, to which the number of books published on the occasion have properly contributed. Here we select four,[1] not necessarily the best, but undoubtedly the most varied and comprehensive, and among the most interesting.

The first thing to know about a man is his ruling motive or religion, and, if he professes no religion, his philosophy; for this will explain not only his judgments and his descriptions, but will be implicit in every word that he writes, will be the vital current of his rhythm, and so, in the end, will determine posterity's opinion of him. In the words of the great Buffon, which were the finest passage of translation that the modern Samuel Butler, not always a happy translator, ever penned:

> Style is the only passport to posterity. . . . for range of information, knowledge of details, novelty of discovery, are of a volatile essence and fly off readily into other hands that know better how to treat them. The matter is foreign to the man, and is not of him; the manner is the man himself.[2]

Before, then, we consider the three writers who recount the still fascinating story of the Oxford Movement and of its makers—for the style of Newman may be assumed known at this point—their ruling motives should be stated. Mr Lewis May is a man of Catholic sympathies, who writes beautiful prose, and who sees the logical progress of the Oxford Movement, in its three phases of Tractarianism, Ritualism, and Anglo-Catholicism, to lead to Rome. Mr Faber is careful not to define his own position, but his preface tells us all we need to know in these words:

> My own point of view . . . I neither define nor defend. Such as it is, it belongs not so much to me personally as to my generation. The Tractarians were determined to have something, which we have accus-

[1] *The Oxford Movement: A Layman's Estimate*, by J. Lewis May. The Bodley Head (10s. 6d.). *Oxford Apostles: A Character Study*, by Geoffrey Faber. Faber & Faber (15s.). *The Oxford Movement (1833–1933)*, by Shane Leslie. Burns Oates & Washbourne (5s.). *Tract Ninety*, by John Henry Newman, reprint of 1841 edition, with an Historical Commentary by A. W. Evans, D.Litt. Constable (6s.).

[2] *Evolution Old and New*, by Samuel Butler—Shrewsbury edition, p. 67. Cape.

tomed ourselves to do without—certainty upon the terms and the purpose of their earthly apprenticeship.

Except that this 'we' identifies rather rashly the author with Everyman, it is enough. Mr. Shane Leslie is a Roman Catholic interested in the whole epoch, and with an eye beyond the personalities—these are Mr. Faber's chosen quarry—for the literature, the architecture, the various manifestations of which the ecclesiastical was only one. Mr May writes musically, Mr Faber with pleasant ease, Mr. Shane Leslie with sweeping generalisation, starred, sometimes annoyingly, with epigrams that kindle more heat than warmth! Mr. May describes a movement and its after-effect on ourselves. Mr Faber analyses, with some aid from current psychology, the characters of the chief actors. Mr Leslie, whose book is the shortest, has written an historical essay, ending with the present but glancing, as becomes an historian, back into the 'seedbed of the past.' That three men of this quality, this difference, and this variety of approach should have been inspired by the same Movement proves that it is still alive with interest, but to all three the magnet itself is the character and the fortunes of Newman, though it is doubtful whether, except in dramatic quality, he was really more interesting than Pusey, to whom even Mr Faber, despite his sympathetic curiosity, gives less than his due, because, no doubt, the man who stays at home is less fascinating to the aloof spectator than the adventurer with his set-backs, his triumphs, and his wanderings. Historically, at all events, and not only from the Anglican point of view, Pusey was the noblest Roman of them all, and this centenary reminds us once more that all parties have agreed to neglect the greatest English Churchman of the nineteenth century.

This is not a matter of opinion It is a fact that can be proved. Pusey supported the awakening in its infancy. He remained its chief pillar in its crises He stuck to his place till his death. Anyone who wishes to know what the Anglican position is, what the Church of England teaches on any controversial question, what learning it has to support its claims, must still go, first of all, to Edward Bouverie Pusey to find out. Without him, the departing example of Newman would have turned into a landslide Without him, Anglican theology might have collapsed. This needs to be said, not to underrate the claims of anybody else, nor to exaggerate his own, but to repair the strange neglect with which his services to learning and to his Church have been recompensed The Roman Catholics complain because, they say, his logic always jibbed at the last fence The Anglicans ignore him because they are more interested in the fortunes of

• Pusey's services to the Oxford Movement are summarised in Dr A W Evans' succinct, but full and scholarly, Commentary to *Tract Ninety*

their parties than in the man without whom these parties would, probably, never have agreed to differ, but would have gravitated, outside Anglicanism altogether, to the opposite extremes of Roman Catholicism and Dissent. With Pusey at the helm in all weather, not even Newman's departure split the English Church; but during rough weather, what passenger thinks of the pilot, or remains to thank him when calmer waters have been reached? The only infinite capacity of mortal man is for ingratitude.

The briefest and most amusing example of the condition into which Anglicanism had relapsed at the date of Keble's sermon is to be found in a forgotten novel, called (if I mistake not) *A Bachelor in the Albany*, or, perhaps it was another of the series which Elkin Mathews and Marrot reissued for our delight a year or two ago. In this novel a comely Dean, with the waist still called apsidal in clerical circles, was choosing for himself a crest. The design he fixed upon was 'a porpoise couchant.' No one will think this choice unhistorical in spirit who reads what our three authors have to tell us of those times. They all give descriptions—perhaps the best is Mr May's—which only distance makes amusing, but which to men with a social conscience—and among the Evangelicals (from whom the most typical Tractarians derived) such a conscience was characteristic—was a scandal. The keynote of the situation, Erastian in structure and inert by custom, was sounded in Keble's sermon,[1] which deserves reprinting just as much as the no less mentioned but rarely quoted *Tract Ninety*. This we have here, and to its reasoning, as Dr A. W. Evans and Mr May severally remind us, can be traced that quality of Newman's mind which induced the hasty pamphlet of Charles Kingsley, and led Newman to reply with the famous answer of the *Apologia*.

Since, to all of our trio, Newman is the hero of the Oxford Movement, we must concentrate, with some reserves, upon him, and particularly upon Mr. Faber's analysis of his character, since this is both the most exterior and the most detailed. More than three-quarters of Mr. Faber's book are devoted to the twelve years from Keble's sermon in 1833 until Newman's departure in 1845; but the analysis begins earlier, at the beginning, in Newman's infancy, as a thorough analysis should. First, however, for those reserves which have kept, and still keep, some of Newman's warm admirers on this side of idolatry. The reasons are three, and can be stated succinctly. (1) The flavour of Evangelicalism, which he never quite lost, is not congenial to those who cannot help shrinking from the mollific lachrymosity of this particular Evangel. (2) The strain of the spinster in his being, the strain that made Matthew Arnold (in his unpoetical moments) remind

[1] See an interesting reference and quotation by Dr Evans, *op. cit.*

us sometimes of a governess on the brink of a chill, and made Newman remind us, in his less heroic moments, of a governess suffering from scruples and from being 'misunderstood.' (3) The temper of his mind, in which was blended emotion, feminine in quality, with the subtlety of reasoning of a legalist. This last is often called casuistry by those too dull themselves to follow fine distinctions appreciatively. *Tract Ninety* itself turns, confessedly, upon a legal principle—that, namely, a will, or other legal instrument, must be interpreted according to its words, and not according to the intentions of its signatory. Now has there been anyone whose mind embraced these normally contradictory tendencies so jointly and so severally as Newman's? Has there been a man who could appreciate all of them equally in Newman himself? Do not his warmest admirers, in fact, emphasise those strains in the blend that they like, and, unconsciously perhaps, ignore or 'sublimate' the others?

These questions are worth asking, because it is only fair to Mr Faber to preface any remarks upon his book with the admission, and the emphasis, of the complexity confronting him. This was the attraction to him, the attraction of the 'problem', but, like a persuasive man, he does not posit the problem at the beginning. He leads the reader into the maze so that the interest of being extracted from it may be shared by the reader. In a long book, that is the right method. In a short criticism of the book, the summary of a short-cut is ineluctable. Mr Faber's intending readers may be assured that he holds our interest unfailingly, lest in this summary too much of that interest should escape. With as much restraint as the present writer can manage—for he does not share Mr Faber's philosophy of agnosticism, and thinks, in fact, that the analysis is often wrecked by its intrusion—the following is an outline of the diagnosis that Mr Faber has suggested.

As in all careful studies of character, the child needs careful study first of all. John Henry Newman, born in 1801, was the eldest of six children—three boys and three girls. His father was a banker, an amiable man of the world, who lived till 1824, and his mother was a French Huguenot by descent. She much admired John's practical capacity, and her religious temper gave his 'plastic and tenacious' mind an enduring stamp. Her manner was gentle; her will of metal, her opinions not subject to change. He seemed very fond of her, but he recovered quickly from her death. He loved his suburban surroundings at Ham, as he did later the chapel of Trinity College at Oxford, and Mr. Faber finds curious Newman's remark that his reason went with the Gothic, his heart with the Grecian. His mother imposed a 'moral

pattern ' on him, and her preoccupation with his perfectibility may have distorted his growth. His fundamental masculine instincts were cauterised.' He was not ' an ordinary boy, nor a whole man,' and proved a ' broken reed ' as a leader. His inner life belonged to an ideal world. Mr Faber finds his whole story, not a pilgrimage, but a difficult emotional progress, in which intellectual processes were secondary. His rational processes were decided by the ' transfer of emotional rather than of logical weight.' He became most nearly a complete man during his Oxford campaign. He was very egocentric, and in this quality his passionate treasuring of the past was rooted. At school, though he rode to please his father, he played no games. He was not unhappy, only shyly. He needed friends, and one special friend, but was always rather sought than seeking. At school, besides his music, he wrote magazines, composed the words and the tunes of an opera, penned a satire, and founded an order, of which one of his brothers saw the natural issue in his subsequent submission to Rome. He was a grave and philosophical boy, but not absorbed by religion until he was fifteen, previous to which he had been reading sceptical writers, like Paine and Voltaire, with pleasure. Then he suddenly felt ' turned round ' by divine grace, and soon after had a (technically incomplete) experience of ' conversion.' The Rev. Walter Mayers was the influential person, and Mr. Faber asks what would have happened if the youngster had met, say, Godwin instead. Mr Mayers furnished Calvinistic books, the logic of which fascinated Newman, and Thomas Scott was the means whereby Newman came to apprehend the dogma of the Trinity. His growth is summarised thus.

The foundations of his character had been laid in infancy; they had never been disturbed. All the sap, which might have nourished his instincts, was diverted into the exceptionally rapid growth of his mind. . . . Later on he came to distrust the Calvinistic system, as he came to distrust all ' paper logic.' He insisted that ' it is the concrete being that reasons . . . the whole man moves . . . paper logic is but the record of it.' This was a later, richer conception of reason.

What happened to him in 1816, then, was scarcely a conversion, though it was something equally definite, startling, and *fatal* [my italics]. It was the sudden concurrence and conjunction of the two halves of his conscious self—intellect and feeling. The impressions of dogma squared exactly with his instinctive attitude. Once interlocked the two could never be separated again.

Whatever we think of this, Mr Faber adds, ' it meant that all hope of any further development of the non-rational side of his nature was at an end . . . The "whole man moved."' What was the cause of the movement? That is the riddle of Newman's career. It was not a movement of the reason, dragging the feelings with it; it was far more a movement of the feelings.

justified by reason.' Again, 'all the resources of his intellect were employed throughout his life to protect' a 'dream from destruction.' The 'maldevelopment of his instincts' is emphasised, and it is suggested that, had he passed adolescence without falling under the influence either of 'religious dogma' or of 'Godwinian rationalism,' reason and feeling might have quarrelled and produced Confessions rather than the *Apologia*.

That may stand, I trust, as a fair graph of the analytical scheme at the basis of Mr. Faber's book. It is, of course, developed as the drama proceeds, but all that follows is the author's attempt to apply it, and to enrich it, in the light of Newman's subsequent experiences. The author, being keenly interested in his man and in his theory, conveys this interest to ourselves, and, were there room, the present writer would enjoy the attempt to continue this summary to its conclusion. One could not say as much of every long book! The whole is carefully tied to the ground of facts and documents, and I do not recall a rival study of Newman's character of livelier interest to those present-day readers who share its author's 'uncertainty' of mind.

The evidence, as I have tried to indicate, is well chosen and arranged, but an uneasy feeling remains about the adequacy of the method of interpretation, and this some of us will question when the method notes a puzzle that suggests no huge difficulty to ourselves. Let us look at the method for a moment. In the first place, it treats every human being as a specimen, as a 'case,' but, since health is of its nature an unstable equilibrium, modest departures from the normal are normal themselves. Consequently, to measure them by a theoretical standard, of which we have no human example among the great, is to import a certain, though unwitting, distortion into every analysis. The real question is, how far did every subject of such analysis succeed in maintaining the unstable equilibrium which is the very nature of life and health? For example, some crisis, both emotional no less than physical, is usual at puberty or in early adolescence, and to emphasise the 'crisis'—without emphasising its inevitability—is to import an air of disease into the normal experience of human growth. Newman, Mr. Faber seems to imply, had an unusual dose of feminity, though this infusion is habitual among men of genius in poetry and letters, and he suggests that the animal nature of Newman was stifled by the 'moral pattern' that Mrs. Newman imposed on the boy. The latter is, surely, a question of degree. The birth of moral passion is common enough in the adolescence of men of genius, to whom Mr. Faber frankly admits Newman to belong, and we have, therefore, to inquire whether this was over-developed in Newman. That must be a matter of

opinion, but it is, I fancy, the limitation of Mr. Faber's philosophy that makes him imply the presence of moral passion to be queer. We are told that Newman was not 'an ordinary boy' nor 'a whole man,' which is arguable, of course, of every genius; but would Mr. Faber, like some fashionable psychologists, have us regard all men of genius to be diseased? He would hesitate, I think, to go so far as that, for, having written verses himself, he must be familiar with Blake's joke—who, then, on these terms, would be sane? Presumably only a materialist, who is himself a stunted man. But this method of analysis, being the favourite method of men of the materialist philosophy, is rarely applied by them to their own type: the intellectual cripple.

That Newman was egocentric may be admitted; but then all men begin by being this, and your man of genius is known by his gradual transcendence of egoism, which becomes merged in simpler things, though a varying degree thereof will remain in everyone who falls short of heroism or (to use a more precise old word) of holiness—of whole, or complete, growth. 'The growth of Newman, we are told, was 'not a pilgrimage but a difficult emotional progress, in which intellectual powers were secondary'; but does this tally with the further remark, also quoted above, that the sap, which might have nourished his instincts, was diverted into the 'exceptionally rapid growth of his mind'? Surely, both his intellectual and his emotional powers continued to develop; but the emotional will seem the more decisive to anyone who rejects religion, since, to such persons, religion always seems a merely emotional affair. This interpretation of the present diagnosis further seems to be borne out by the adjective *fatal* (quoted, with italics added, above) that is applied to Newman's conversion—however incomplete. Here is that sentence again. 'What happened to him in 1816, then, was scarcely a conversion, though it was something equally definite, startling, and fatal.' Newman was converted to a form of Christianity in his sixteenth year. Is it 'fatal' to become a Christian? Is Christianity so bad as all that?

Mr. Faber quotes Newman's later sayings that 'it is the concrete being that reasons,' that 'the whole man moves,' and he asks, 'What was the cause of the movement? That is the riddle of Newman's career' (page 21). The answer found by Mr. Faber to the core of the problem in his book is this, the next sentence in it: 'It was not a movement of the reason, dragging the feelings with it; it was far more a movement of the feelings, justified by reason'; but, he goes on,

> though the feelings moved, they did not develop. In his old age he was still substantially the child who walked with God at Ham and dreamed that his brother-angels were hiding themselves from him. All the resources

of his intellect were employed throughout his life to protect that dream from destruction.

That is admirably clear. The letter of the argument applies to the dream of Newman's boyhood, but the implication is that Christianity itself is a dream. That is the meaning of such 'uncertainty.'

Without discussing that interesting implication, may there not be a simpler alternative explanation of this 'riddle'? Newman gravitated to the Church of Rome, and Mr. Faber is at one with Mr. May in finding this to have been the 'logical' conclusion of his 'initial direction.' If so, then, perhaps, if Newman had been born and bred in the communion in which he ended, all would have been well with him, made as he was. This seems to be the answer to the riddle, and it makes the problem of his life to consist in the plight of one who was born in what to him was exile, and who, only after many difficulties, found his way to the place where he was meant to be. If this be just, then the problem is simplified to the struggle of a man with circumstances, in their origin beyond his control, but in their issue the achievement of his faculties. What could be healthier?

No one has made us more interested in the riddle than Mr. Faber, who has reconnoitred the ground with precision and care, and has spared no pains to convey to us, patiently and clearly, the evidence and the arguments on which his own opinion rests. From the heart of his book, which we have ventured to isolate for the scrutiny that it deserves, the rest of the interpretation proceeds, and if the reader does not so much enjoy the studies of Pusey and of Hurrell Froude, of Keble (to whom, I think, he fails in justice, for some 'thoughts' can be found in *The Christian Year*), of the Noetics of Oriel, and of Bishop Hampden, it is chiefly because these are subsidiary to the central figure. The human element in the fascinating drama is made fascinating to us, and we must not complain because, to this author, it is all about a dream which he does not happen to take seriously.

Of the other two writers, Mr. May is the more attracted by the men, Mr. Leslie by the Movement that they initiated. The flaw in Mr. May's book, so rich in its sympathy, so generous in its temper, so logical in its end, is that the latter half, dealing with the later men, with the Ritualists and with the Anglo-Catholics, is rather sketchy—I mean in length. Since the two latter of the three phases of the Oxford Movement are included, and justly included, in his scheme, should not such characters as Dolling and Stanton, for example, be discussed less cursorily? There is no doubt, however, that his book is the most likely to be loved of the three. Mr. Faber stirs our curiosity, Mr. Leslie our historic sense; Mr. May, touching on both of these, reaches our hearts, and

perhaps this quality of his makes the music of his prose. It is a *jecunda quies* to read him. Possibly he simplifies a shade too much, for example in his epilogue, which asks, in effect, what the issue of the Oxford Movement, still unfinished, is to be? The 'fruition' that Mr. May foresees is, explicitly, the gathering of all the Tractarians now dead into 'one fold,' and, implicitly, as his preface emphasises, the reunion of Christendom by the old road that Newman was the first famous member of the group to traverse to its end. Since all who think at all are interested in the flux about us, what is the inference to be drawn from the history of the Church of England since 1833 to this centenary? Surely, two things: first, that logic is not its ruling principle; second, that it is compensatingly open to pressure of another kind—to pressure, that is to say, from men of genius within its ranks, and from events beyond its control. The former influence is unpredictable: the latter are on our English horizon already. England is now between the upper millstone of industrial capitalism and the nether risk of its communistic counterpart.* Both are products of materialist philosophy, and, should the tension of their mutual approach increase, all Christian bodies will be confronted with a no longer tacit but an open challenge which will arouse religious passion—a force immediately quickened when religion is openly seen to be at stake. The effect will certainly be to double the quality, and probably to reduce the number, of all adherents of Christianity. A move toward coherence will be the consequence, and, since to look beyond a very few to-morrows is the rashness of fools, a union of the Reformed Churches seems to be more probable, because more easy, than any, individuals excepted, union with Rome. The 'logic of events,' a typically English saying, is the logic we have to look for in England, whether we are primarily concerned with the morrow of the Anglo-Catholics or of our country.

Here the reader should turn with eager curiosity to the chapter entitled 'The Present Phase' in Mr. Shane Leslie's book. This phase began, he says, in 1896, after the publication of the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ*. Soon Modernism appeared upon the scene, as readers of the late George Tyrrell and of the living Bishop Barnes have different reasons to remember. Modernism, says Mr. Leslie with excellent precision, was 'the shadow' falling from Newman, 'not the light.' But we must not linger on other examples of his wit. Having a clear head, he does not shrink from controversy. But he has compressed nearly forty years of recent ecclesiastical history, and outlined the different move-

* The Christian philosophy defends private property, but opposes its concentration in too few hands: an evil that is no necessity but the fruit of the materialist philosophy.

ments toward reunion between the different churches, in ten packed and lucid pages. For people who want information, this is the book to read. When he reaches 1930 he remarks: 'the questions of the future in England are not of dogma or ritual. . . . The rocks ahead are more material. Church tithes is a reef upon which she may be jagged unless relieved by Disestablishment. . . . The Church of England may well pray to receive as full a freedom' as the Irish Church received when Gladstone disestablished it. 'Her future may lie with Modernism and certainly the future of Modernism lies with her.' His vignette of Dean Inge, as of Bishop Barnes, is brilliant; but how cutting a brilliant can be! If only Mr Leslie's granite remained where it should, his foundation, his writings would become, not stumbling-blocks, but roads, on which humanity could walk not with bruises but with safety.* The style of Mr May, for some people, may be too gentle, but Mr Leslie's is too granitic for any feet not armed either with cartilage or hoofs.

His conclusion is worth quoting: 'With Disestablishment in the future the Oxford Movement will reach its last stage. The immense power and success of the Movement were vindicated at the Lambeth Conferences of 1920 and 1930, . . . but Modernism is a living question'; and Mr Leslie lets his curtain fall upon the bleat of Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, whom no voice—from thence—'can answer unless it be from the cemetery of the Oratorians at Rednall where the author of that Movement lies and being dead yet speaketh.'

That is true, and it is no gloss on Mr Leslie's volume to add that the echoes still ring within the Church of England, even if, to the indifferent and to the franker enemies of Christendom, the crowd may not seem to listen in such numbers, or with such attention, as they once did when the great man had more than his writings to speak for him, and when the living issues that he raised seemed new, though, now as then, they live and burn at the core of England's history.

OSBERT BURDETT.

* Humour is his gentle quality. For a rich example of it, read 'Lewis Carroll and the Oxford Movement' in the *London Mercury* (July).

RECENT SURGICAL LANDMARKS

It would probably be admitted by most observers that, during the last twenty years, surgery has nothing to show, in the way of landmarks, quite comparable with the discovery of the vitamins, of insulin, or the liver treatment for pernicious anaemia, recorded by medicine. Since the achievements of Lister in the latter part of the last century its progress has been rather in the nature of an ever-flowing tide of technical improvement, combined with a penetration into fields of operative skill only made possible by Listerian precautions. Indeed, it has recently been stated by more than one leading authority that the art has now reached its zenith and can only look forward to an ever-diminishing scope of usefulness. That has been a perennial observation, hitherto belied by new and unexpected triumphs. But nevertheless its basis is sound. Apart from the treatment of such external mishaps as necessitate the removal of foreign bodies or hopelessly damaged tissues, or the repairing of others, every surgical operation is a confession of failure on the part of medicine. And every great advance of medicine must inevitably connote a corresponding decline in the need for surgery.

Heliotherapy (the exposure to sunlight, either real or artificial), for instance, has already removed from the operating theatre many hundreds of cases of what were once known as surgical tuberculosis. The researches of Sir Robert McCarrison in India upon his great colonies of well- and ill-fed rats have shown that it is only amongst the latter that cases appear of enlarged tonsils and adenoids and various forms of internal ulcers. And if the principle be applied, as it surely will, to the bringing-up of the human young, it is reasonable to expect that yet another extensive sphere, largely dominated at present by surgeons, will cease to exist. A still greater field would probably disappear with the discovery of the conditions producing cancer, and there is no disease that is being so persistently and brilliantly attacked at the present by so many investigators. Even the very handmaids of surgery itself, such as radiology, are conspiring against their mistress; and by their means, thanks to recent developments, conditions are being diagnosed at so early a stage that, in many

cases, there is no eventual call for surgical interference. Much of the actual work, also, done by the surgeons—the practical research accomplished by their operations—has resulted in the handing over to the physicians of knowledge that may prevent future operations. As Lord Moynihan has pointed out, for instance, the relatively common condition known as duodenal ulcer did not exist, except as a pathological rarity, for the bedside clinician until the surgeon revealed it. And the data gleaned from many thousands of abdominal operations have enabled signs and symptoms, previously misunderstood, to be correlated with their hidden actualities. In spite of all this, however, in nearly every field still occupied by the surgeon, the last twenty years have witnessed very remarkable progress, notably in the weapons that have been added to his armoury. This has particularly been the case in those concerned with the preliminary survey of his field of action. The discovery of X-rays by Röntgen belongs, of course, to the last century. But the development by their means of internal photography has been one of the triumphs of this. It was discovered that, by the addition of certain harmless barium or bismuth salts, food ingested into the stomach could be made opaque, and that by this means the outlines of the organ and the whole of the intestinal canal could be defined, as well as the progress, normal or otherwise, of their food-contents.

It was about twenty-five years ago, thanks largely to the pioneer work of Schmidt, of Hamburg, Professor Holzknecht, of Vienna, and his pupil Haudek, that opaque meals were first given and studied and the X-ray appearances of gastric and duodenal ulcers and malignant growths of the stomach recognised and differentiated. But it is only during the last twenty years that the opaque meal has become a routine process in the exploration of the alimentary canal. There has been amassed, in consequence, by observers all over the world an immense amount of photographic evidence; and it is safe to say that this has entirely altered the previous conception of many digestive disorders. The old anatomical picture, for instance, of the digestive tract, with its implications of fixity, has been relegated to the past. It has been shown that the stomach may drop, in a nervous subject, as much as 4 inches upon the banging of a door. And a large number of diseases of particular parts of the intestines, hitherto separately described, each with its signs and symptoms, have been simplified away into the general conception of an always moving, highly responsive and, nervously speaking, organic entity. Thanks to the advance in radiological technique, it is probably true to say that 95 per cent. of organic disease of the stomach and upper part of the intestines can now be accurately diagnosed by means of X-ray photography.

Almost at the same time as experiments were being made with the internal photography of the alimentary canal, Voelcher and von Lichtenberg were at work upon the earliest opaque photographs of the kidneys and the ducts leading from them. This had been made possible by the invention of the cystoscope, whereby the bladder and its contents could be illuminated and observed from without and a small tube or catheter passed through it and up into the interior of the kidneys. It was found that solutions of certain non-poisonous salts creating an effective shadow could thus be inserted; and it has now become an everyday occurrence to study, by this means, these deep-seated channels and their disorders. Short of operation no such approach was anatomically possible to the bile-duct and gall-bladder from which it leads. But in 1924 Drs Graham and Cole in America, after prolonged experiments, discovered a non-toxic substance that could be injected into the veins, whereby these cavities also could be rendered opaque for the purposes of X-ray photography.

Another great advance in the same field has been the arrival of the substance known as lipiodol, a chemical combination of poppy-seed oil and iodine, opaque to X-rays and non-irritant to human tissues. This was first introduced in 1921 by the French investigators Sicard and Forestier, and it has particularly established itself as a reinforcement to the study of the lungs. By its injection into the trachea, or windpipe, either lung at will can be made to receive the fluid, the whole of its bronchial tubes and their ramifications becoming opaque and showing in clear-cut outline upon an X-ray screen or plate. Areas of chronic dilatation, deep-seated growths or abscesses have thus been revealed as never before, and successful operations have been made possible in regions previously shunned or approached with the extremest reluctance. Before finally leaving this subject, too, it should be stated that, thanks to M. Georges Scheyl, of Brussels University, an instrument has recently been constructed by which direct photography of the interior of the stomach has been successfully accomplished. By means of a tube carrying a small lamp and a tiny camera at its end, eight little photographs can be taken at a single exposure, giving a complete panoramic picture of the inside walls of the stomach. It is an interesting development, and may well be the prelude to the direct internal photography of other organs.

Turning to the more executive side of modern surgical equipment, the outstanding event of the last twenty years has undoubtedly been the critical assessment and final adoption of radium as a routine agent of surgery in certain groups of cases. The details of its discovery as an element and a radio-active body are too familiar to need repetition; and in any case, the classical pioneer work of Becquerel and the Curies belongs to

the last few years of the nineteenth century. It is a discovery that has revolutionised the study of physics and our whole conception of the universe, and furnished the materials upon which, thanks chiefly to Rutherford, we have formed our present views of the nature of the atom. This is now regarded as an infinitesimal solar system, with a nucleus or sun consisting of protons and electrons, each proton carrying a positive electric charge equal to the negative charge carried by an electron. About this nucleus, or sun, other electrons circulate as satellites in their orbits. The simplest known atom, that of hydrogen, consists of a single proton with one satellite electron, while the most complex, that of uranium, consists of a nucleus containing 238 protons and half that number of electrons, with 92 satellite electrons circulating about it. All these satellites are moving at immense rates of speed, in some cases almost attaining the rapidity of light. In spite of this, however, the majority of these atoms appear to be stable. But in certain exceptions, of which that of radium is one, a process is going on which has been described as decay—the gradual decline, that is to say, of a more complex form into a simpler. This is effected in the case of radium by the ejection from the nucleus of what is known as an alpha particle—an extremely stable little unit consisting of four protons and two electrons—or of a single electron known as a beta particle. The ejection of this particle is so violent that it is accompanied by an immense explosion of energy, and gives rise to a stream of high-frequency waves known as gamma rays. The nucleus having thus lost an alpha particle, the depleted radium atom ceases to be an atom of the metal and becomes the atom of a heavy gas called radium emanation, or radon. This gas decays in its turn at a very much greater rate than its parent radium, and in the course of its decay also gives off a powerful stream of gamma rays. It is thus, for many purposes, immaterial whether we use radium itself or its emanation radon, since both give off the stream of gamma rays which is required.

Such is the process with which surgery has so unexpectedly become associated. For it has been found that the gamma rays—rays that travel with the velocity of light and can penetrate several inches of lead—while they leave unaffected the orderly life of the normal cell, are peculiarly destructive to rapidly dividing cells of the lawless malignant type. It is principally in the treatment of cancer, therefore, that the gamma rays have been enlisted, and there are now two usual ways of applying them—by means of platinum tubes, or needles, as they are called, packed with a radium salt and inserted into the growth, or radon seeds, little capsules of glass filled with the gas and also encased in platinum or silver, and similarly implanted into the growth

and its growing edges. In common with every new method of attacking cancer, radium has not yet fulfilled the highest hopes that were formed for it. But it has proved to be consistently valuable in growths affecting certain areas, notably the lip, cheek, and tongue; and its application has become the first method of choice in dealing with cancer of these regions. There are also already on record large numbers of cases of breast cancer, deemed inoperable by older surgical standards, that have been cured by radium without recurrence over a considerable period of years. In the deeper-seated cancers radium has been less successful. But there is reason to hope that, with growing experience in the surgery of access, more effective use will be made of it in these cases also.

Another development that has established itself in surgical practice during the last twenty years is the use of diathermy, a method of operating to which attention was called in Paris by Professor Pozzi in 1907, and of which the earliest demonstrations took place in England about 1910. This depends upon the fact that an electric current of sufficiently high voltage and rapid alternations raises the temperature of the resisting living tissues without producing in them any deleterious chemical change. For surgical purposes, therefore, one large, so-called indifferent electrode is used and an extremely small active one in the shape of a needle or knife with an insulated holder. At the point of this latter the current can be so concentrated that tissues in contact with it coagulate, and may be divided, if necessary, much in the same way as a hot needle makes an incision through butter. Owing to the coagulation that accompanies the cut, there is very little or no bleeding, and in such operations as the removal of tonsils or malignant growths of the same region many surgeons are now relying almost entirely upon this method.

In the removal of malignant growths diathermy is often used in two stages and with different currents. By the employment of a disc or needle a zone of comparatively deep coagulation is first drawn about the growth to be removed, thus minimising the danger, during the operation, of malignant cells escaping and causing future trouble. The cutting current is then applied with another electrode and the growth dissected out in the usual way. Three or four years ago another device was made in America, in which the coagulating and cutting currents were assembled in one machine, and by the use of a loop instead of a needle sections of tissue could thus be bloodlessly scooped out. It was not primarily designed to do more than remove small portions of tissue for microscopical examination, but was seen by Professor Harvey Cushing, of Harvard University, whose work on the differentiation and removal of brain tumours has been one

of the most memorable contributions of the last twenty years. He at once discerned in it a means whereby he might be able to reach hitherto inaccessible tumours. And in 1929 he was able to describe how he had successfully removed, after a seven hours' operation, a deep-seated growth in the brain of a patient that, but for its use, would have been hopelessly inoperable. Though at present diathermy—or electro-surgery, as Harvey Cushing has termed it—has certain limitations, there can be little doubt of the permanent place that it has won for itself in surgery; and it has the additional advantages of producing less shock and causing less after-pain than the ordinary surgical operation.

Thanks, then, to the development of X-ray photography, consequent upon the introduction of the opaque meal and such outlining substances as lipiodol, surgery has been given an exactitude of preliminary data that it has never hitherto enjoyed in its long history. And in radium and diathermy two new and valuable instruments have been placed in its hands. If there has been nothing, therefore, in operative surgery during the last twenty years that can be legitimately described as a landmark—as something, that is to say, requiring text-books to be rewritten—there has been a corresponding growth in efficiency. Mention has already been made of Harvey Cushing's work on the brain; and far more is known of this very difficult and obscure field of treatment than was the case twenty years ago.

Thanks, also, to a greatly improved technique and an exacter knowledge of its functions, there has been a great advance in the surgery of the thyroid gland; and indeed it may be said that, during the last twenty years, the partial removal of the thyroid gland in the severer forms of Graves' disease, or exophthalmic goitre, has definitely become a life-saving operation. Associated with this disease, as is well known, is an extremely accelerated action of the heart; and although prolonged rest and medical treatment may counteract this effect of an enlarged and over-active thyroid gland, there have always been many cases in which heart failure has become the inevitable result. Nor were the earlier attempts at partial removal of the gland encouraging, and the mortality of the operation was very high, due, as a rule, to a too abrupt interference with an imperfectly known and extremely delicate endocrine mechanism. With careful preparation of the patient, however—in the way of preliminary rest, a period of preparatory iodine treatment, the selection of a suitable moment for operation, and a wise use of local anaesthetics with the lightest of general anaesthesia—the operation has now become, in skilled hands, a comparatively safe one. Scores of patients, otherwise doomed to permanent and hopeless invalidism, have been restored to a life of normal activity; and the modern operation of partial

thyroidectomy has become one of the most brilliant triumphs of patient team-work between physician and surgeon.

Since the war, too, and largely owing to it, there has been a very great advance in what is known as plastic surgery—the repairing or reconstruction of mutilated structures by suitable implantations of skin and subcutaneous tissue. Thanks in a great degree to the ingenuity of a British surgeon, H. D. Gillies, portions of skin and its underlying layers can now be transferred, generally from the abdomen, where it is most easily spared, to almost any other part of the body. This is sometimes done in stages in order to secure the full vitality of the graft. It is not wholly removed, that is to say, from its original site in the first instance, but allowed to hang from one end or pedicle, through which its nourishment continues to be received. The other is then attached to a prepared surface—on the drawn-up thigh or wrist, for example—until this end in turn has established its necessary blood supply. The original pedicle is then detached and the wrist or thigh, with its new appendage, is adjusted so that the free end may be moulded to its final place of destination. Ultimately the thigh or wrist end of the graft is detached in its turn, and it is in this sort of fashion that damaged noses and lips or denuded areas of flesh are now being remoulded with healthy tissues conveyed from other parts of the patient's body.

Probably one of the best known, and certainly one of the most widely appreciated, advances of the last twenty years has been the now almost universally adopted treatment of varicose veins and haemorrhoids by means of injection. Though it had been tentatively tried, here and there, for a considerable time before, it is only during this period that it has established itself as a recognised and safe procedure. The principle involved is the setting up in the wall of the affected vein of a mild degree of inflammation that shall permit clotting of the blood within it. This clot, adhering as it does to the slightly inflamed wall of the vein, subsequently shrinks and becomes organised into fibrous tissue and thus the vein itself becomes obliterated. The problem, of course, was to find a sterile solution capable of doing this with no accompanying ill effects; and a solution of sodium morrhuate has now been successfully and safely employed in many thousands of cases. It is a method that has relegated to the past the necessity for surgical removal in all but the severest cases, and has relieved scores of sufferers from these common affections without materially interfering with their daily avocations.

Perhaps a word should be said, too, about the greater respect that surgery has learned to pay to the element of shock. Whether this be due, as has been recently suggested, to the effect upon the blood-vessels of a specific substance released by damaged bodily

tissues, or to actual loss of blood itself, the immediate cause is a shrinkage of volume in the circulating blood. It has come to be recognised, therefore, by the operating surgeon that, even if this involves a sacrifice of speed, delicacy of handling and the avoidance of all possible hæmorrhage are imperatively necessary for success. As an adjunct to this conception—the necessity for a full complement of fluid in the patient's circulation—the last twenty years have witnessed a considerable increase in the routine employment of injections of normal salt solution or the transfusion of blood immediately before or after severe operations. Since it has been found that, even in healthy people, bloods vary and may be incompatible, thereby causing a dangerous and sometimes fatal reaction, it has become important to ensure that both donor and recipient belong to the same blood group. Having secured that, the usual procedure is for the donor's blood to be citrated—to be run into a vessel, that is to say, containing a solution of sodium citrate—and thence passed direct into one of the recipient's veins. Many surgeons, including Harvey Cushing, have even gone further, since they collect, by means of an ingenious suction apparatus, the patient's own blood escaping during an operation, convey it into the citrate vessel until a convenient moment, and afterwards return it to its owner.

Many such minor but substantial triumphs could indeed be recorded of every branch of surgery. But particular mention should certainly be made, in closing, of the recent developments in anæsthesia. During the last twenty years there have been very considerable strides in our knowledge of local anæsthetics—in the science of inducing an anæsthesia, that is to say, sufficient for major operations without the necessity of administering a general anæsthetic. It has been found, for instance, that by injecting a suitable solution of some anæsthetic drug into the sheath of the spinal cord the roots of both entering and departing nerves—sensory and motor respectively—can be sufficiently affected to produce an entire loss of sensation, accompanied by muscular relaxation, over the whole area of the body below the point of injection. For operations below the waist this has been a development of wide application. It has enabled these to be carried out upon persons suffering from diseased hearts or lungs, in which the administration of a general anæsthetic would have been attended with the gravest danger, even if it had been justifiable at all. Moreover, its induction is both speedy and practically painless, anæsthesia being established in from five to ten minutes; and the patient is free from many of the discomforts associated with the recovery from a general anæsthetic. But spinal anæsthesia, although it has been and is still very widely used, has certain dangers of its own; and by many surgeons it

has been given up in favour of the more recently introduced practice of what is known as regional anæsthesia.

Upon the Continent, and in America especially, this has already attained a very wide vogue; and since it offers practically all the advantages of spinal anæsthesia and avoids most of its dangers, besides being applicable to regions of the body where spinal anæsthesia is out of the question, it seems not unlikely to supersede this. In regional anæsthesia the result aimed at is to draw a zone about the area of operation beyond which no painful impulses can penetrate. This is effected by a series of injections securing a deep infiltration of the surrounding tissues, whereby the whole of the nerves which they contain are effectively deadened, to use a popular term. The drug usually employed is novocaine, a member of the cocaine group, but very much less toxic than cocaine; and one particular advantage of this procedure is the completeness of nervous isolation that can be obtained by it. Thus in general anæsthesia, while the higher centres of consciousness may be put out of action, the lower centres controlling vital functions may still be receiving dangerous if painless stimuli—a peril very largely avoided by the deep infiltration method.

While it is claimed that there is scarcely any major operation that cannot be performed by this method, there are certain operations that may be said only to have become possible by its aid. Thus, by drawing a zone of deep infiltration about the head, the whole of the scalp and cranium can be totally anæsthetised; and for the prolonged and delicate manipulation required in trephining the skull and in removing certain tumours from the brain it has become the ideal, and indeed the only satisfactory, method. In no other way, for instance, though it was finished under a light additional general anæsthetic, could the seven hours' operation already referred to, humanly speaking, have been undertaken. Regional anæsthesia has indeed opened up a new era in the surgery of the brain, where the consciousness of the patient may itself be an important factor in determining the surgeon's movements. In the treatment of fractures the infiltration method is also of very great use. It quickly relieves the pain in the region of the broken ends of the bones, and by securing relaxation of the surrounding muscles enables a satisfactory adjustment to be made. There is also, as in spinal anæsthesia, complete freedom from such unpleasant after-effects as sickness and respiratory embarrassment, that so often occur after the administration of a general or inhaled anæsthetic; and in regional anæsthesia there is seldom any of the headache that is occasionally severe after spinal anæsthesia. Indeed, its main disadvantages are the relatively minor one that it takes some

little time to induce—though the multiple needle punctures required can be rendered painless by a preliminary deadening of the skin—and the more important one, shared with spinal anæsthesia, that the patient remains aware of what is going on.

Probably in all cases this involves a certain mental strain, although it has to be remembered that the giving of any anæsthetic is little more than a century-old boon. And this is no doubt the chief reason why in England, where the standard of general anæsthesia is a very high one, the regional method has not yet become so widely adopted as in many other countries. But, on the other hand, it does not preclude the addition, if necessary, of a general anæsthetic; and in certain emergencies or districts where an operator may be called upon to work single-handed its advantages are too obvious to need emphasis.

H. H. Bashford.

LITERATURE AND THE NEW SPAIN

Sometimes praise, more often abuse, is heaped by foreigners upon the new Rozinante which Don Quixote to-day bestrides. But such criticisms as a rule insist on treating poor Rozinante as a political animal—which, indeed, is natural, since the harness and the trappings are wrought in parliamentary fashion—and pay small attention to the natural tendencies of his character, which might more correctly be termed literary, and even spiritual. That terrible gulf which modern nations have permitted to grow between the world of officialdom and the world of letters is, happily, in Republican Spain non-existent. In the days of Periclean Athens or Elizabethan England, statesmen were proud to be simultaneously men of letters. But Philip Sidney dying heroically at Zutphen and Walter Raleigh executed on the scaffold to satisfy the cowardly spite of a pernickety king have left behind them little beyond a memory.

In this respect, then, in its union of literature with politics, Republican Spain has shown her wisdom. Nearly all her ambassadors are distinguished writers, novelists, historians, professors. Señor Luis Araquistain, for example, Spanish Ambassador in Berlin, is a well-known journalist with left-wing tendencies, and is the author of, among other works, an interesting study on American civilisation entitled *The Yankee Peril*. Señor Madariaga, Ambassador in Paris, was formerly Professor of Spanish in Oxford and has written some striking books in English on the Spanish mentality. Many of the Republican Cabinet Ministers have been journalists and some of them still are. Journalism in Spain has not yet become vulgarised by the methods of the sensational Press. It is still strongly personal, strongly political, and by the wheels of the printing office ambitious writers climb to parliamentary power. Señor Azaña, the Prime Minister, writes Castilian prose of high literary power, and his speeches, recently collected and published in a volume, display considerable historical erudition. A play from his pen, *La Corona*, was performed in Madrid last year, and its plot bore a certain resemblance to the actual state of affairs in Spain. Señor Fernando de los Rios, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a

professor well versed in history and philosophy. Señor Perez de Ayala, Ambassador in London, is the most profound of all Spanish novelists, a 'Hardy-Dostoievski' of Latin culture. Yet, for all the Schopenhauer pessimism of his writings, he is as alert as any diplomat carefully trained in the minutiæ of despatches and the arranging of dinner-tables. After all, why exclude literature behind the bars of eccentricity as though she were an animal at the Zoological Gardens? Why labour at the specialisation of humanity into groups, if the consequence is that wisdom, which should be the salt of the world, is confined to the greybeards of Bloomsbury and the intellectual acrobatics of Oxford undergraduates?

Nor is this combination of action and contemplation in a single personality as rare in Spanish history as it has been in other European countries. In the seventeenth century Cervantes, putting the words into the mouth of Don Quixote, wrote: 'There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honour, the one by way of letters, the other by that of arms.' In this 'comically tragic figure,' or, as Unamuno elsewhere calls him, 'Our Lord Don Quixote, the Spanish Christ,' were combined, or rather were perpetually at warfare with each other, the two Spanish traits of vigorous undisciplined individual action and equally vigorous, equally individual, contemplation. Ignatius Loyola, to take another example, was a soldier before he founded the Company of Jesus, and, as Mr. Havelock Ellis has aptly remarked, 'The soldier of Christ, elsewhere a symbol, in Spain became an embodied reality.' Similarly in the field of literature, an individual poet or writer is more common than an orthodox literary movement, and even the mythical, almost canonised, and to-day haloed, generation of 1898 is divided into distinct divergent personalities, varying in opinion from the intensely combative, intensely Spanish philosopher, Unamuno, to the Europeanised suavity of Ortega y Gasset, yet all united by a substratum of what might be called Spanish universalism. Indeed, 'oscillation between the two extremes, man and the universe, is the rhythm that underlies the history of Spain'; and the fusion resulting from the conflict of these opponent strains has been characteristic of her development, both from a geographic and a psychological aspect, for many centuries. The forceful individual characters who are necessary for the salvation, or rather for the proper expression, of her destiny are the outward expressions of the inward universalism which underlies all Spanish thought. The universalism of the vast illimitable plains of Castile, unrolling their half-barbaric grandeur in monotonous aridity, forms a majestic background to the solitary individual, a shepherd perhaps, who, Bedouin-like, stalks in solemn isolation across these

steppe-like regions, brooding mystically on the rapid vicissitudes of human life. A half-warlike, half-contemplative air hangs about this stately vagabond, who, with his courteous greeting, '*Vaya Ud con Dios*' ('Go with God'), might be the direct descendant of some great heroic chieftain. So the industrialised citizen of modern Europe, proud of his collective accomplishments and his materialised civilisation, with astonishment, perhaps with envy,

> *Sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain*
> *Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain*

For the innate sense of isolation and the deep mystical or orientally fatalistic feeling of the average Spaniard has rendered him *immune from the diseases of urbanised sophistication which have so sadly corroded the mentality of other European countries*; and it is not utterly fanciful to predict that Spain may ultimately be the guardian of European liberalism against the barbarism of Soviet Russia or America, as during the Middle Ages she was the upholder of European Christian culture against the civilisation of the Mohammedans.

The interpretation of this essential 'Spanishness' finds expression to-day in the writings of that greatest of Spain's literary figures, Miguel de Unamuno. Others may surpass him in elegance, in subtlety, in variety. But none is so impregnated with the earnestness and concentration of the Spanish mentality as the Basque Rector of the University of Salamanca. German philosophy, which ever since Sang del Rio had introduced the ideas of Krause into Spain has exercised a pronounced influence on Spanish thought, seems to have touched Unamuno hardly at all, and Señor Fernando de los Rios, in an essay entitled *Nota sobre el estado actual de la filosofía de España*,[1] calls Unamuno, very appropriately, '*hondamente Español*' ('profoundly Spanish'). He symbolises the eternal struggle, implicit in all humanity, but explicit in Spain, between faith and reason, between spiritual and rational forces, and his influence on the thought of his country it is impossible to exaggerate. Not that Unamuno consciously set

[1] In this same essay Señor de los Rios emphasises the influence of German philosophy in Spain by showing what comparatively small headway was made in his country by Comte's positivism, elsewhere in Europe so successful. In the case of Salmerón, whose head is to-day depicted on the 50-centimo Republican stamps, and of González Serrano, Comte's theories were fused more or less successfully with Krausism, while Señor Besteiro, Regius Professor of Logic in the University of Madrid and to-day the capable 'Speaker' of the Cortes, united certain aspects of positivism with Kantism. The debt of Señor Ortega y Gasset to German thought, particularly to neo-Kantism, is yet more striking, though Ortega's philosophical position is emphatically his own and not borrowed from Germany.

out to mould the generation of his youth into a particular cast His egoistic soliloquies, his reiterated eulogies of the value of human personality, his unaffected sincerity, of their own accord forced themselves and their harsh Christian message on to a rapidly materialising world. To-day Spaniards think along the lines relaid for them by Unamuno, just as we breathe the air about us or take a train. We accept the atmosphere or the train without thinking of their why or wherefore. Similarly modern Spain has become impregnated with Unamuno's outlook, which is the true historical outlook of Spain itself, so that those who have never read *The Tragic Sense of Life*—and might never understand it if they did—are yet indebted to this modern fearless Don Quixote for the mental environment in which their habitual thoughts move and have their being.

Unamuno revived the flickering candle flame of the Cervantine tradition. Under the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera this light seemed to be almost extinguished by the anti-liberal tendencies of the military clique who had obtained power by admittedly unconstitutional methods. For his adhesion to the tenets of the 1898 generation Unamuno was exiled from the country, of whose shackled and misunderstood spirit he was the greatest living representative. Yet now, when the Monarchy has been swept away and the dawn of that long-hoped-for liberal era has broken with the rise of the Spanish Republic, Unamuno is once again in opposition to the established order. On November 29, 1932, he delivered a speech in the Ateneo, attacking the Republic for almost the same reasons as those which he had advanced in his criticism of the Dictatorship. Affirming that he was not a '*politico*,' but a Spaniard, he condemned the present *régime* for their suppression of newspapers, their deportations and imprisonments without legal trial, their police system ('more ominous than the Inquisition'), and for their arbitrary use of the Law of Defence of the Republic. A seeming paradox! For here is the chief intellectual leader of the 1898 generation breaking lances with his erstwhile friends. Or has he, indeed, like his prototype, the '*ingenioso hidalgo*,' studied so deeply '*que vino a perder el juicio*' that he has come to lose his reason and is now devoting himself to the profitless task of tilting at windmills? But in fact Unamuno has not changed his beliefs one jot or tittle. He has retained the same position of hope and faith founded on uncertainty, the same hatred of anything savouring of despotism, as in pre-Republican times, and by the very intensity of his paradoxical convictions he is bound to express his feelings when he believes that he sees the principles of liberalism once more in danger, not only in Spain, but in all Europe, where mankind, in its disillusionment at the apparent collapse of democracy, is herding

together in blind ranks under the standard of Fascism or Communism.

So far as Spain is concerned, Unamuno should have few fears; for 'the man of flesh and blood,' the *hombre* theme of every Spanish artistic masterpiece and every Spanish conversation, is the strongest guarantee against the establishment of Communism in modern Spain.* The rise of a vigorous personality like Manuel Azaña is after all a blessing for a country passing through a period of revolutionary transition. Every revolution produces a leading personality to gather and reconstruct the new forces that are making themselves felt. As the French Revolution gave birth to Napoleon, and as Lenin was the child of the Russian upheaval, so Azaña is the product of the Spanish Revolution. Fortunately Azaña has not up to the present displayed the characteristics of an extreme left-wing politician, but has occupied a position somewhere in the centre of the Radical Party. Unamuno, however, reared in the atmosphere of the 1898 generation, cannot easily realise the necessity of a firm hand at a moment like the present. To him anything that obstructs the full play of personality must be attacked.

A human soul, he has written, is worth all the universe. Let others invent if they so wish. Let Spain be deficient in the scientific spirit (in the narrow technical sense) and concentrate rather on interpreting to an over-materialised world the theme of immortal personality—the 'ego' distinct from any

* It is sometimes urged, as against the above argument, that as the Spaniard is so intensely individual he requires for that very reason a strong central Government, such as that of the Soviet *régime*, to keep his tendencies towards anarchy under control. In addition, there is about Communism the novelty of the unknown, and new things have always had a fascination for Spanish people. It is, moreover, true that literature in praise of the Soviet experiment is sold in the principal bookshops and kiosks in most large Spanish towns, though whether to a greater extent than in other countries it would be hard to say. Like the intelligentsia of most countries, the intellectual Spaniard is keenly interested in the Russian experiment. As, indeed, he should be. People are gradually coming to realise that no advantage is to be gained by blindly running away from or equally blindly attacking Communism, and that a careful study of Soviet ideas is a first requisite for world peace. It is therefore not surprising that the new type of civilisation in Russia should be receiving particular attention in Spain, where political experiments occupy the forefront of the stage. Any comparison, however, between the Russian and Spanish Revolutions is bound to be misleading. Not only were the political circumstances leading up to the moment when the Monarchy fell distinct in both cases, but the character of the Spaniard, though fundamentally fatalistic, differs markedly from the tragic pessimism of the Russian. There are many reasons for this, of which not the least important is the climate. Officially Spain has as yet no relations with Russia, and, so far as a foreigner can tell, a transformation of Republican Spain into a Soviet State is improbable. The intense individuality of the Spaniard, his innate sense of Catholicism and his dislike of tactlessly enforced discipline, will probably, in the long run, prove stronger than his temporary interest in Russia.

other 'ego' that has been before and will be hereafter. That which determines a man, that which makes him one man, one and not another, the man he is and not the man he is not, is a principle of unity and a principle of continuity. So he writes in that extraordinary masterpiece which might be regarded as a philosophical glossary of Don Quixote—*The Tragic Sense of Life*,' and he goes on to say that 'a furious hunger of being' possessed him, 'an appetite for Divinity,' a terror that the lamp may one day be extinguished. It is in the admission of this inner conflict, which is the basis (somewhat uncertain) of his belief in the immortality of the soul, that Unamuno displays the intensity of his Spanish mysticism—a mysticism as individual, though not perhaps as broad, as that of St Teresa of Avila. It is as though he were deliberately rebuking those who have attained to or who have never abandoned a condition of inner resignation and mental tranquillity, reminding them implicitly of Christ's words: 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.' 'For my part,' writes Unamuno, 'I do not wish to make peace between my heart and my head, between my faith and my reason—I wish rather that there should be war between them.' Faith and reason, so far from lying down together like the lion and the lamb, must—so he thinks—be for ever at war, and from this conflict of generating impulses is born the belief of despair, the only belief that is worth calling belief—'a faith based upon incertitude, upon doubt.' Don Quixote, he continues, stands as the eternal exemplar of every man whose soul is the battleground of reason and immortal desire.

Like many creative artists, Unamuno puts his money, so to speak, on faith, against his logical judgment. Naturally such an attitude failed, and will always fail, to meet with the approval of the Roman Catholic Church. For Rome, while she has always insisted on the superiority of faith to reason, never shrinks from commending a simultaneous use of reason which, according to her theology, should be dovetailed to fit in with the requirements of faith. A Catholic divine would no doubt say that a perpetual conflict between faith and reason was illogical and barren in results, and that a heavenly-ordained harmony of these two *leitmotifs* was the ideal mental condition. To him Unamuno's writings must appear as brilliant unconnected thoughts thrown up sporadically from the subconsciousness of an untrained intellect, thoughts which under the guidance of dogmatic teaching might have been moulded into satisfactory theology. No doubt much of *The Tragic Sense of Life* is, from a strictly philosophical—let alone theological—point of view, meaningless. But the whole point of the book is to prove—or rather, to insist without proof—that life is neither complete nor satisfactory. Faith in immortality, according to Unamuno, actually is irrational, and

with the instinctive but illogical wisdom of a child he inveighs against the stupidity of theologians who would define God in algebraical terms of reason. Such an effort, he maintains, defeats its own purpose. 'There is no way of proving the immortality of the soul rationally. There are, on the other hand, ways of proving rationally its immortality'; and elsewhere he has written those pregnant words, 'The end of life is living, not understanding.' Yet, for all that, Unamuno is more obsessed with the effort to understand than the effort to live.

Unamuno is a great writer, if a confused thinker. He mirrors in forcible fashion the thoughts, fears, aspirations, beliefs which continue to haunt mankind, despite the machines and education. *Hamlet* or *Peer Gynt* are not more universal than this twentieth century Don Quixote. The thoughts of Unamuno are the thoughts of all men, but their expression is Unamuno's alone. Had he lived in England in the nineteenth century—and it is noteworthy that his writings contain constant references to English literature of that period—he might have written such profound soul-stirring novels as *Wuthering Heights*. Emily Brontë and this Spanish mystic have many things in common—notably the feeling that, as Unamuno puts it, 'the temporary world has its roots in eternity, and in eternity yesterday is united with to-day and to-morrow.' 'The scenes of life,' he writes, 'pass before us as in a cinematograph show, but on the further side of time the film is one and indivisible.' And if, spiritually, the Catherine-Heathcliffe theme of *Wuthering Heights* is not far removed from the eternal dual struggle of the soul portrayed by Unamuno, neither is the sweeping landscape of Castile so different from the wild moorlands of Haworth. There is the same grim monotony of colouring, the same savage beauty of scenery, the same untamable wind in the centre of Spain as in the savage landscape of western Yorkshire. Neither Spain nor Yorkshire, despite its mill chimneys and slag heaps, has been sophisticated. Both are still primitive, almost virginal. The spirit of both has found expression in a writer almost Celtic in either case—for Emily's father was Irish and Unamuno is a Basque; and though we may not like either *Wuthering Heights* or *The Tragic Sense of Life*, we are obsessed by them in unforgettable fashion, nor can we drop our Sinbad if we would.

As a contrast, or rather as a complement, to Unamuno stands Ortega y Gasset, the philosopher of the Spanish Republic. Ortega y Gasset is European—that is to say, his outlook has been influenced by Francisco Giner and the 'abroad' movement to a much greater extent than Unamuno. Ortega was born a journalist—'*yo que nací sobre una rotativa*,'* he has said of himself.

* 'I,' who was born on a printing drum.'

But spending part of his youth in a German town, he there transformed his already great journalistic abilities into those of a philosopher. Philosophy, of course, exists for the sake of philosophy, and when philosophers interfere in practical politics the result is generally deplorable. But there are exceptions to this general rule, such as Lord Morley; and Señor Ortega y Gasset is another. Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Madrid, Señor Ortega is also a deputy in the Cortes, and, together with Señor Pérez de Ayala and Dr. Marañón, signed the document (published shortly before the Revolution of April 1931) in which the authors called upon the Spanish people to throw off the yoke of Bourbon despotism. Ortega is, in point of time, somewhat posterior to the 1898 generation, but the brilliance of his writings and the force of his personality linked him quickly to that group of thinkers and writers whose practical accomplishment is to-day visible in the political form of the Spanish Republic.

If Unamuno represents the intense individualism of the Spanish mentality, Ortega may be regarded as the intellectual antithesis of the twentieth-century Don Quixote. Ortega looks at things, at life, at men, collectively. Possibly his newspaper connexions, still more his study of European problems and European thought, gave to his *Weltanschauung* a broader touch. To us of the twentieth century Unamuno's soliloquies are apt to appear out of date. Problems are presented now in a collective rather than in an individual form, and the struggles of the individual soul no longer press themselves on us with the intensity of the nineteenth century. Mass problems, mass psychology, mass finances, these are the *leitmotifs* of the modern age. Personality, and its claim to immortal survival, has retired into the background.

What, indeed, is the differentiating characteristic of the twentieth as against the nineteenth or eighteenth century? It is, surely, the birth of the mass mind, the arrival of the masses to social and political power. Before the twentieth century the masses can hardly be said to have existed socially. They merely formed backgrounds, went on crusades, were slaughtered or slaughtered others, and occasionally made a rebellion. But real power they had none. Suddenly all this was changed. The Industrial Revolution, the rapid spread of mechanical inventions, the cheapening of luxuries previously confined to a rich minority and their transformation into everyday necessities, the spread of education, and the ubiquity of the cinema, all these facts have effected a revolution as cataclysmic as ever that of Russia. For the immediate—but let us hope not the only—result of this extension of power to the masses is the breakdown not only of

external but of internal discipline. Each person feels that he is one of a large international humanity and that his or her opinion is quite as good as that of anyone else. After all, who cares? The 'business woman,' who has got 'fed up' with religion and 'all that stuff,' is not an isolated case. She is a fearful symbol of this peculiar age. Culture is termed 'high-brow,' solitude is considered unhealthy, even good manners are suspect.

Such is the theme of Señor Ortega's recent thought-compelling book *The Revolt of the Masses*. The author, being Spanish, is vitally conscious of the perils which are besetting individual personality; and his travels abroad have shown him more intensely the effect which education is having in modern Europe. It is a book which perhaps only a Spaniard could have written, though it required a Europeanised Spaniard to give it pointed expression. Translated into English, the constant repetitions of the main theme appear platitudinous, but in the original Spanish their significance is redoubled by the simplicity of the phraseology. Ortega regards the arrival of the masses to social and political power as the outstanding characteristic of the twentieth century, as the factor which distinguishes the twentieth from the nineteenth and still more from the preceding centuries. He further considers the lack of historic sense in the masses as a most serious and fearful indictment of the 'new self-confident motor age.' 'The new man,' writes Ortega, 'wants his motor car and enjoys it, but he believes that it is the spontaneous fruit of an Edenic tree.' He is not in the least interested in how the motor has arrived at its high state of complicated existence; he is simply interested in utilising it for himself. 'The actual mass-man is, in fact, a primitive who has slipped through the wings on to the age-old stage of civilisation.' And, alas! he is everywhere. One cannot escape him, or her. He has searched out and vulgarised the remote and solitary places of Nature. His vile dance-music and vile motor-horns desecrate the sacred silences of the wilderness. In serried ranks he and his companions have seized for themselves and their enjoyment the front seats and the best seats in all industrialised countries. For them and for their tastes the salesmen in every trade are pandering, whether it is in the sort of undisguisedly 'low-brow' or (worse) pseudo-'highbrow' literature—a type of literature that can flatter yet not tire their callow minds—or in the sort of universal stores which are now springing up like giant cacti in all large cities.

Superficially this mass-man is happier than the noble-man, 'the man who,' as Goethe says, 'aspires to order and law.' Striving and effort may, eventually, make for happiness, but in their actual performance they entail hardship, disillusionment, ceaseless *Weltschmerz* and self-pity. These sentiments are quite

unknown to the mass-man, who, if he recognises them at all, desires only to suppress them altogether. The mass-man recognises no authority outside his own momentary inclinations and appetites. In past centuries the noble-man, who observed mental control and discipline, was the ruler. To-day he is nowhere, and the mass-man rules. Ortega defines him in these words:

> That man is intellectually of the mass who, in face of any problem, is satisfied with thinking the first thing he finds in his head. On the contrary, the excellent man is he who contemns what he finds in his mind without previous effort, and only accepts as worthy of him what is still far above him and what requires a further effort in order to be reached.

We are, in fact, returning to barbarism—that is to say, to a condition of society or of no-society when there is a complete absence of standards to which any appeal can be made.

Such a collapse, however, of all that we call culture is surely an impossibility. History, reason, human instincts cry out against such a base betrayal of our higher nature. Better ten thousand revolutions, mental or material, than a weak-kneed surrender to the ubiquitous semi-literate 'low-brows' about us! Better mocking, misunderstanding, material failure than to worship at the shrine of this modern 'have-a-good-time' Baal.

> The greatest height of heroism to which an individual, like a people, can attain is to know how to make oneself ridiculous and not to shrink from the ridicule.

So writes Unamuno, vindicating before the eyes of the sceptical twentieth century the claims of the eternal fool, Don Quixote, to immortality. Don Quixote, his face covered with soapsuds, mocked by servants as well as by their masters, is not more ridiculous nor less heroic than Christ, crowned with thorns and decked with purple, standing before Pilate, the everlasting 'safe' cynic of the ages. In one of his essays Unamuno says something to this effect—that to uproot a lie once, to expose a fraud once, at the cost of however much ridicule, is to uproot it for ever. Life for Unamuno is all Quixotism, and without it valueless.

The continuity of Spanish history, the originality of Spanish Christianity and its subtle union with the pagan elements of Africa, the mediæval character of the Spanish soul, these are the corner-stones of Unamuno's thought and—despite all that is written of the Government's anti-clerical tendencies—the corner-stones of the present Spanish *régime*. What are Spanish values? What is the Spanish contribution to European civilisation? Why was the Monarchy said to be an intellect-fettering institution? Such were the questions which faced the leaders of the 1898 generation. To those questions they gave individually different

but fundamentally similar answers. Unamuno replied alon purely Spanish lines; Ortega introduced a European elemen In any case, the replies of both these great thinkers deserve th most careful consideration of all those who are anxious to sav humanity from the inundating floods of the mass mentality The dawn may be long in breaking, and the rising sun ma often be obscured by early mists, but the apparent eternity of ar artificially-lit night club must eventually give place to the clear light of day. Perhaps the newly-born Spanish Republic is the herald of that dawn.

PHILIP ROBINSON.

BACK TO MEDIÆVALISM?

In the midst of the present dissatisfaction with the conditions of life, physical and ethical, in which we are fated to exist, the cry is sometimes heard 'Back to the Middle Ages!', and we now have the opportunity of reading two books of fiction which may help us to make up our minds as to what precisely we might gain by doing so. The first is a picture of the twelfth century as it presents itself to one of our foremost scholars in that field; the second is a romance of the present day written by a visionary who rejects all that the last few centuries have brought us in the way of what we call enlightenment. There is no point of contact between the two books, however; they belong to separate worlds, different conceptions of life, almost, we might say, to a different humanity; they are certainly written by authors who belong to civilisations so wide apart that their books cannot be profitably considered together either by comparison or by contrast.

Whether the twelfth century appears delightful or abominable must depend upon the picture we have made of it to ourselves. On the one side we have an age of faith, of disciplined and vigorous thought, warmed with all the intellectual excitement of a new age of thought arising out of the fierce struggle between Nominalism and Realism (themselves due to the absorption of pagan thought into the Christian system), and urged with a passion which reminds one of a present-day contention between a Fascist and a Communist. There is Abélard himself, founding with his *Sic et Non* the dialectic which St Thomas Aquinas was to develop to its full beauty; there is the romance of the Crusades, the glory of men giving up their lives to rescue the tomb of their Saviour; and, as sweetness to follow the meat, all the music and charm of the *trouvères*. The countryside was unspoilt and adventurous—dangerous from wolves, certainly, but that only added to the excitement; the towns were picturesque and compact; life was lived naturally and hard. The contrary picture is less emotional, more analytic. An age of faith may be well enough; it makes

[1] *Peter Abelard, a Novel*, by Helen Waddell. Constable (7s. 6d.). [2] *Glastonbury Romance*, by John Cowper Powys. The Bodley Head (10s. 6d.)

the saintly life more possible; but for the populace it may be an excuse for loathsome cruelty, such as Miss Waddell gives us a glimpse of when she tells of what happened when the crowd got hold of a supposed heretic: 'What kind of monster they thought a Manichee was, I do not know; but they roasted him anyhow.' The new thought ended in the aridity of dialectics, which it took the Reformation to break down, with consequences which have permanently injured civilisation; the Crusades were orgies of debauched lust, involving the sacking of cities, and in Jerusalem the massacre of defenceless Saracen prisoners, their women and children, and the thrusting back of Jews and their families into their burning homes. The *trouvères*, yes, they produced some charming songs; but the frippery of the Courts of Love was the expression of a diseased sexuality: life in the country was wretched, the towns were filthy, riotous, and pest-ridden. In short, a disgusting age.

But, of course, to those who lived in it, the age seemed neither one thing nor the other (the idea of progress had not yet infected men with restlessness), and Miss Waddell has made it neither. She uses her very great knowledge of the period as the background of a delightful and ably written romantic tale about Abélard and Héloïse. It is natural that other scholars should not find themselves wholly in agreement with Miss Waddell, that they should find a certain grimness lacking; but the grimness is suggested for those who care to see it, and it was not Miss Waddell's purpose to stress it. She was writing a romance, and preferred to give her space to a variety of lilting songs; and if she has been detected in a single trifling anachronism in this respect, she had a perfect right to be guilty of it if she wished. Whether *Et joie aient Gerars* belongs to the twelfth or the thirteenth century does not make a fig of difference. What really seems to have happened is that Miss Waddell, with the eyes of a twentieth-century humanist, has sought out the humanistic aspect of the time as the setting to her romance, and it would be fair to say that her best created character is the Canon Gilles de Vannes, himself, one would guess, a twentieth or at least a nineteenth century humanist, and first cousin to our old and trusted friend the Abbé Jérôme Coignard, and one who endears himself to us in the same way.

One might, if one liked, pick a quarrel with Miss Waddell over her interpretation of Abélard, but everyone is free to build up his own conception from the somewhat meagre facts at our disposal. It can be objected that Miss Waddell romanticises Abélard as a lover, but it is impossible to write about a love affair so famous in history without romanticising it. It is true that when Abélard wrote to Héloïse years after the catastrophe he insisted that his passion for her had been only 'immoderate lust,' an 'ardour of

concupiscence,' seeming to rejoice in his mutilation, and having no doubt that Héloise had been brought into this world solely that he might be taught a lesson. It is almost as bad as Novalis believing that the appalling tortures in sickness of the girl he loved were provided entirely for the benefit of his own soul. It is true, too, that Abélard did not communicate with Héloise for nine years after their separation, and that his conviction for heresy was a far worse punishment to him than his loss of Héloise, and that he did not attempt to see her after the possibilities of delight were over; and that while he was still a man even the semi-sacred precincts of the refectory in the convent at Argenteuil could not deter him from making carnal love. But there is, after all, the very simple, obvious explanation of all this; and at all events there is no telling that at the height of his passion the lust of a man who was so much a poet did not flower into love, romantic love, even though that form does seem the creation of a later century. What could with more weight be brought against Miss Waddell is that she has only indicated his philosophical side, and in illustrating his theology has—again stressing the humanistic aspect of the century—given us rather his poetic attitude than his sterner apprehension, the attitude in line with his love of poetry composed in 'jargon'. His jottings from the Fathers also are of the softer variety. But she has constructed a charming, consistent figure, very much alive, and given him a background which is entirely congruous with her evocation. The reasons which she gives for his sending Héloise to Argenteuil when the crisis came, and for himself going to Saint Denis, are entirely plausible, and very probably the true ones.

It cannot be claimed, however, that Miss Waddell has created a work of art on the same level as George Moore's *Héloise and Abélard*, which is in some ways a book still more romantic than hers, a delightful and skilfully woven tapestry in half-colours, a little removed from the realm of actuality; and Miss Waddell, in being more vivid and actual, has now and again somewhat abruptly managed her transitions, and too ruthlessly dragged in her quotations. Moore deals far more brilliantly with the philosophy—Canon Fulbert's outburst against Nominalism, for instance, is marvellously handled—but he, again, is inclined to romanticise Abélard as a thinker besides beglamouring him as a lover. He would have him the champion of the freedom of thought, a precursor of Erasmus and the Reformation, whereas, as M. Étienne Gilson says, 'la légende de l'Abélard libre-penseur est à renvoyer au magasin d'antiquités.' But in one respect her book is far more telling than Moore's by virtue of its being much more dramatically written. We have only to compare, say, her version of Héloise trying to dissuade Abélard from marrying her,

or the account of his trial for heresy, with Moore's versions of the same crucial points to realise the gain. The substance of both is to be found from Héloïse's passionate letter to Abélard and his cold ones to her, and from his *Historia Calamitatum*; but in the first case Miss Waddell was far bolder than Moore in incorporating extracts, with admirable effect; and in the second she is ingenious enough to recount the agitated doings immediately after their occurrence through the mouth of Geoffrey of Chartres, who had ridden in hot haste from the scene, instead of some time after in the words of a Sister at Argenteuil. Also she invents charmingly and convincingly the whole of the episode of the founding of the Paraclete, which Moore altogether ignores, having by that time transferred his interest entirely to Héloïse. It is here for the first time that she reveals the really religious strain in Abélard, and later goes on to quote him on the Atonement. And indeed it was not perhaps until this point, after rebellion against the injustice of God, that his thoughts were anything but furiously ambitious, burning, indeed, into a fierce blaze of worldliness and desire for power which Héloïse had fanned, and for which she was ready to sacrifice herself.

No historical novel can satisfy everyone; all biographical fiction is bound to raise protests in its readers; but it must be said that Miss Waddell has written a book on this subject which will raise the minimum of objection. It is, besides, for its own sake, an extremely pleasant piece of reading. The physical background, the movement, the lesser characters, are all consistently and imaginatively thought out; Fulbert especially, after Gilles de Vannes, calls for praise, while her very minor characters are gracious and alive. Perhaps here and there she sentimentalises too much, and one would wish for a sterner air about the last few pages. Though not a great work of art, nor even of its kind a perfect work of art, it is to the category of art that it belongs. Miss Waddell has created an object which should last longer than most contemporary novels, partly because she has not only visualised her story, but also lived into the skins of her characters, if not very far below them. Her style is graceful and easy, but without that distinction which will ensure a longer immortality to George Moore's fascinating weaving.

To turn from Miss Waddell's clear, one might even say translucent, picture of strange, forgotten, far-off things to Mr. Powys's rendering of an imagined to-day is to pass from the sunlight of the mind into the twilight of the hidden impulses. *A Glastonbury Romance* is more than a novel; it is the expression of a philosophy, of a religion, of a vision of the world—*que dis-je?*—of the cosmos. It is written with a terrific, one may say a voluptuous, sense of power which stops at nothing, for there is nothing which

Mr. Powys feels it beyond his grasp to know, to see, to describe; swirls of Celtic mist form themselves beneath his pen into torrents of words; he would illuminate all life from without, from within, with a curious, gleaming, phosphorescent light; his symbols walk the earth, make fantastic gestures, take on the guise of human beings, of half-wits, of half-gods; the divine and the satanic boil together in his cauldron. 'Tis the voice of the bard, the descendant of Taliessin; 'tis the voice of the prophet, of the magician, cousin-german to Merlin. Mr. Powys has burst the bounds of the novel, to leave us stunned, bewildered, faint. From the first paragraph we are put in touch with the infinite, the illimitable.

At the striking of noon on a certain fifth of March, there occurred within a causal radius of Brandon railway-station and yet beyond the deepest pools of emptiness between the uttermost stellar systems one of those infinitesimal ripples in the creative silence of the First Cause which always occur when an exceptional stir of heightened consciousness agitates any living organism in this astronomical universe. Something passed at that moment, too tenuous to be called magnetic, too subliminal to be called spiritual, between the soul of a particular human being who was emerging from a third-class carriage of the twelve-nineteen train from London and the divine-diabolic soul of the First Cause of all life.

We have been told that this work is reminiscent of Hardy, of Tolstoy, of Lawrence, but as we read we become aware that the real standard of comparison, the real initiator of this sort of work, is Marie Corelli; there is the same attempt to grasp the whole universe, the same emotional impulse, the same romantic-religious urge, and the same smattering of science—only that instead of talking about electricity and radium, as Miss Corelli did, Mr Powys makes use of the ether and cosmic rays. Mr Powys, however, is a far more vigorous writer.

'The second paragraph of the book brings us closer to our mundane life, by a few hundreds of thousands of millions of miles, to the sun, 'this fiery orb as it flung far and wide its life-giving magnetic forces. Roaring, cresting, heaving, gathering, mounting, advancing, receding, the enormous fire-thoughts of this huge luminary surged restlessly to and fro, evoking a turbulent aura of psychic activity, corresponding to the physical energy of its colossal chemical body . . .'; but John Crow, with whom we are immediately concerned, was unaware of these things. Though unknown to himself, he was mystic; getting much solace from pressing his head against stones (especially at Stonehenge), on the surface he was a savage sceptic, perhaps because he was sexually vicious (or maybe I have reversed the order of cause and effect). At all events, though he used to pray to his mother, who had died in his infancy, so efficaciously that

his prayers used to bound tangentially off through the ether, across the inter-stellar spaces, and lodge in his mother's heart, on this occasion the reason why thinking of his mother made him so sad was beyond his analytical power.

How could he know that mingled with their awareness of wet, green mosses, of dry scaly lichens, of the heady-sweet odours of prickly gorse, of the cool-rooted fragility of lilac-coloured cuckoo-flowers, of the sturdy swelling of the woolly calices of early cowslips, of the embryo lives within the miniature blue shells of hedge-sparrows' eggs, the thoughts of the earth-mother throbbed with a dull, indefinable, unappeasable jealousy of a human mother?

How indeed?

Only, possibly, Mr Powys could know, for he is familiar with the First Cause, as we discover fairly soon in this vast book, where we learn what happens to a prayer offered by John and Mary Crow, which by its magnetism shoots off like a meteorite out of the earth's planetary atmosphere till it reaches the primal Cause of all life. The Cause, perched in 'those ultimate regions of primal causation,' is a Janus-faced Force.'

Down through the abysses of ether, away from the central nucleus of this dualistic Being, descend through the darkness that is beyond the world two parallel streams of magnetic force, one good and one evil, and it is these undulating streams of vibration, resembling infinite spiders' webs blown about upon the eternal wind, that bring luck or ill-luck to the creature praying.

But still, it is not all hazard whether your prayer hits the right spot in this Manichean Being, for the instructed know that you have a far better chance of luck if you pray at dawn or at dusk, for then your prayers are not so likely to be intercepted by the sun or moon—'for all creative powers are jealous of one another.' 'It is a material fact that these Two Twilights are propitious to psychic intercourse with the First Cause.' Mr. Powys, indeed, knows all about 'natural fact'; only on two occasions does he admit ignorance, with the frankness of the scientist who knows so much that he can confess to gaps. He can tell us what happened to the soul of Canon Crow, but when Tom Barter is murdered the subsequent history of his soul baffles him; and he cannot follow the soul of Mayor Geard when the latter dies. The consciousness of his soul suffered a complete suspension after the body was dead. But

Whether this suspension outlasted his burial in the Wells Road Cemetery . . . or whether it will outlast the life of the planet, and of all other such bubbles of material substance that this torrent of Life throws up, is unknown to the writer of this book.

A queer fellow this Mayor Geard, known in the town of

lastonbury as 'Bloody Johnny' from his frequent calls upon
rist's blood when he was a revivalist preacher. He wanted to
und a new religion, and did: he worked miracles; he cured a
man of cancer by incantations, his strength being derived from
e layers and pools of mystic world-stuff that lie about Glaston-
ry as heavy gases lie about the recesses of a coal-mine; he
sed a boy from the dead; Christ would visit him and tell him
crets. But it was by his own power that he discovered what the
oly Grail was.

It is something that has been dropped upon our planet, dropped within
e earthly atmosphere that surrounds Glastonbury, dropped from Some-
ere Else. . . .

was, indeed, a chip of Primal Stuff obtruded through a Crack
the Universe, which he was never privileged to see, except,
rhaps, when he was drowning, and then he caught sight of it in
fifth form, the form which even King Arthur had not been
rmitted to behold. Yes, a very odd character, the secret of
ose being is not revealed until the very end.

The mass and volume of his being was composed of a weight of cold
egmatic substance that was always sinking down, by a weird gravita-
nal pull, to a species of pre-organic cosmic inertia. His great moments
ne when this heavy inertness, pulling him down into the silt and slime
the chemical basis of life, was roused to activity by his erotic mysticism.

en we know, though not perhaps how, an inertness is roused to
ivity, but before this final illumination we are, indeed, a
tle puzzled. And we know that by 'chemical basis of life,'
Powys means something to do with 'psycho-chemistry'. We
grasp this early in the book when we are told how John Crow's
ayers to his mother help him.

The woman had died in a convulsive spasm of tragic tenderness for the
ld she had to leave; nor is it difficult to conceive how, even on the most
terial plane, some formidable magnetic vibration, issuing from the grave
the Yaxham churchyard, might linger upon the chemical substratum
the ether, and prove of genuine supernatural value to the child of her
mb, when in his weakness he was most in need of her.

ell, that is the philosophic structure upon which this extra-
dinary book is built, and it must not be supposed that this array
conceptions, bolstered up by those terrific little words which
e so big—force, ether, and so on—is merely the 'machinery'
hich enables Mr Powys to present us his astonishing human
ings; for the last two pages are devoted to what M de Norpois
ould call 'un véritable prêchis-prêchas' on the religion of
ybele, phrased in rhythms which remind one of De Quincey
alising Levana, without, however, approaching them very

close: this is a novel with a purpose; not Mayor Geard only, but Mr. Powys, would like to found a new religion, a new apprehension of the universe. It is a challenge to the value of the human mind.

There are, no doubt, many to whom this book will make a profound, a stirring appeal. As seems to occur in all ages when a great religion is losing grip, numerous prophets of new religions arise, and our time, for the last century, has been full of them, as witness the hundreds, or even thousands, of varying theosophic societies, the revivals of magic and witchcraft, the innumerable perversions of the human spirit going astray in its divine dissatisfaction, its divine effort to understand. There are thousands who will derive enormous gratification from the metaphysical basis of this work; there are more thousands, it is to be hoped, who will regard it not only as complete but as dangerous nonsense. It is a return to mediæval darkness without the mediæval discipline that ultimately made for light. For centuries mankind has striven to be master of its fate, and more still master of the primæval impulses which have to be controlled before social life can prevail. It is right, of course, it is realistic, it is courageous to face the fact that these things exist in us, that, as Mr. Powys puts it, 'All human minds, as they move about over the face of the earth, are in touch with a dark reservoir of our race's psychic garbage.' There is a great deal in ourselves that we do not know about, but we are coming to learn, and nothing is to be gained by trying to explain it all in terms of mystic forces which pervade the cosmos and vibrate in the inter-stellar spaces, in giving matter a sort of consciousness in pseudo-scientific jargon. This is to sin against the light, to deny the one thing that has been given us above the beasts—reason. No doubt we have to pay for the light we get, no doubt certain faculties get lost to us; but with them go a host of superstitious horrors no price would be too high, we feel, to pay to get rid of.

Mr. Powys asserts that Cybele is the eternal champion of the unseen against the seen. It is indeed well not to neglect the unseen, a lesson which has been taught us with infinite delicacy by Mr. E. M. Forster. But because the unseen exists, because we do not yet know enough about it, because it contains values on a different level to those which we acknowledge in ordinary mundane life, that is no reason to construct a dark chasm of impalpable forces. Mr. Powys is the victim of an irreligious urge to explain everything, to settle the meaning of the universe in his own mind. His is a false mysticism, not the mysticism which aims at unity with God, the principle of good. Real mysticism, it is true, often expresses itself in terms of human love, of human passion, but Mr. Powys bases his mysticism on the sexual urge;

he makes of this strain in man, not a sublimation of desire, but a perversion of sex; thus his mysticism is sex: it is the mysticism perhaps of the Druids, certainly that of the Druids as Mr Powys would have us understand them. For he would have us go back beyond mediævalism, beyond Christ, to the dark backward and abysm of time, to obtain our spiritual refreshment. One must take sides in this; the book is too powerful to be ignored. But if one accepts it one is destroying all the values mankind has so painfully evolved during the centuries. It may perhaps be shallow to love light and reason above all things; but it may be that man's growing wisdom lies in coming to recognise the limits within which he can move freely and gloriously.

This is not to say, however, that Mr Powys has produced nearly 1200 pages of a work which is either sublime truth or monstrous nonsense, for within his immense structure he has created a phantasmagoria of beings, a stirring of events, which is not only exciting reading, but helps to illuminate our fellow-creatures. He has shirked nothing, and, like the true mystic, brings his sublime truths into touch with gross humanity, so much so that the first act of Sam Dekker after the vision of the Holy Grail has been vouchsafed to him is to administer an enema to an old man suffering from a distressing and almost universal complaint. There is, indeed, a trifle too much of excrement about this book. But his extraordinary people (few of them are real human beings) live with a vividness that makes a forcible impact upon the imagination, many pages, especially those concerning the tumultuous thoughts of the writer of the Life of Merlin, the sadistic Owen Evans, are written as Dostoievsky might have written them had he been acquainted with the works of Dr Freud. Some of Mr Powys's psychological aperçus are dazzling; he probes, he ferrets out, he displays the hidden recesses of the human make-up, in many of its varieties of love and lust, of weakness and ambition, of hopelessness and striving, of idealism and selfishness. His Owen Evans, his Mad Bet, his Bloody Johnny, are, in their way, superb. His country yokels and lasses may remind us too much of those of Mr T. F. Powys, and are here and there reminiscent of Hardy, but they are given an added twist that fits them to their companions.

And, moreover, his handling of crowded scenes is beyond praise, superior to anything perhaps that has been done in our fiction. His accounts of the pageant and the mystery play, of the tea-party at the house of the procuress, Mother Legge, of the flood at the end of the book, are all masterly. They are full of humour, too, so much so that we sometimes wonder whether after all the whole book is not a gigantic joke, a colossal spoof, a destructive satire on mysticism; but no one's hopes are shattered

by the general tone. Nor are his evocations of places behind in skill and power, and through his vivid countryside and town, his puppets—peers, communists, criminals (Lord Zoyland, Red Robinson, Codfin Toller, and twenty others)—move in a way that makes them more than lifelike. And all this is carried forward on a torrent of rhetoric which very well fits the whole theme, if it sometimes becomes a little wearisome and excessive, degenerating here and there into verbosity which is occasionally meaningless. It is an amazing book, an extravagant book, a book written by a man of enormous energy, and with direction of purpose; but a great book? No. To compare it with one of Tolstoy's massive monuments, as has been done, is an error. It lacks the broad sanity, the grasp of actuality, that characterise *War and Peace* or *Anna Karenina*; and who shall say that Tolstoy was shallow? As a work of art the book is, possibly, too diffuse; there are many ends left loose (we should like to know, for example, what happened to Mat Dekker); there is far too constant an insistence upon sex; the furious anti-intellectualism is carried too far for the illusion to be constant; but it is a book which one must admire and respect as an effort of the human will. It rarely flags—it is a colossal achievement; but it is a book the whole tenor and ethos of which must be vigorously fought, denied, and if possible smashed, and which luckily, in its straining after godhead, its more than mediaeval barbarism, its absurd scale of values, its theosophic flatulence, easily lends itself to ridicule.

Neither of these two books, then, will help us much if we wish to know whether we should be well advised to return upon our steps. Miss Waddell's mind, one would guess, is predominantly twentieth century, and really there is little in her book, except the horrors, such as the one central to the theme, which might not be translated into our own age. She has not attempted to give us life as it was generally lived, not even the student life in Paris, with its divisions into Faculties, and within the Faculties into nations. Not that she need have done for her purpose; it is merely an illustration of what she could most relevantly have done had she been writing a study of the time instead of a popular novel. But Mr. Powys's book is a warning against the sort of thing that might happen to our minds if we began to go back; for if one step is taken, why not another? For this alone, perhaps, we ought to be grateful to him.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

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FOREIGN POLICY AND THE EMPIRE

A CANADIAN VIEW

More than two years ago the passage of the Statute of Westminster seemed to have completed that process of political decentralisation within the Empire which had been going on ever since Great Britain abandoned her mercantilist policy and embraced the doctrine of free trade. To-day we seem to be standing at the beginning of another period of centralisation, but centralisation which differs from the former kind in that it is being undertaken on the initiative of the Dominions rather than on that of the Mother Country. The last fortress which Dominion nationalism had stormed prior to the enactment of the Statute of Westminster was the centralised control of foreign policy by Great Britain, and that fortress had been taken more in appearance than in reality, for it was only in occasional matters of foreign policy that the Dominions displayed interest. But it is reasonable to assume that after the Ottawa attempt at an economic *bloc* it will not be long before an attempt is made to create once more a common foreign policy. In the opinion of the writer,

a centralised or unified foreign policy will be even more fatal to whatever unity remains than the common economic policy is likely to be, and will complete the process of the destruction of the sentimental bond of empire which the Ottawa Agreements have initiated.

The wisest statesmen—such as Burke, Durham, Macdonald, Laurier—have always realised that there was but one element of unity holding together the white nations of the Empire, the intangible but none the less real bond of sentiment. Burke saw this bond as one of common race, language, and institutions, Laurier as one of half-romantic attachment to the ideals of British freedom. Whether in the present Empire sentiment is a bond or a disruptive force is a nice question. In South Africa anti-British feeling apparently is strong. In the antipodes there is probably much genuine love for the motherland. In Ireland sentiment is a centrifugal force. In Canada the present rapid fall in the proportion of persons of British descent may well mean that the nationalism of the French and the indifference of the great masses of foreign descent may not continue indefinitely to be outweighed, as at present, by the loyalism of the East and the English tradition of the West. Sentiment may or may not be, on balance, a link of empire, but it is certainly an intangible of which every statesman must take cognisance, and, if it is not carefully weighed, any policy, good or bad, is liable to come to grief.

Apart from the intangibles, sentiment, tradition, language and so on, there is one link of empire and one only, the geographical link of the sea. The Empire began as a maritime empire, and it was not until nearly two centuries had elapsed that the first inland province, Upper Canada, was founded in 1791. Since that time the empire confined to the borderlands of continents and to islands has tended to grow into an empire of continental States, but it still remains true that the one common geographical feature, the sole element of physical unity, is the sea. Lose the connexions that the sea provides and the Empire as such disappears.

A realistic view of the Empire must, then, pay attention to sea power. In the old days of the three-power or the two-power standard the Empire existed on nobody's sufferance. To-day that is no longer true, for if the occasion arose the United States could undoubtedly outbuild the Empire. The first principle of foreign policy would therefore seem to be the maintenance of good relations with the United States, a principle which, fortunately, nowhere in the Empire needs any urging. Owing to the enormous success of the British people at accumulating territory in the days when they did not choose to regard that process as immoral, there are very few corners of the earth in which Great Britain has not some direct territorial interest, but the direct

interests of the daughter nations, while by no means confined within their own borders, are limited to certain specified areas. Australia and New Zealand, for example, are concerned primarily with certain Pacific areas. Likewise the attention of the other members is directed chiefly to their own neighbourhoods, though that term sometimes needs a rather liberal interpretation. Thus in South Africa the native problem is part of the general racial problem of the continent, and South African statesmen must very properly be concerned, for example, with the type of black and white relationship which British Colonial authorities are developing in distant Kenya.

Those regions on which Canada must keep her eye in common with other parts of the Empire are few. She has a direct interest in Newfoundland, for Newfoundland lies across her front door, the St. Lawrence. She has some interest, though not nearly as much, in the West Indies. She also must take note of what happens on the other side of the Pacific. But the only direction in which an imperialistic urge on her part, such as has sent Australia into New Guinea, could find its outlet would be northward, in which direction it has in fact already manifested itself, so that she now claims possession of her due segment of the North Pole.

Now, there is not much connexion between New Guinea and the North Pole; so that even such an elementary survey as the preceding, indicating as it does the diversity of interests which render a close-knit common foreign policy possible, shows that there must be almost as many policies as there are self-governing States, and that it is only the Mother Country's wide interests which give the present semblance of unity to Imperial foreign policy. Great Britain may be able to work out a common foreign policy with each of her Dominions in turn, thus arriving at a sort of greatest common denominator of foreign policy—though there is too great an area in which she alone is concerned for that to be likely—but the Dominions among themselves will hardly find much ground in common. What matters are there, for example, of sufficient importance between Canada and South Africa to associate them in any other than ordinary friendly relations?

Foreign policies while striving peacefully for peaceful objects must always envisage the possibility of war. In the past war has been one, the most drastic, among other instruments of policy, the *ultima ratio regum*. If there is ground for hoping that this is no longer so, and that the international media of control which have been erected since the war are, in spite of Japan, going to be effective in securing some other *ultima ratio* than war, then there is no need to worry overmuch as to a foreign policy for the Empire, for instead of a policy there will be substituted the appeal to a court. When the provinces of the Dominion of

Canada dispute with each other they do not settle their disput by the intrigues of diplomats or by war, but by an appeal to t law. In the international field that is a consummation devout to be wished, but until the present international authority attai the ability to enforce its decrees it seems as if the bad old syste of negotiation, intrigue, and war is likely to go on. Any co sideration of a foreign policy for the Empire must still hav regard to the possibility of war. It may be that the Empir could declare categorically that, in the pursuance of the principl of the Kellogg Pact, it would fight no more private wars, bu fight only in obedience to the commands of the League; but suc a declaration is hardly to be expected, for if the Empire wer attacked it would leave the way open to every type of intrigue at Geneva to prevent an authorisation to fight—even in self-defence. What would happen then? One can hardly conceive of a British country indulging in passive resistance.

Questions of foreign policy must, then, continue to be studied. Hitherto, since she has not long passed the colonial stage, a stage in which a kindly parent took all the responsibilities, Canada can hardly be said to have had a foreign policy, but now that she has stepped into the international circle it becomes increasingly necessary for Canadians to clarify their ideas on the realities of the international position of their country.

Since Canada is mainly a producer of raw materials and has not the population or the industrial structure to absorb its own production of these things, Canadian national economy is marked by a high degree of dependence upon the foreign or overseas market. Canada, then, can never pursue the rigorously isolationist policies which have in the main suited the United States, but must on the other hand cultivate active relations with the countries constituting her chief markets. To the prosperity of these countries her own growth is delicately attuned. Her chief interest is, very obviously, peace and the removal of nationalist trading restrictions. While dependent for the sale of her products on the overseas market, she is at the same time in a dozen vital particulars closely linked with the United States. For economic reasons, if for no others, she must always cultivate good relations with the United States.

Most Canadians, when they think in terms of foreign relations at all, think in terms of economic relationships. The questions of defence and political relationships, which absorb such an inordinate share of the energies of the European peoples, rarely enter their heads. The reason for this is obvious; there is only one possible potential enemy who could threaten national existence, the United States, and no one ever thinks of that country as a potential enemy. If unfortunately the United States were to

become an enemy, the great disparity in population and wealth, the proximity of Canadian cities to the frontier, and the lack of a natural boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains would render any protracted defence impossible. Such considerations, incidentally, give quite a different significance to those well-worn phrases, 'the hundred years of peace,' the 'three thousand miles of undefended frontier.'

Nor could any help which might be obtained from overseas greatly alter the situation. If the worst came to the worst and the Empire found itself at war with the United States, it is very likely that the scattered components of the Empire would each have to look after themselves, for with approximate naval equality as between the two principals there would be little chance of the British fleet being able to keep up effective world-wide communication. In such a war Canada would be the battleground, and the British fleet, operating 3000 miles from an effective base, would probably be quite ineffective against the near-by navy of the United States. But if the trouble arose between Canada and the United States, as it might have done, for example, over the Alaska Boundary Award of 1902, it is difficult to believe that the British fleet would be available to protect Canada. In all probability such an eventuality would see the Empire broken, for it would require a great deal of sentiment indeed to cause the people of Great Britain to fight a war with the United States for the sake of Canada, and in any case they could not fight it successfully.

So Canada can never afford to take any high-handed attitude towards the United States, whether she could rely for support on other members of the Empire or whether she could not. The friendship of the United States must always form the cornerstone of Canadian foreign policy, for it is the merest common-sense when one lives in a house with a giant to attempt to keep on good terms with him. Except on her southern frontier Canada is relatively immune from attack. It would theoretically be possible, no doubt, for some sort of raid to be made on the eastern or the western coast, for Halifax or Victoria to be bombarded, and it might even be that a nation with a strong navy could land troops. But on account of the difficulties of the country, both east and west, especially west, and the great distance from its base at which the attacking Power would have to operate, it is highly improbable that any full-dress invasion could be effected. Indeed, even raids and bombardments of coastal cities, on account of the mere factor of distance and the defence measures which would undoubtedly be taken well before trouble occurred, would probably not be of much importance, and an advance up the St. Lawrence to the interior would be utterly out of the question, just as would an advance inland from the Pacific coast.

An objection may be offered in the shape of a reference to the possibilities of invasion from the air. It must be admitted that it might theoretically be possible for a nation possessing a strong navy to raid one of the coasts and then to loose aeroplanes off from their carriers for raids on inland cities. In this way Quebec, and possibly Montreal or even Ottawa, might be reached from a fleet stationed well down the lower St Lawrence. In the west the planes could hardly cross the mountains as far as Calgary and return. Admittedly the march of invention is rapid, and the future may see the range and power of bombing planes enormously increased. But in that respect the only difference between the case of Canada and that of any other nation is that, with the exception of the United States, her possible enemies are all infinitely more remote, and that her margin of safety under any conditions of air warfare, with 3000 miles of water on one side of her and 5000 on the other, must continue to be very considerable.

Canada, then, has little to fear from the extra-American world. What little she has is at the present time reduced still further by her membership in the British Commonwealth; for whether Great Britain would use her fleet to defend Canadian coasts from attack by a first-class Power or not, the modern world probably believes she would, and in this 'psychological protection,' as it might be termed, there may be found ground for some Canadian participation in Imperial responsibilities. Canada, with her professed dependence upon the British and American fleets and her refusal either to maintain forces of her own or to contribute towards the maintenance of the Imperial forces, does not occupy a very dignified position; and while the dependence is there, some case for a limited assumption of responsibility can very justly be made out. But it will always fail before the inability of the average Canadian to imagine his country attacked from overseas, and it is to be hoped that before national pride has mounted high enough to demand an effective Canadian navy the present forms of international control will have been so strengthened as to render national navies unnecessary.

It is in this matter of international control that Canada must find the basis of her foreign policy. While the world consisted of sovereign States, each intent on its own interests and willing to co-operate with others only for the advancement of those interests, she perhaps acted in her own interest in remaining a member of a group of States which, at the cost of some surrender of sovereignty, had achieved the substitution of law for force. But now that a beginning has been made in securing the abandonment of complete sovereignty on the part of nearly every State and something approaching the reign of law is at least formally subscribed to, it is doubtful if there will be much longer any

necessity for a group-alliance within the world order. The League has its obvious defects and limitations, but it at least is the partial realisation of an ideal, and the probability is, in spite of the setbacks and failures we are now witnessing, that as the size of the world goes on diminishing through the development of the various forms of communication, the power of the League will increase and will eventually become large enough to establish the reign of law. This may be too optimistic a doctrine, but when one reflects how far the world has moved since pre-war days, how infinitely far it has moved within, say, the last century, there seems to be ground for optimism. Tremendous changes in human organisation, such as the limitation of the sovereignty of the sovereign State, are not to be brought about in a day.

Law, in spite of its defects and in spite of the ability of the rich and the powerful to warp its processes to their own advantage, might be defined as the means by which the weak control the strong; consequently Canada, as a comparatively weak State, must take up its position securely upon the reign of law. It may well be that in so doing she will find herself on the opposite side from Great Britain, which as a strong nation might conceivably be tempted to rely on its strength rather than on the law. In fact, the Manchurian imbroglio in some measure constitutes such a case, for the attitude of the British Government towards Japan before the pronouncement of the Assembly of the League was not such as to inspire confidence in its desire to see the law enforced. In spite of the confusion of thought evidenced by certain of her statesmen, who, quite without regard to the real bearings of the case upon Canadian interests, have seemed inclined to share the British point of view unthinkingly, Canada would have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by countenancing the Japanese law-breaker. Not only would she be affording encouragement in aggressive action to a Power whose aggressions might some day be turned in her direction, but also she would be ranging herself as a weak nation, whose safety lies in the rule of law and in the creation of opinion opposed to a potential law-breaker, with a strong nation which dares break the law.

It is thus definitely dangerous for Canada to associate herself very closely in her foreign policy with a country whose actions may diverge widely from her own best interests. Moreover, apart from the specific question as to the attitude towards the law-breaker, Britain, from her position, can hardly escape participation in Continental affairs, and should another European war emerge from the present clouded relations of France and Germany it would be very difficult for her to remain neutral. There would, on the other hand, be no reason whatsoever for Canadian participation; indeed, the Canadian people would be

mad if once more they helped, as they did in 1914, to pull the French chestnuts out of the fire.

Now the neutrality of one part of the Empire while other parts were engaged in war could mean nothing less than the excision of that part from the Empire. Consequently the affairs of the British nations must take one of two courses: either the Empire must disappear and its place be taken by a number of British States having merely friendly relationships with each other—a course which on purely sentimental grounds the English-speaking populations of the Dominions would be reluctant to follow—or if it is to continue and to maintain a certain unity in a world not yet under the reign of law, which implies a common foreign policy, at least in matters involving peace and war—a course to which this writer is opposed—then the dominating voice in the determination of that foreign policy must no longer be left with that section of the Empire which is most likely to embroil the remainder—namely, Great Britain. In the Balfour Declaration of 1926 it was laid down that Great Britain as the principal partner must for some time to come continue to exercise the preponderant influence. In so far as foreign policy is concerned, the time is fast approaching when (if a common foreign policy must be maintained) Great Britain, far from exercising the preponderating influence, must be prepared to give up the power of decision. If the Empire is to continue until the secure establishment of the reign of law, Great Britain must at all costs be kept out of European quarrels in her own interests. Now the Channel has, for practical purposes, disappeared, and London, from being one of the most secure, has become one of the most exposed of European capitals. Great Britain's policy must therefore come unpleasantly close to peace at any price. Still more so in the Empire's interests, for it is scarcely probable that mere sentiment could again stand a strain of the same magnitude as that which it stood from 1914 to 1918. Rather is it probable that another war involving Great Britain would see certain of the Dominions at once declare themselves neutral—that is, no longer British—and the others sooner or later following their example. Thus, quite possibly in bad blood, the Empire would disappear.

As for Canada, so long as Great Britain continues to play a leading *rôle* in European politics, it is unwise for her to associate herself too closely with the Mother Country, for whatever her future is destined to be, it certainly is not going to be that of part of the continent of Europe. George Washington's advice to his countrymen a century and a quarter ago is still good advice to Canadians: friendship towards all, but entangling alliances with none.

A. R. M. LOWER.

HISTORY FROM THE LOOM

A Monthly Survey of World Affairs

PRECISELY as a conveniently mathematical Providence ordains that in each year an almost identical proportion of persons shall commit suicide, in an almost identical percentage of shootings, drownings, poisonings, *et alia*, so it may be taken as a sociological law that if, in Europe, the month of August does not begin with an outbreak of war nothing of major importance will occur until its end. The captains and the kings (nowadays, *bien entendu*, of finance) depart, and in Throgmorton Street and Wall Street the tumult and the shouting dies. Democracy, in the latterly bedraggled majesty of its diverse Parliaments, shuts up shop. The world is left to be governed by insignificant Under-Secretaries and routine-grinding junior bureaucrats with an eye on the clock. In the phenomenon there is material for another Elegy. The lowing herd winds, cursing the traffic-blocks, perspiringly to the sea. Its, in majority senescent, herdsmen can, for a brief and blessed respite, leave it to itself and forget world problems in an overdue purgation of their hepatic tracts or, more robust, release finally irrepressible primitive instincts in the slaughter of grouse upon a Pictish moor with a society weekly photographer in attendance. They can be reasonably certain that since no European war broke out in the specifically dangerous latter fortnight of July (when the harvest is in), none will occur before the corresponding period next year, and September is early enough to begin actively worrying about it.

August 1933 was comfortably and conformably static. The temple of Janus remained shut—though earlier in the year there had been some little hankering, with mutterings of 'preventive war' and scowls at the scowling Herr Hitler, to tamper with the latch. But authentically to open that door is an unpredictably expensive audacity from which—at least in this chastened generation—the most logical of General Staffs recoil. Nevertheless, even in August, the diversely patterned and inextricably enmeshed fabric of human greeds and human destinies ceases not to be woven on the loom of time.

With the demise of the Economic Conference, suitably interred to the majestic but meaningless eloquence of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the curt snub of President Roosevelt, the United States stepped back abruptly into aloofness, leaving Great Britain—burdened with problems of which the majority of the British race is blissfully and typically unconscious—to bulk awkwardly in the centre of the picture The trouble with the world-sprawling British Empire—or, if one prefers, its traditional virtue—is that it never clearly knows its own mind Its history is that of a series of opportunist compromises To-day, in contrast with the very definite national volitions of Mr Roosevelt's America, of Herr Hitler's Germany, of Italy and of France, it has no recognisable policy, no identifiably scheduled constructive determination It has merely a blind, and, to the foreigner, absurdly complacent, faith in the special Providence that in the past has obviously blessed its habit of 'muddling through' But, apart from its unavoidable share in the universal economic disaster of the past four years, its present position can give very little satisfaction to those in charge of its once resplendent fortunes

Britain is no longer the workshop of the world Every nation, including the British overseas Dominions, is locally industrialised; there is no longer place for any country, even America, to be the world's workshop London no longer tranquilly re-invests the enormous profits of an undisputed financial hegemony; outside the 'sterling area,' the world looks anxiously to the dollar rate Coal, that crude or in whatever mutations, was for a century the ultimate exchange for wheat, is an asset shrunken almost to extinction. The old-time quasi-monopoly of shipping has been reduced to 27 per cent struggling against a multiplicity of aggressively subsidised rivals The British Navy is no longer unchallengeably supreme on every ocean; its remnant could fight neither in the Western Atlantic nor anywhere in the Pacific; it is doubtful even, whether against French or Italian submarines, it could protect convoys through the Mediterranean, which was aforetime a British lake, and it cannot turn a propeller save with foreign fuel The vast accumulated reserves of a hundred years of prosperity—disguising the real descent to bankruptcy of the post-war years—have been and are still being rapidly eaten in an extravagantly autophagous taxation distributed in unemployment pay and unproductive social services. The visible trade balance is persistently adverse, and the once richly consoling item of 'invisible exports' has become a precarious hypothesis. Statisticians plotting a 'Green Curve' can already foresee the time when, apart from war-time perils, it will be difficult to provide food for the swarming millions bred under the smoking factory

chimneys of the Victorian dispensation and in the subsequent era of *panem et circenses* heralded by Mr. Lloyd George.

But not necessarily. In the universal readjustments that must follow the chaotic collapse of the muddled post-war epoch Great Britain has a second chance where all start anew. And intrinsically the position possessed by Great Britain and her far-flung appanages is uniquely advantageous. Diversely rich as is no other empire in every possible requirement, collectively they could form a unit of prosperity which none could rival. It is plain to a simplifying logic that they should be fenced into a vast internally free-trade area analogous to the continental empire of the United States, where Pennsylvania is not allowed to erect tariff walls against Illinois, nor Idaho against Dakota: distance is no obstacle; Australia is nearer to London than California was to New York in 1865. Territorially, in fact, the situation of the British Empire is identically comparable to that of the United States at the end of the Civil War; it possesses precisely similar great vacant spaces waiting to be filled by wealth-creating settlers. But in this world, and particularly in that portion of it inhabited by the British race, logic does not rule. In reaction perhaps from the over-close community of the war period, the post-war years witnessed a progressive family disintegration. While a backveld-dominated South Africa permitted a microscopically minute Union Jack to figure in her defiantly Dutch Dominion flag only after violent controversy, Australia, rabid in a not too successful and dog-in-the-manger Socialism, extended her slogan of 'No British Need Apply,' even to the barring of British-trained hospital nurses. Canada, newly in financial bondage to the United States, admitted a mere dribble of British immigrants at the same time as she received a flood of American and Scandinavian farmers to dilute the British strain in her exiguous population. Juristically, this centrifugal tendency attained its consecration in the Statute of Westminster, constitutionally confirming the virtual independence of every Dominion. The Statute of Westminster was, if one will, but the prudent recognition of a fact; Lord North's experiment was for all time. But the fact was ominous.

Classically, however, the omens sometimes lie. The unpredictable occurs. *More Britannico*, it occurred again. That centrifugal tendency has been abruptly arrested, even reversed. Characteristically, since the British are in question, the event was not deliberately planned; it was fortuitous, and in spite of themselves. When, to the distress of Mr Montagu Norman and the dismay of a nation Press-scared to desperate sacrifices to 'save the pound,' wicked foreign bankers snatched £200,000,000 gold from London and forced Britain off the gold standard, those

foreign bankers unwittingly did more to consolidate the British Empire than could have been done by any British or Dominion statesman. The Dominions suddenly realised that the Home Country was their vital market; they must sell for sterling or not sell at all. The formation of the 'sterling area' was automatic, with other similarly circumstanced countries rushing to join in. The Ottawa Conference was a somewhat clumsy attempt to implement that new sense of solidarity. Imperfectly loyal to its decisions though the contracting parties have been, nevertheless it was and is a portent. The framework, though sketchy and fragile, remains. Within it the cohesive movement has been accentuated. Dutch-Nationalist South Africa, factiously and ruinously remaining on gold in sign and furtherance of its ultimate independence, has been compelled by unsentimental economics to join the sterling block. For the first time in twenty years Canada has raised a loan in the London market. Australia, lately watching Manchurian proceedings with an acute interest, at last contemplates the organised colonisation of at least a part of her northern emptiness, and the immigrants would certainly be British. Despite the fierce family squabbles behind closed doors which accompanied the Economic Conference, the Home Country and the Dominions meet in a mutual understanding as perhaps they have not done since the little episode of Chanak. The visible closer unity of the English-speaking British Empire is a world fact which none may ignore.

The problem of India, however, is imminently the crucial problem for Great Britain. To a previous generation—when the overseas Dominions were of such little real importance that many doubted whether they were worth keeping—the one great Imperial possession was India. If every other nation covetously regarded it as an Aladdin's treasure-house to loot, to Britain it was chiefly a vast and eternal market for the immense cotton production of Lancashire, and in the second place a field for pleasant and well-remunerated careers open to young men of her upper middle class. Above all, envied as it was by every rival, India was the gorgeous symbol of her Imperial splendour, the Koh-i-noor of her Imperial crown. The prestige of Britain came dazzlingly to be identified with the possession of that traditional prize of conquerors. Now—of course with 'safeguards' *à la* the Irish Free State—Britain proposes to hand over the government (and the police, which is the essential machine of any government anywhere) to Indian politicians elected by 30,000,000 illiterates voting for symbols of an umbrella or an elephant. Why? The non-British world, with a certain *Schadenfreude*, logically attributes it to a decay of the will-to-power—synonymous everywhere with the will-to-exist, whether in a nation or an acorn. There is perhaps

an economic reason. There is no longer much profit in India. Child-minded mob frenzies, subsidized by astute Hindu mill-owners, have killed the market for British goods. It is hoped that hostility—semi-mystical in the Brahmin leaders dreaming of a mythically glorious independent India—will pass and India be open again. 'Or if not, then India is an expensive [illegible] ment of which it is as well to be rid with [illegible] as the face-saving formula.

A future historian may point to a deeper and psychological reason in Britain itself. Since the abolition of John Company, British India has been the preserve of the [illegible] 'sahibs,' aristocratically selected from [illegible] schools. The drab plebeian masses [illegible] political power by successive enfranchisements [illegible] first in the Nonconformist Radical Party [illegible] Party, have felt no pride in a heritage [illegible] and excluded. Instinctively, if obscurely, [illegible] hostile to it, ever ready, in a monopoly [illegible] Hindu politicians picturesquely and [illegible] an oppressive British *Raj*. That ide[illegible] for a chaos brought to order, for vast [illegible] banished famine, for the welfare of [illegible] millions—has become the fashion [illegible] ironically, it falls to the Conservative [illegible] years purveying Socialism-and-water [illegible] to implement an abdication that shall [illegible] ness but an amiable 'fading out.' [illegible] Indian nation is to become ecstatically [illegible] independence of Dominion status [illegible] Indian nation, but only a sub-continent [illegible] antagonistic religions. The East un[illegible] lack of rule. It does not understand [illegible] Either the British rule, or they do n[illegible] do not mean abdication, but are only [illegible] allegiance, then at the best they will [illegible] ambiguity. In the other alternative [illegible] barbarian world will run the fateful [illegible] the legions.' In either event, an exp[illegible] entire Orient, the Orient which ha[illegible] come and pass. Not only to itself, [illegible] once shattered can never be restore[illegible] Britain has a responsibility of which [illegible]

At home Britain has been content [illegible] in the *dolce far niente* of summer ho[illegible] equanimity it has glanced at rival ex-[illegible] threatening to shoot each other up. The allegedly imminent

proclamation of an Irish Republic in name as well as deed has failed to shake its calm. The fact is that, since commerce ceased to be wind-driven and the harbours of Southern Ireland are no longer crowded with British ships waiting for a lull in the westerly gales, Ireland does not matter. As to its bellicose independence, with 2,500,000 bankrupt farmers shaking the fist of defiance at 45,000,000 customers—as against the very different proportion of 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 in the Wolfe Tone days when Erin potentially blockaded England—it is as innocuous as Long Island proclaiming its independence of the United States. In more important affairs, despite the soothing pledge to the Dominions, at the close of the Economic Conference, that sterling is not tied to gold, nor to the franc, nor to any other currency, the delightfully independent private banking-house of Mr. Montagu Norman continues to peg sterling to gold *via* the franc. If, as is sempiternally rumoured, an indignant Treasury should league itself with an exasperated business community to terminate his dictatorship, it will be a political event distinctly more world-shaking than the fall of Señor Machado. Afar off a minor demonstration of Oriental human nature brought Mr MacDonald planing through the skies from Lossiemouth to London. In the neighbourhood of Mosul the Iraqian 'irregular' police joyously seized a plausible occasion to exterminate a batch of men, women and children, of *heimatlos* Assyrian Christians whose warriors had served—without earning an effective gratitude—as British levies during and just after the war. Proverbially, Christians in the East are sympathetic only when they are being massacred, but, inasmuch as Britain had specifically assumed complete 'moral responsibility' for the inclusion of a nominally independent Iraq in the comity of civilised and 'idealistic' nations at Geneva, it was a little awkward. Nor does Britain want any trouble in Iraq, where, indeed, British influence of late has been somewhat precarious. Iraq is the supply end of the Iraq—Palestine pipeline which shall cut out the route through the Suez Canal and make Britain to that extent more independent of a latently anti-British Egypt which might become obstreperous in time of war. The British Government has also another preoccupation, to be attended to after the holidays. Just as to the United States Disarmament Conferences are primarily intended to limit the British power of maritime blockade, so to Great Britain—conscious that from the empyrean it is no longer an island—their primary purpose is to reduce other people's bombing squadrons, in fact, to outlaw air-bombing altogether, except in Iraq and on the North-West Frontier. If the present adjourned and scarcely animate Disarmament Conference should, as seems probable, finally dissolve in futility, the harrowing eloquence of Mr. Baldwin

of no avail, Britain will regrettably be compelled to increase her aerial forces, fallen to fifth place in the world. As an offset, however, she has just 'axed' a considerable number of naval officers, much less easily replaceable than ships. There is a choice of inferences to be drawn from the fact.

Across the Channel France still clutches, with diminishing satisfaction, a franc authentically based on gold. No longer are the United States and Britain daily denounced as villains scheming to ruin France by spiriting away her hard-won precious metal. In fact, a curious silence envelops the topic. Meantime, symptoms of distress accumulate. The artificially imposed price of 115 francs a quintal for wheat is pleasing nobody. The dealers are refusing to buy, and the Government export subsidy of 30 francs a quintal is entirely failing to clear the 1932 surplus of 20,000,000 quintals when the world price is some 60 francs lower, while this year's surplus is even greater than last. The consumer eats the most expensive bread in the world, and is being taxed for the privilege. In common with most other industries, the great tulle and lace industry of the North of France finds itself in a *situation désespérée*. Following trouble at Calais, the municipality, the chamber of commerce, the trades unions, and the employers' syndicates of Caudry, the second great centre of tulle manufacture, united to send an urgent telegram to M. Daladier. They supported the happenings at Calais, and likewise demanded the immediate intervention of the State, pointing out that 'an industry with a recent annual turnover of 2,000,000,000 francs is menaced with disappearance, in consequence of currency depreciation, tariff barriers, and an excessive taxation.' It is not clear what M. Daladier can do about it. However, the French Government is bravely attacking the deficit with a national lottery of which the first portion is 200,000,000 francs, while the prizes total 170,000,000 francs—a somewhat leaky bucket with which to fill the yawning void. Also, so unobtrusively as not even to mention it in the *Journal Officiel*, it has increased the duties on sundry American imports by rates from 300 to 1000 per cent. On the other hand, a stony-hearted America has just informed France that until she pays her debts she can expect no share in the long-anticipated wine boom after the repeal of Prohibition. Poor France!

Capitalising the ubiquitous yearning for an efficient Fascism, a section of the Socialist *mélange* created a brief sensation by declaring for a national Socialism, *à la* Hitler–Mussolini, in contradistinction to the orthodox Marxian brand. But Fascism requires a man, and there was no man visible. The French public shrugged its shoulders disappointedly. It did not shrug its shoulders, however, when the State-paid school teachers of France, met in

congress on the anniversary of 1914, solemnly voted their disapproval of war even in defence of the *Patrie*. It was furiously indignant It was also indignant when it learned that the 10 per cent. cut in the pay and allowances of Government functionaries, voted by the Chambers, would not be applied, because the strongly organised *syndicat* of the functionaries had objected. It asks who runs France, and in whose interest? The average Frenchman's opinion of his present Government is to be represented only by a row of asterisks.

In foreign affairs France and Soviet Russia are making the most of their honeymoon, celebrated by the reception of M. Herriot in Moscow. There is even talk of paying off some of the Tsarist debt. True, the amiable M. Litvinoff has not yet secured the little loan which would have been so pleasant, but otherwise quite a lot has been done. Not only is Moscow charmingly friendly with France's newly grown-up daughter Poland, but there is even a proposal that Soviet Russia shall sell to Poland, *via* France, the armament stocks and munition works owned by Germany in Russia. A part of the arrangement is that French engineers should supplant German experts in those factories, and that French armament concerns should cede at least some of their metallurgical secrets to Russia, while Poland is particularly to receive machine-gun parts, heavy-artillery platforms, and cavalry equipment. In addition, Soviet Russia is purchasing French aircraft and anti-aircraft guns, instead of the German brand as hitherto, while she is to ship to France the coal-tar derivatives for high explosives which formerly, one may presume, were ear-marked for Germany. If the Soviet Government keeps its word, it is a pretty little piece of double-crossing, and it will be interesting to see what the Reichswehr Command does about it. Apparently Moscow has taken Herr Hitler too seriously. Moreover, further exploiting its new friendship with France, the Soviet Government is entering into *pourparlers* with Belgium, in foreign policy not to be distinguished from France, with the object of transferring its commercial maritime base from Hamburg to Antwerp. In another sphere these little events connote the virtual absorption of the Second International by the Third (Moscow) International. But Socialism, of both Internationals, is everywhere on the decline. It was always parasitic on a more or less flourishing capitalism, when capitalism fell sick, it wilted likewise—belying the Marxian prophets. It is improbable that the fusion of any number of Internationals can reinvigorate it.

While M. Herriot journeyed from Moscow to Sofia to preside over a Radical Socialist Congress and to nip in the bud an incipient Bulgarian orientation towards Italy and/or Germany, Poland—very much grown-up since the Four-Power Pact—

signalised her new-won status as a Great Power by making the best of both worlds and coming to a surprisingly good understanding with Hitlerite Germany on that thorniest of questions, Dantzig and Gdynia. Henceforth Poland is to refrain from throttling Dantzig, and to share with it the traffic of Gdynia. Somewhat wryly, France achieved a smile. After all, a war precipitated on the Polish Corridor would always have been inconvenient. *Au fond*, France is the most pacific of nations; she only wants to continue to sit on Germany's head.

More than ever France dislikes that unfortunate and nebulous Four-Power Pact which so damaged her prestige with her Central European satellites. She signed it only lest there should be a Three-Power Pact from which she was excluded. In its final form it meant something different to each of the contracting parties. To Britain it meant that she gained a diplomatic vantage-point for the prudent appeasement of dangerously intensifying European ambitions. To Germany it meant that the principle of Treaty revision was conceded. To France, subtly altering the formula, it meant that treaties could only be revised by the League of Nations, where Germany would be in a minority. To Italy it meant that Signor Mussolini became acknowledged as the arbiter of Europe, wielding the balance of power. And now the Four-Power Pact has cracked at its first application. Refraining from a premature armed invasion of Austria, Nazi Germany has nevertheless done its best by every propagandist means, and in particular by venomously subversive broadcasts from Munich, to incite a semi-Nazi Austria to rise against the stubborn little Dr Dollfuss. This interference with a foreign sovereign State being contrary to the spirit of the Four-Power Pact, in theory the other three Powers should make joint remonstrances to their co-leagued offender. But, allegedly owing to the sanctity of the British week-end, France was ignorant that the Italian Chargé d'Affaires had formulated an individual protest on Saturday, August 5, whereas the French and British audiences were fixed for Monday. When, on Monday, the French representative arrived complete with a written Note it was politely declined on the ground that Italy had already received verbal assurances, and that the matter was at an end, or words to that effect. When later the British diplomat arrived, prudently—since he had been made aware of the Italian step—without his Note, he was told much the same thing. Simultaneously, in splash headlines, the German public gleefully read that France and Britain had been bluntly told to mind their own business. Meanwhile, the Munich broadcasts continued as virulent as ever. It was a neatly contrived diplomatic affront of the first order, from which Italy alone of the trio was by a diplomatic *finesse* completely exempt.

France was furious. Characteristically blaming the stupid or perfidious ineptitude of Britain, with some acid comments on the Cæsarian independence of Mussolini, it clamoured that the Four-Power Pact should be forthwith denounced and that in future France, with an accumulation of annoyances in the Sarre, should sternly make her representations to Berlin alone. Germany, in fact, has won one of those short-sighted little diplomatic victories in which before the war she excelled. It is doubtful whether in the long run it will profit her. Fundamentally, the Four-Power Pact benefited Germany more than anybody else. Now it is seriously, if not irreparably, damaged. And Germany has further accentuated an isolation already unpleasant enough.

The Hitler *régime* is indeed, up to date, failing to perform its anticipated miracles. If it has reduced the number of unemployed by some 600,000 against the equivalent period last year, it is by removing some hundreds of thousands from the category of the employable, and therefore from the statistics, and brigading the balance in the 'voluntary' work organisations. The pro-Aryan drive continues unabatedly—with a further crowding of concentration camps plus a prohibition of Jewish bathing in national rivers and a black list of German girls seen with Jewish swains—but it has so far done nothing towards a healthy revival of German economic life. Despite the flamboyant 'Victory' *communiqués*, Herr Schmitt, the Minister for Economic Affairs, has been necessitated publicly to explain that it is useless to force employers to take on more men than they can digest, and to protest against over-zealous local interferences with business. Nevertheless, all over the country employers have been locally 'persuaded' to absorb up to 15 per cent more hands, to adopt a 40-hour week, to dismiss married-women workers, to replace youths by their unemployed fathers and send the youths to the voluntary labour corps. The removal of the motor-car tax has indeed doubled the output and sale of cars, but foreign trade remains completely stagnant, with a slight shrinkage as compared with last year. Nevertheless, as a whole, the German people remains delighted with its revolution. In a myriad ways it is getting a 'New Deal.' And the dramatic anti-air-raid preparations in Berlin are doubtless exciting.

In its external relations the *Dritte Reich* is distinctly less successful than its predecessor. The 'Pity Poor Germany' sentiment, skilfully nurtured from the days of Ebert to the days of Brüning, is dead. Nobody loves her. Great Britain unkindly refused to sell her the twenty-five 'police-planes' so obviously necessitated by the leaflet-dropping air-raid over Berlin which nobody saw, and even sharply threatened counter-measures against the neat little device by which British and other foreign

shipping companies would be prevented from booking the German-Jewish passengers boycotting the German lines. America—where the dollars came from—is almost solidly hostile and publishes the most unkind things. It looks as if Stalin and Company, who owe Germany so much more than can ever be avowed, were playing a dirty trick. Even Italy, in the early days so sympathetic to a German Fascism, is being unpleasant about the *Anschluss*. On the one hand, Mussolini not only opens economic negotiations with Hungary and has a political conversation with General Gömbös; on the other, he receives Dr. Dollfuss. If the Italian idea of an Austro-Hungarian reunion, a wedge in the *Petite Entente*, should materialise, good-bye to the incorporation of German Austria in the Fatherland.

Italy to-day—how far from the 'monkey-nation' of Conrad von Hoetzendorff and the 'Viva Lenin' anarchy of 1920!—has become the crisply efficient arbiter of Europe. One after another its statesmen, from Mr MacDonald downwards, come almost as suppliants to *il Duce* in his enormous room that dwarfs them to a new proportion. Italy alone has derived any prestige from the Four-Power Pact. By a withdrawal from the Gold *bloc*—which she could perform with impunity—she could bring France's financial hegemony over Central Europe crashing to the ground. Better than any other nation, she has weathered four years of economic storm, and in fact has triumphantly modernised a backward country in the process. By her understanding with Turkey, and her new Treaty with Soviet Russia, she has a predominant position in the Black Sea. If she is not yet independent of the oil-flow through the Dardanelles, by an immensely increased oil-production and hydro-electric 'white coal' she has made herself, at need, independent of Gibraltar, which was the decisive factor in 1915. In one strategical area alone has she had a set-back. The liaison of Primo de Rivera and Mussolini made potentially a naval barrier lengthways across the Mediterranean which would have been a serious obstacle to the passage of the French African troops on which France counts so much for the next war. The overthrow of the Spanish monarchy for the benefit of a Second International Socialist *régime* spoiled all that. When some months ago M. Herriot made a quasi-triumphal tour through Spain it had a significance unsuspected by the multitude. He could say that he and his friends, renewing the achievement of the Bourbons, had 'levelled the Pyrenees.'

Remote—more remote than even—from the squabbles and intrigues of this hemisphere of irreclaimable militarists and bad debtors, President Roosevelt pursues his task of restoring Prosperity to 'God's Own Country.' That task, as the most ignorant could and did prophesy, proves not to be an easy one. When it

is not the big industrialists who show a stubborn dislike to being regimented (despite the patriotic glamour of the Blue Eagle); it is the workers who object. There have been some nasty strikes, sanguinary in the American manner. The key industries—oil, coal, steel and motors—dared to be recalcitrant. The representatives of the steel industry refused even to sit in the same room with Mr. Green, president of the American Federation of Labour. Mr. Ford stood stubbornly independent, on the piquant excuse that his scale of pay and hours was better than the code. The Texas oil interests petitioned the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia against the National Recovery Act, inasmuch as it was 'an attempt to delegate to the President of the United States power which cannot be delegated and must be exercised by Congress alone.' The petition was rejected on the ground 'that necessity confers many rights and privileges that without the necessity might not be conferred,' which ruling bears some resemblance to the German plea anent the invasion of Belgium, but is novel in jurisprudence. So far the President has held his power like a big stick behind his back, and the threat of it has, with deductions, accomplished much. It may not be possible to reabsorb 6,000,000 unemployed into industry before September 5, according to schedule, but 2,500,000 were taken up by the end of July. Car loadings are 25 per cent. up, the use of electric power has increased 15 per cent., and the automobile industry is producing threefold the output of last year. But the crux of everything is the price level, and specifically the price of wheat, which is the key-price to all others.

When, at the end of July, certain Wall Street operators saw a chance to crash an excessively optimistic stock market, thanks to the American margin system and the stop-loss orders automatically uncovered, the Chicago Pit crashed also. It was virtually closed by a Government order pegging the price until August 15. Winnipeg, of course, remained open, with prices that fell 20 cents below Chicago. When Chicago opened on August 16, with an official 5 cent limit in fluctuation, Winnipeg pegged also, and there was complete paralysis in both markets—distinctly unpleasant to the farmer, who at this season turns his grain into much-needed cash. Dollar wheat was again a vanished dream. Future prices became a bewildered guess. To that date the rise in the price of wheat had been approximately commensurate with the fall in the exchange value of the dollar. So far the President had not put actual inflation into practice, but only the threat of it. What now? The mere likelihood of an imminent real inflation (for President Roosevelt must produce a rise in prices or utterly fail in disaster) sent prices soaring again, to fall again and rise like a tumultuous sea. The wheat question is vital. On the eve of the

opening of the Conference of the thirty-one principal wheat exporting and importing States, convened to meet in London on August 21, Washington sent an ultimatum to the other wheat-growing countries, particularly Canada, Australia and Argentina, which have hitherto refused to reduce their acreage. It reiterated a threat made during the Economic Conference. Despite a current poor harvest in the United States, America has an immense surplus to dispose of. If general agreement to limit wheat acreage and to divert excess wheat to other uses cannot be reached, the United States will resort to 'subsidised exports.' And that's that. The only market for such 'subsidised exports' would seem to be a famine-ridden China, receiving them as a virtual gift.

Just now, the much harassed Administration has little time or inclination for foreign affairs. The next British debt instalment falls due on December 15, and it must perforce be discussed—doubtless in a less highly-charged atmosphere than a year ago. The Cuban crisis, looking for a moment as if it would necessitate an American intervention under the Platt Amendment, resolved itself by the flight of President Machado and the extermination of his 'Porristas' by their counter-gunmen. In its essence it was a fight between rival American sugar interests, analogous to that which culminated last year in the granting of a post-dated independence to the Philippines. Practically everything Cuban is owned by American interests, of whom originally Señor Machado was the nominee. The chief of those interests is sugar. If Cuba could be brought within the territorial orbit of the United States, *à la* Hawaii and Porto Rico, the tariff-free flood of Cuban sugar would swamp the home markets of the Porto Rican—Hawaiian cane and American-grown beet interests. But not for a little while will Cuba fly the American flag which would permit it.

In a more important sphere, the Japanese *Asahi*, the '*Daily Mail*' of Nippon, published the complete text of an alleged secret Treaty between Washington and the Chinese Government. According to the *Asahi*, the Treaty consists of seventeen articles and four annexes. It confides the organisation of Chinese aviation to the United States, which assumes the responsibility and receives all the privileges necessary to the task. The United States is to furnish half the funds required, estimated at 40,000,000 dollars. These will be employed in the provision of 835 aircraft of all types, to be delivered in 1936. In addition four aerodromes are to be constructed in specified places, and American pilots will undertake the training of Chinese aviators. The Japanese Foreign Office refused to comment on the matter, but a few days previously the Foreign Office spokesman pronounced a solemn little warning against loans to China which might be used for the

purchase of munitions, and pointed out that the Japanese embargo on the sale of arms to China is still in force. Japanese vernacular newspapers have been for some time asserting that the Nanking Government has in fact been using the proceeds of the American wheat and cotton loans to buy American aircraft. *Par contre*, Washington allowed it to be understood that it was very improbable that the Washington and London Naval Treaties would be renewed on their expiration at the end of 1935. The 'Big Navy' Mr. Swanson is now Secretary for the Navy, and the grandiose new programme to bring the American fleet up to Treaty limits has been officially launched. Notwithstanding that Japan, also building up to the limits, has in reply inaugurated the biggest construction programme of her history, America proclaims herself as serenely confident of maintaining the 5—3 ratio. Moreover, the American naval authorities point out, should the Treaties not be renewed, the United States will be free to fortify her strategic points in the Pacific and turn them into 'new Gibraltars.' It is magnificent, but it is not yet war. Perhaps the Japanese will be scared. At the moment they are still haggling with Soviet Russia, *via* Manchukuo, over the purchase of the Chinese Eastern Railway, built chiefly with French money.

Yes, even in August the world goes on.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

MR. DE VALERA'S NEXT MOVE

FRIDAY, the last day of the Dublin Horse Show, was rather exaggeratedly described in many of the English papers as the most anxious day Dublin had known for thirty years (which is saying a good deal). Actually that morning Mr Cosgrave and his former Ministers had been meeting in their office in Merrion Square, while Mr de Valera and his Cabinet were meeting in the Government buildings a few hundred yards away. Neither group appeared to be particularly strained or anxious. All the afternoon Mr de Valera and his whole Cabinet were to be seen occupying the royal box at the Horse Show, in company with Lord Powerscourt and the chief figures of Dublin's social life, while Mr Cosgrave and his colleagues sat in the next enclosure, through a sunny afternoon, enjoying one of the finest displays of horsemanship the Dublin Horse Show has ever seen. That night, shortly after midnight, Mr de Valera issued his proclamation forbidding the parade which the Blue Shirts had intended to hold on Sunday morning in memory of Griffith, Collins, and O'Higgins, the three founders of the Irish Free State. He not only forbade the parade, but also introduced the Public Safety Act, which gives almost unlimited power for arresting persons on suspicion and establishes a military tribunal, superseding the ordinary courts, with power to inflict the death penalty or, literally, any other punishment it sees fit.

It was no wonder that this sensational move created an impression in other countries that Mr. de Valera intended to deal sternly with his opponents. But in fact many of his opponents were delighted with what had happened. It was the climax of many months of political manœuvre. Mr. Cosgrave and his ex-Ministers have been unable for months past to regain the initiative, and have been a helpless minority in the Dail. They have at last forced Mr de Valera into an action which compels him to move faster than he would otherwise have done.

The situation is so complicated that a brief retrospect is necessary. When Mr. de Valera was elected President of the Executive Council, at the beginning of last year, he was entirely dependent upon support from the Labour Party in the Dail.

But he proceeded with astonishing determination to carry out his own programme, while attaching the Labour Party to himself by a skilful policy of mass bribery, in the shape of public relief works and grants in aid of the poor. He seized the first opportunity to demand another election in order to obtain a clear majority; and at the beginning of this year he came back with a majority of one over all other parties, and with the Labour Party still obliged to support him in any critical division. The elections increased his majority of votes so substantially that the Opposition have been discouraged and largely demoralised. There has been no sign of any serious change of public opinion in their favour, and they have been forced to fight Bill after Bill in the Dail with the certainty that they would be defeated.

On the other hand, Mr de Valera has been remarkably fortunate in many respects. This year as well as last he has been favoured by an exceptionally good harvest, and the small farmers have been much less hit by the effects of his economic policy than seemed probable. The Budget, too, which was expected to show a very heavy deficit, was a much easier task. Income tax and most of the important sources of revenue produced much larger yields than had been hoped; the only serious disappointment was that the new protective tariffs produced much less in revenue than had been estimated. But the Finance Minister, Mr MacEntee, claimed that, on the other hand, the protective duties had been extremely successful in fostering new Irish industries. In the Dail Mr de Valera has never had the slightest difficulty in carrying whatever Bills or resolutions he has wished. In the country his personal popularity shows no signs of falling, and he has gained in prestige through being in office for nearly two years. In recent months there has even been hope of a settlement of the Anglo-Irish dispute as a result of the World Conference in London. While that Conference lasted, Mr Cosgrave could not hope to convince the country that a settlement without admission of debt was impossible. Only in recent weeks has the hopelessness of the situation become really clear; and even quite lately hopes have been revived again by the visit of the South African Finance Minister, Mr Havenga, to Dublin.

In these circumstances the opposition parties had been becoming dispirited and demoralised. Last year the formation of the Centre Party under Mr. Frank McDermot resulted in splitting the Opposition forces which had formerly united under Mr. Cosgrave, while it did nothing towards detaching supporters from Mr. de Valera. In the last elections it won a number of seats, all at the expense of Mr Cosgrave's party, and it has since become chiefly a party which the graziers and large landowners and the professional classes have tended to support. That has

greatly diminished Mr. Cosgrave's following, and he has lost much of his former status as a national leader in consequence. There is apparently no prospect of any amalgamation between the Centre Party and Mr. Cosgrave's party, and Mr. de Valera is undoubtedly helped by this division among his opponents. Moreover, the effect of the economic reprisals taken by the British Government in the hope of recovering the equivalent of the land annuity payments has been felt much more severely by Mr. Cosgrave's supporters than by Mr de Valera's. The British tariffs have not only failed to produce the required sum; they have fallen most heavily upon the people in Ireland who had all along opposed Mr de Valera's policy of repudiation. Industrious farmers who had paid their land annuities regularly and were not in debt, and who had a large number of cattle on their farms, were suddenly penalised because Mr. de Valera confiscated the money which they had paid in land annuities. Mr de Valera's supporters, on the other hand, are chiefly the smaller farmers, the farm labourers, and the workers generally who have no property to lose, who were in many cases heavily in debt or in arrears with their land annuity payments.

In such conditions it is not surprising that the Opposition has grown discouraged. There is no immediate reason to believe that Mr de Valera has lost his hold upon the country to any extent, and many by-elections must be won before his majority in the Dail can be wiped out. He has secured the initiative completely, and he has been extremely busy in carrying out his programme. Even the Irish Republican Army, who denounce him as being no better than Mr. Cosgrave since he retains the Governor-General and has so far failed to declare a Republic, have not often been obliged to force the pace. Mr. de Valera has been moving remarkably fast in the eighteen months since he obtained office. During the past six months he has been introducing many Bills. Most of them are designed to increase his popularity by providing more money for public relief works, by giving greater protection to small Irish industries, by increasing the number of people who receive pensions or doles of one kind or another, or by introducing foreign capitalists who will found new industries in return for monopolies within the Free State. Such measures have naturally strengthened his following for the time being. If the Budget had been less favourable, fears that money might run out would have arisen. But there is still general confidence among the people who benefit by his policy that he will be able to find all the money he needs, either by taxing the rich or by borrowing from the banks or from abroad. Still more effective in winning votes has been the new Land Bill, which provides new powers for compulsory purchase of large estates or

neglected farms, and for dividing the land among small farmers or landless men. This Bill has certainly strengthened Mr. de Valera's following in the overcrowded counties of the western seaboard, where the small farmers' sons have no outlet now that emigration has ceased, and where the prospect of finding new land in the counties which have hitherto been given up to grazing makes a very powerful appeal. Still more in the midlands, where the richest land in the country has for years been given up to cattle (so that these counties contain fewer people and employ less labour than any others), the labourers have begun to hope that they may get land themselves as soon as Mr de Valera's policy of increasing tillage and the result of the British taxes on Irish cattle have compelled the graziers to employ more labour or to sell their farms.

In carrying out his policy Mr de Valera has had to reckon with only one possible obstruction. The Senate still has the power to delay Bills for a maximum of eighteen months. Last year he came into conflict with the Senate when it refused to pass his Bill to abolish the Oath of Allegiance. He defeated the Opposition of the Senate by holding a general election. Under the Constitution a Bill which the Senate has held up can become law at once if a general election produces a new Dail which proceeds to vote again for the Bill which it refused to pass. The Senate has been aware that its own survival is extremely doubtful, for Mr de Valera has repeatedly threatened to abolish it. It has therefore decided to assert itself rather than die ingloriously, and since the beginning of this year it has refused to pass a number of Bills which Mr de Valera takes very seriously. It has blocked his Land Bill, and at present it has created an extremely difficult situation by refusing to pass the Bill to economise on the Civil Service, particularly by cutting the pay of the police and the schoolteachers, which Mr MacEntee brought in as one of the measures by which the Budget was to be balanced. Mr. MacEntee will have to introduce a supplementary Budget if the Senate persists in obstructing his Bill, and the only alternative for Mr. de Valera is to hold another election to overcome the opposition of the Senate to the various Bills which it has held up. Meanwhile Mr. de Valera has actually introduced and carried through the Dail a Bill to curtail drastically the Senate's power to delay Bills. He proposes to allow them only three months instead of eighteen for delay, and in the debates on the Bill he has stated that he certainly intends to abolish the present form of Senate sooner or later.

In July an entirely new development arose when Mr. Blythe, who had been Finance Minister under Mr. Cosgrave for nearly ten years, announced that the Army Comrades Association, popularly

known as the White Army, in opposition to the Irish Republican Army, had secured General O'Duffy as its new leader. The Army Comrades Association had been founded before the last general election to protect the Cosgrave Party's meetings from intimidation by the Irish Republican Army. It was organised very quickly and gained widespread support in many places, and its success in preventing the breaking up of meetings greatly affected the result in the last elections. The Army Comrades Association has since been kept in existence and its services are required from time to time. Its founder was Dr. O'Higgins, a brother of the late Kevin O'Higgins, who was murdered while he was Vice-President under Mr. Cosgrave. Its other principal supporters were Mr. Blythe, and especially General Mulcahy. Dr. O'Higgins decided recently to retire from its leadership, and General O'Duffy was invited to replace him. The importance of this change consisted in the fact that General O'Duffy had been an extremely popular figure as Chief of the Civic Guard, which had replaced the old Royal Irish Constabulary, and had been dismissed by Mr. de Valera a few months ago for no apparent reason in order to placate the Irish Republican Army. He had never been identified with politics since the Free State was established, and his popularity arose from his remarkable success in organising the police and from his vigorous efforts to encourage Irish athletics.

As leader of the Army Comrades Association General O'Duffy was therefore likely to bring considerable prestige and popularity to the movement. His first step was to announce a change in its name, and he called it 'the National Guard.' Its uniform was to be a blue shirt, and its programme was to be non-political. It was to encourage athletics, swimming, the revival of the Irish language, and various other causes of the kind. It was to be open to members of every party, and in so far as it had any political character it was to promote reunion between North and South in Ireland. General O'Duffy happens to be an Ulsterman, and his special zeal for the reunion of Ireland in this respect arises from the same cause as in the case of Mr. Blythe and Mr. McGilligan and several Ulster Nationalists—particularly Mr. Aiken and Mr. Connolly, who are members of Mr. de Valera's Cabinet. If General O'Duffy were a man of any political capacity or judgment, it was obvious that his leadership of the Blue Shirts must introduce an entirely new danger to Mr. de Valera's position. Slowly but surely the effects of the 'economic war' with Great Britain which he has provoked over the land annuities have been spreading unemployment and distress. Discontent has begun to grow and is likely to increase. So long as Mr. de Valera had to reckon only with his former antagonists he had little to fear. But the advent

of General O'Duffy, as an extremely popular personality determined to prevent intimidation by the Irish Republican Army, which had prevailed upon Mr. de Valera to remove him from his command of the police, might quickly create very serious new problems.

If Mr. de Valera had not shown signs of immediate anxiety at this new departure, it is quite possible that General O'Duffy's programme might have proved so vague that it would not command the same keen support which had kept the Army Comrades Association in existence. But Mr. de Valera and his Cabinet decided to attack the new movement at once. The licences for carrying firearms happen to require renewal at the end of July, and the Government suddenly demanded the surrender of all arms which were held with such licences. The police were ordered to call upon individuals who held such licences, and this action at once challenged the new movement in a way which would make them disobey a police order if they refused to give up their arms. Actually, the arms which were taken over by the police belonged mostly to people like bank managers or landowners who had them for protection against possible burglaries or such alarms. But all alike were ordered to give up their weapons, as a pretext for disarming such of the Blue Shirts as possessed arms. It confronted General O'Duffy, as a former head of the police, with the alternative of defying the police or of acquiescing in the disarming of his new movement. He decided to obey the demand, and all but a few leaders like Mr Blythe handed in their revolvers. So far Mr de Valera had gained an important success; but he had placed himself in an invidious position by disarming many people who in any country would be allowed to retain a revolver in case of burglaries. Above all, he had to face the charge that he was making no attempt to disarm the Irish Republican Army, the Left Wing of the Republican movement, although they have never had any legal authority to carry arms.

To that extent General O'Duffy gained much public sympathy, which was further increased when the Government introduced a Bill to obtain power to deprive him of the pension to which he was entitled as former head of the national police. These vindictive and one-sided measures showed that Mr de Valera had been severely rattled by the prospect of the new movement gathering strength. The Blue Shirt leaders lost no time in pressing forward their organisation, and they decided to take advantage of the Horse Show week to organise an impressive demonstration of strength in Dublin. They announced a Blue Shirt ball, to be held in the Hotel Metropole during the Horse Show week, when they could count upon a very large number of their influential supporters being in Dublin. It was only to be

expected that the hostile elements in Dublin would organise demonstrations against this assembly; and, in fact, hostile crowds did assemble round the hotel when the guests were due to arrive. The hostile demonstration was not nearly so formidable as the London newspapers said it was, and Mr Cosgrave was never prevented from leaving the hotel. But it provided a pretext to the Government for forbidding any public parade by the Blue Shirts whether they wore their new uniform or not

That issue was sure to arise, and the first trial of strength between Mr de Valera and the new movement arose immediately after the Horse Show, when the Blue Shirts had planned a great demonstration for the annual ceremony of laying a wreath on the cenotaph in honour of Griffith, Collins and O'Higgins in Leinster Lawn. General O'Duffy had been making a rapid tour all through the country, and claimed that he had already enrolled 40,000 recruits. He was going to form a women's auxiliary organisation, as well as an organisation for boys. When the rioting occurred at the Ball he announced at once that nothing would prevent him from carrying out his 'sacred duty' to head the procession to the cenotaph on Sunday. It was the first occasion when he had to show his qualities as a national leader, and he was believed to be a man of absolute determination. But he began to issue a series of statements concerning the future of his movement which were calculated to raise many doubts as to his capacity for political leadership. Having produced a clear issue as to whether he would or would not be allowed to lay a wreath in memory of Griffith and Michael Collins and O'Higgins, he suddenly announced that he did not believe in parliamentary government, that it was unsuited to Irish traditions, and that his movement would work for the establishment of a better political system. Nothing could conceivably have been more helpful to Mr de Valera in his claim that the new movement was a challenge to constitutional government. Mr Cosgrave, who has avoided identifying himself with the new movement, was obliged to declare at once that he himself believed entirely in parliamentary government, and that the parade in honour of the founders of the Free State would be a recognition of their achievement in establishing popular institutions.

General O'Duffy himself then issued another statement which claimed that he had been misunderstood. Mr de Valera and his friends had good reason to feel that he had not only thrown away the great opportunity which had been open to him as a new leader of the Opposition forces, but had also caused embarrassment to Mr Cosgrave. They lost no time in exploiting the opening which he had given to them. Questions had been asked in the Dail

concerning the new armed police who had been imported
Government buildings. The first replies were cautious and sh
that the Government had kept carefully within the letter o
Constitution by merely filling up vacancies caused by th
agency in the present strength of the police. But G
O'Duffy had said more than enough to enable the Govern
to protest that he was challenging parliamentary institu
The parade at the cenotaph, which he intended to lead
'sacred duty,' would mobilise a semi-military formation
the windows of the Government buildings and at the rear o
Parliament House. To protect the Government headqua
from any possibility of an attempted *coup d'état*, the Govern
declared openly that it would take no risks.

So the Cabinet decreed that the parade on Sunday mu
banned. General O'Duffy, ignoring protests, acqui
and immediately issued orders to call off the parade. It
be held on the following Sunday instead, not in Dublin, bu
over the country, in a great number of places where the
Blueshirts were to assemble outside the churches befor
principal Mass. The effect of this announcement was host
Mr. de Valera had banned a parade in Dublin which every
knew would be quite innocent of any intention to carry o
coup d'état. Had he done only that, it might be
looked, but he had taken the extraordinary step of revivin
Public Safety Act which the Cosgrave Government had i
duced as a last resort in their attempt to destroy the Irish Re
lican Army. He had apparently committed the folly,
dangerous in Irish politics, of 'employing a steam hamme
crush a nut.' The immediate effect made him appear ridicu
General O'Duffy's orders were promptly obeyed and nob
attempted to parade near the cenotaph, while all approach
it were guarded by an absurdly excessive force of police and ar
men, who patrolled empty streets and barred all approa
during a sunny day when everybody was leaving Dublin fo
sea. But Mr. de Valera's excessive rigour was not only unn
sary. It was a flagrant contradiction of all his former pro
tions that he would never govern by coercive measures. W
Mr. Cosgrave carried the Public Safety Act two years
empowering any Government to impose virtually a state of ma
law, in his last attempt to suppress the Irish Republican Ar
the recoil of his own action drove him from office. He
denounced everywhere as a tyrant seeking to quell criticism
martial law. Mr. de Valera had won the election of 1932 lar
on the wave of revolt which that Act produced, and his first
on assuming office was to declare the state of emergency a
end.

Undoubtedly he had played his last card in attempting to destroy General O'Duffy's new organisation before it gathered strength. Nobody believed that there had been any sufficient reason for reviving the Public Safety Act, and Mr. Cosgrave's supporters were jubilant at the prospect that it would make Mr. de Valera as unpopular as it had made the Cosgrave Administration two years ago. It was inconceivable that he could enforce the Act against his chief adversaries. Mr. Cosgrave had enforced it against an illegal association which was known to possess arms and had been murdering policemen and intimidating juries. But General O'Duffy and his friends were admittedly peaceable men, who had actually surrendered the arms for which they held licences at the request of the police. To that extent Mr. de Valera appeared to have made his first really bad blunder in tactics since he assumed office. If General O'Duffy had possessed more experience in politics, he had clearly gained an advantage which would retrieve the error of his earlier protests that nothing would prevent him from leading a procession to the cenotaph. But in fact General O'Duffy plunged from one blundering intervention to another. His announcement of local parades instead of the general parade in Dublin was a reminder that, as a former chief of the police, he knew how impossible it would be to suppress such simultaneous parades. But he made the reckless promise that the local parades were to be associated with religious services in memory of the founders of the Free State. A moment's reflection would have shown that such a combination of politics with religion was impossible. O'Connell had tried it with overwhelming success in his agitation for Catholic emancipation; but the bishops could never allow the principal Mass on Sundays to be identified with commemoration of leaders of any political party. So once again General O'Duffy had to change his arrangements.

In normal conditions any new leader who committed so many blunders within the first month of coming into public life would have been utterly discredited. But faith in General O'Duffy as the future leader of the Opposition has persisted most remarkably. The explanation, of course, is the helplessness of the Opposition, who see no prospect of dislodging Mr. de Valera while he is free to carry out his programme of winning continued support from the poorest class, who are the majority of the electorate. Sooner or later the results of his reckless economic policy must provoke a violent reaction; but the process will involve such catastrophic losses to all who have anything to lose that they are looking everywhere for some new leader to organise a successful revolt. There is no apparent evidence even that the Blue Shirts are a formidable national force. Even in Dublin the blue shirt uniform

was not to be seen except occasionally in the immediate vicinity of the headquarters of the National Guard, even before the parade was banned. In some places they have been wearing their uniforms openly; but if their parades are to be localised it seems most likely that they will be small in numbers and will consist only of those who are known locally to be opposed to the present Government. Even the introduction of the Public Safety Act is scarcely likely to create enthusiasm for a leader who changes his plans and revises his announcements of policy so often as General O'Duffy has done. But it would be rash to assume that General O'Duffy cannot survive his first mistakes.

In a situation which leaves both sides waiting for the other's next move, the only certainty is that things cannot continue as they are. Mr de Valera has played his last card, and he cannot merely revoke the Public Safety Act without incurring ridicule, which is the terror of all Irish politicians. There are many reasons to think that he will force an early general election. If he continues without one, discontent arising from unemployment and from the results of his economic policy is certain to grow fast. General O'Duffy has presented him with the ideal opportunity for diverting attention from economic discontents to obtain a free hand for suppressing the Blue Shirts on the ground that they challenge parliamentary institutions. The Senate also, by blocking several of his most popular measures and by playing havoc with his Budget, has provided him with a pretext for demanding the total abolition of an unrepresentative Second Chamber which commands no confidence as it stands. By appealing at once to the country on those two issues he could almost certainly overwhelm the Opposition and obtain a new lease of power, with every prospect of gaining a clear majority in the Dail which would free him from his present dependence on the Labour Party.

It is by no means impossible, also, that he will declare openly for an Irish Republic if he does decide on an immediate election. For more than a year he has been deliberately working by stages towards that end. He has reduced the status of the Governor-General to such insignificance that the British Crown can scarcely wish to continue such an ignominious arrangement. He has abolished the Oath of Allegiance. He may at any time abolish the Senate, which is the last and tottering stronghold of the old *régime*. His refusal to pursue the full Republican programme openly has provoked the enmity of his Left Wing, who are by no means negligible, especially as the Irish Republican Army have never been restricted in their freedom of action. In April last, in a speech at Arbour Hill, Mr. de Valera made a surprisingly open declaration of his hopes 'that before long he would be able to proclaim a Republic as a 'mere ceremonial.' When questioned

on the subject in the Dail, he made a full statement early in May to the effect that, sooner even than he had indicated at Arbour Hill, he hoped to have the pleasure of proclaiming a Republic to complete his life's work. It is by no means inconceivable that if he decides to hold an election the Republican issue will be revived in full blast, to divert attention from economic unrest.

Against such a programme the Opposition is for the moment weakened rather than strengthened by recent events. The Blue Shirts are an unknown quantity, and they are certainly not under experienced leadership. General O'Duffy is believed to derive his political ideas from Mr. Blythe and some other ex-Ministers in Mr Cosgrave's Government, and he is unloading the undigested theories of political reform which they have evolved since they were driven from office. Mr Cosgrave is not likely to share many of their views, and his own position as leader of the Cumann na nGaedheal Party has been greatly weakened by the defection of the more prosperous elements who have rallied round Mr. MacDermot and the Centre Party. But economics as well as politics must play an important part in the near future. The two Ministers who have had to bear the brunt of the Anglo-Irish 'economic war' are Mr Lemass as Minister for Industry and Commerce and Dr Ryan as Minister for Agriculture. Both have said with notable emphasis of late, on various occasions, that they must not be regarded as wishing to have any quarrel with England and that they fully recognise that England must always be the chief market for Irish exports. They are not, however, prepared to accept whatever terms England decrees as a condition for enjoying that trade, and they contend that the retention of the land annuity and other payments more than outweighs the loss of immediate trade. Their general answer to denunciations of the loss of the export market is that all countries are suffering depression, that England would have restricted Irish imports in her own interest in any case, and that the old conditions can never return. There is some truth in that contention; and in a general election it may serve as a sufficient answer to all the arguments which Mr Cosgrave and Mr. MacDermot can put forward in denunciation of the de Valera *régime*.

DENIS GWYNN.

THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRIA

To a certain extent it is possible to let Germany stew in her ow
juice, but from every point of view it is impossible to deny th
Austria is an international problem. The collapse of the *Cred*
Anstalt in May 1931 threw Europe into a confusion out of whic
Nazi Germany has emerged; the triumph of Hitler, in its tur
threw back Destiny's question-mark across the frontier in
Austria, the strategic centre of Europe. Since the fateful wee
end at the beginning of March 1933, when the Germans we
through the curious gesture of their last election one day aft
Dr. Dollfuss dismissed Parliament in Vienna, the Austrians hav
lived in a political tornado, which appeared to reach a clima
when their Chancellor was able to arraign his 'wicked neighbou
before the bar of world opinion in London in June. '*Es wirbel*
bei uns,' one Austrian lady remarked to me; she was quite ignora
politically, yet conscious perforce, of the whirlwind around he
With the beginning of August the German offensive appears t
have intensified, what with Munich's broadcasting, mysteriou
air-raids, and other devices for shaking the allegiance of th
Austrians. Hitler is hungry for the country of his birth.
We are all aware that Austria has been the victim of a cata
trophic and disintegrating defeat, followed some twelve yea
later by an unprecedentedly terrible slump, but it is perhaps wort
while to attempt, from the angle of August 1933, a more exac
analysis of what these things have meant. It is at first best to g
back a century, to the time when the Rothschilds, in close allianc
with Metternich, constructed a great financial system in the littl
developed territories of the Hapsburgs. In Germany and els
where industry came first and banking developed to satisfy it
needs; in the Austrian Empire railways and industry were th
children of banking. The economic organism of which Vienn
was the heart was thus internationally conceived in two senses—
interracially within the Hapsburg frontiers, and internationall
within the Rothschild sphere. The Rothschild *imperium* in it
heyday was independent of political frontiers; if Frankfurt wa
its mother-city, four others played a metropolitan *rôle*—Vienna
London, Paris, and Naples. It is worth lingering a moment ove

this, in order to make clear that Vienna was the centre of an economic structure which was almost Roman in conception, with its close affiliations in other capitals, and its presumption, later on, that the Balkan peninsula might be included in economic calculations, since political frontiers were unimportant. The last century has belied the Rothschilds. The nationalist, the racial, impulse, which the Romans would have termed barbaric, has destroyed the imperialist conception, and the economic machine of imperialism has been condemned to a disastrous destruction.

It can scarcely be too often repeated that, until the War Vienna was a huge, and essentially a luxury, city, which relied for its prosperity upon its duty-free association with the sterner industries of Bohemia and the corn-growing plains of Hungary. The disintegration of the Hapsburg empire in 1918 has created a clash between the interests of town and country, which on the one hand arouses the bitterness attaching to something new and unknown, and on the other, appears to be a problem incapable of solution. This is at the root of the difficulties of post-war Austria. The city of Vienna, with some 2,000,000 inhabitants who depend upon its luxury industries, has been formed into a State with about 4,000,000 people who think mainly in the peasant way, since the towns other than Vienna are relatively small and few. 2,500,000 Austrians are actually engaged in agriculture. Vienna's hinterland, as ordained by the Peace Treaties, while exquisite as landscape, is in fact 'infertile.' The peasants cannot grow enough to feed the townspeople,[1] and even if they could, they would supply no market for the leather and knitted luxury goods turned out by the Viennese factories. For this reason the Austrian Socialists have always advocated—and still do so in spite of the mercantilism of the moment—a low-tariff policy, which shall facilitate the import of raw material and the export of finished goods. In exchange they are eager to import agricultural products, especially the cheap corn of Hungary and Roumania. Since agricultural production is expensive in Austria, foreign competition would drive the Austrian peasants, who are now engaged in arable farming, to forsake it for pasture, and this in turn would spell the ruin of the mountain peasants, who could not compete with them. A candid Socialist will agree that, if Austria's frontiers remain where they are, the mountain peasants, according to this plan, must die out or emigrate. A candid supporter of the Dollfuss Government will, similarly, admit that the protectionist policy has nothing better to offer to the less fortunate section of the urban population, while the League of

1 By the end of 1932 Austria was only producing 44 per cent of the corn she requires, of important foodstuffs she was only self-sufficient in milk and potatoes, which she had begun to export.

Nations representatives will refer to an inevitable reduction in the standard of living. Apart from the scientific possibilities of intensifying Austrian agricultural productivity in the future, the root problem of Austria may be defined, then, as this: is the town worker or the peasant to be regarded as more socially valuable?

The Austrian Social Democrats—*Austro-Bolshewiki*, as their enemies call them—are perhaps the most interesting Socialist Party in Europe and the most impressive political group in Austria; they comprise about a third of the population. The Socialist Mayor of Vienna, Seitz, was President of the Austrian Republic just after the war, but since the fall of the Mayr Cabinet in June 1921—a Cabinet of fourteen containing six Socialist Ministers—the Austrian Social Democrats have preferred clear-cut opposition to the anxieties of coalition. In this, as in much else, they have pursued a much more definite course than their German comrades. Owing to the federal nature of the 1920 Constitution, they had ample scope for positive achievement in the largely autonomous province, the city of Vienna. A big majority of the Viennese supported them, while evil conditions made the nearest task appear also the most urgent. In luxurious Hapsburg Vienna the differences between rich and poor had been peculiarly great: the working classes were a helot race crowded into unhealthy cellars; inferior physique marked the inferior caste. The war accentuated the housing problem and brought to Vienna an influx of penniless Jewish refugees from Galicia proportionately far greater than the immigration into Germany which has been made the excuse for so much barbarity of late.

The magnificent housing achievements which the Socialist chiefs—Seitz, Renner, Danneberg, Weber—have brought about have been in some ways the pride of modern architecture. It would be superfluous to write at length about these famous workmen's flats, but it is perhaps worth recalling that about 64,000 families have been well accommodated in the last decade (some 6000 a year) at an average rent of 1s 6d a week; even in the appalling difficulty of 1933 the annual project designs the further construction of 3000 flats. This work has been financed by *ad hoc* municipal taxation, not by loans. Nothing better illustrates the bitter hostility which exists between the main political groups in Austria than the furious resentment aroused in all but Socialist hearts by the sight of the great blocks of workmen's flats. They were designed as Socialist schools—nay fortresses, one is told; it was sheer malevolence to mass the workers in the towns—they should have been got out on to allotments and settlements. That Renner and Seitz preferred the urban type, which supplied their best support, is of course true, and they were pledged to help this type. It is equally true

that they have facilitated the construction of a number of *Randsiedlungen* (garden suburbs) where people can live in cottages or bungalows. But it should be clear to the meanest intelligence that these are more expensive, both to construct and to inhabit, and that the average worker is unwilling to spend his off time on long tram journeys in and out of town. On the other hand, it is probably true that the Socialist municipality erred economically in taxing the middle classes as heavily as it did (though Socialist taxation is often a convenient excuse for those whose real trouble is their own inefficiency), and that the class-war trumpet was provocatively blown. It may well be argued, too, that while the washhouses attached to the blocks of flats are economically desirable, some of the swimming baths and kindergartens are Utopian in their magnificence.

Austrian Social Democracy stands for more than housing. In other directions, too, it has more than a negative record. Up to March, 1933 it was able to insist upon democratic government in a country where liberalism in the English sense had no vitality. It stood, of course, for social welfare and the betterment of working conditions. In spite of being nearly always in opposition, it was until March 1933 able to safeguard wages and hours, to insist on insurance and holidays for workers in a country which until 1918 was practically without any legislation of the kind. Old-age pensions for working men have never yet been achieved. In the spirit of Marx, the Socialists waged a relentless war against the Catholic Church, more especially with regard to marriage laws and education. Marxian doctrine, when the Austrian spirit smiles upon it, seems to look a little like Cobdenism. The Austrian Socialists were warm internationalists, and this was linked with the free-trade policy already indicated.

This brings us to the first of the difficulties which have rained upon the Social Democrats of Austria in the last year or so. Until Hitler became Chancellor of Germany they were an *Anschluss* party. On general grounds they favoured a union with Germany while the German trade unions appeared still to be as strong as their Austrian comrades, in particular, since Austria needed to become part of a larger unit, the German was to them far more desirable than a Danubian union, which must include White Hungary, and revive legitimist intrigue. The Socialists, moreover, were as enthusiastic as the Pan-Germans in condemning the foreign loan policy, in support of which Dr. Dollfuss made his inconspicuous *début* as Chancellor last summer; it was not for Socialists to acquiesce in the tutelage of the Banque de France.

But the slump as a whole has strewn the Socialists' path with obstacles; it is only extraordinary that they have held

their ground as they have. Unemployment hits their own supporters, but its relief is in the hands of the Federal Government. The town of Vienna can do little to help its own unemployed, though it appears to be so powerful. In the self-sufficiency fever created by the collapse of 1931 Austria's iron and machine industries were bound to be mortally hit, while a low-tariff policy became both impracticable and detested. Austria's banking system had remained, until 1931, on the pre-war scale—the *Credit-Anstalt* alone controlled 60 per cent. of Austria's industry and financed half the activities of the Balkans, and the immense Viennese banking area had been quite as light-headedly enthusiastic as the Americans while things were booming. With the loss of Bohemian industrial transport Austria's railways were from the very foundation of the republic run at a loss[1]; the slump made inevitable the dismissal of good Socialist railwaymen, while the contraction of the banking system threw out of work an array of young clerks who readily accepted the suggestion that everything was the Socialists' fault.

Precisely at the time when the Nazi revolution in Germany forced the Austrian Socialists to eat their *Anschluss* words a parliamentary deadlock in Vienna deprived them of that democratic freedom by which they had laid so much store. The Chancellor dismissed the deputies indefinitely and armed his Cabinet with dictatorial powers by reviving a 1917 war decree of doubtful validity. To disentangle the political knot which Dr. Dollfuss tried to cut is a task all the more fascinating for the Austrian vagueness of its character. In all the natural complexity of the situation must be reckoned the wit, the intrigue and the inertia, which clog, yet decorate, the machinery of politics in Austria. Dr. Dollfuss's Cabinet had outmanœuvred the Socialists; it represented the high-tariff policy which Austria has pursued since 1929 and which is based on the principle that the peasant is virtuous and the town worker vicious. But even this issue was no longer a clear one. The Socialist leaders refused to call the general strike for which Dr. Dollfuss had prepared, and one of the reasons for their decision was almost certainly that the Austrian Nazis wished to back it. For this new party had achieved dangerous dimensions; the political situation had become triangular.

Although the Prussians expelled the Austrians from Germany in 1866, there have always since then been Austrians who wished to reverse the verdict of Sadowa, and the break-up of the Hapsburg empire enormously strengthened the Pan-German case, to which the Socialists until 1933 subscribed. As the slump has developed, Austria's need to be attached to some larger and

[1] The 1931 deficit was 83,100,000 Austrian schillings (over £2,000,000 at par).

sounder, or at least complementary, unit has grown. The choice between the Danubian or the German neighbour without has become almost as acute as the choice between town and country within. Up to the moment of his death last August, Schober with his Nationalist or Pan-German group fought for the German union; he wrecked his career and his party by pressing his Customs Union proposal in 1931. Hitlerism added racialistic romance to the aims of the Pan-German party; many of the old official class were now drawn into the new Nazi party, which was, of course, a magnet for discontented adolescence. Elections to provincial diets in April 1932[1] gave the first tangible evidence of the existence of Austrian Nazis, who had acquired no recognition whatever in the parliamentary elections of November 1930. The movement, however, only became a serious political menace with the stimulus provided by Hitler's success in Germany early in 1933.

It seems in so many ways ridiculous for the easy-going Austrians, with their cultivated and cosmopolitan traditions, to follow Hitler, that some further explanation must be sought for the growth of the Nazi movement in Austria. Its actual strength has never been exactly measured, but the crowds of youths in Socialist Vienna who acclaimed the visit of the German Minister, Frank, on May 13 gave everyone to think. Apart from all the more obvious facts which have helped to strengthen Hitlerism in Austria to-day, three considerations should here be emphasised. First, anti-Semitism has a better case in Vienna than in any German town; it is worth remembering that it was in pre-war Vienna that Hitler learnt to hate the Jews.[2] Secondly, in a Catholic country like Austria, those who dislike what Lord John Russell described as superstition and mummery are easily attracted by the religion of race, partly because it seems to them to be the only alternative and partly because they can acclaim it as so gloriously actual. The old Pan-German officials of Austria were always anti-clerical—'liberal' in the German sense—and even some of the peasants, especially in Carinthia, hate the priests. The Christian Socialist Party, which represents the Church in politics, has, moreover, been notoriously corrupt, especially with regard to the finances of the Federal Railways. The Clericals have worked with League of Nations financiers; in the eyes of many young men Hitlerism offers the only path to an heroic revolt against the greed and hypocrisy of international finance in league with Popery. And, thirdly, the soldierly,

[1] In Vienna in April 1932, sixty-five Socialists, sixteen Clericals, and fifteen Hitlerites were elected.

[2] In Vienna a population of about 2,000,000 has about 150,000 confessional Jews.

militarist flavour of Hitlerism has a potent attraction. It is sometimes said—and nothing can be more completely true—that the worst error in the Peace Treaties was the abolition of conscription in the defeated countries; it was part of the social framework, but nothing was put in its place.

In the old days the town-country conflict was obscured, not only by prosperity, but also by conscription; the peasants came into town to serve for three years, mixed with the townspeople, and often settled down to a good urban job, thus relieving the problems of their parents in the country. They had also acquired a new self-respect. The great mistake made by middle-aged Socialists and by other pacifists is to concentrate their efforts upon ridiculing patriotism and upon proving war to be detestably unpleasant and stupid. Young men of twenty—to-day, at any rate—are disgusted by these rationalist arguments. The Socialistic tendency of the adolescent is nowadays repelled by the logical thesis of the Marxian class war; the classlessness of danger shared in war has become his ideal, for he is too ignorant to grasp that military organisation breeds castes at least as thoroughly as any other. The provinces of Tirol and Salzburg, adjacent to the German frontier, are the Nazi strongholds in Austria, though Linz, in Upper Austria, has been used as headquarters. Among shopkeepers, *hôteliers*, and peasants there the efficacy of Nazi propaganda has been extraordinary; quite apart from the German visa charge, a legend of happy Germany where everything goes well has been skilfully circulated. In Styria, Austria's iron country, the local *Heimwehr* went Nazi in the spring, but the significance of this depends largely upon the local governor, Rintelen, who is known as 'King Anthony of Styria.' He was until lately in the Dollfuss Cabinet, and can probably keep the loyalty of Styria if he will.

There is no reason to suppose that Dollfuss was originally an enemy either to Germany or to constitutional government. He is married to a German woman; he has always belonged to the Catholic Christian Socialist Party, which, like the German Centre, was parliamentary in its complexion. It simply happened that Dollfuss found himself temporary dictator at the moment when Nazi pressure began its attempt to undermine the independence of Austria. Almost by chance his dictatorship acquired a peculiar justification. It is indisputable that, in his unexpected *rôle*, he has displayed both energy and ability, for the difficulties of Dollfuss have been immense. His Cabinet, in the first place, is by no means homogeneous. It represents three parties; in addition to the Clericals, there are *Heimwehr* and *Landbund* Ministers. About the *Heimwehr* or *Heimatschutz* a good deal has been written of late. Its original object was to defend Carinthia

against the Jugo-Slavs in the chaotic period immediately after the war, but since the burning of the law courts on July 15, 1927, the *Heimwehr* has had little but the Fascist purpose of resisting and attacking the Reds. The *Heimwehr* Ministers have no *arrière-pensées* about the constitution; they are whole-heartedly glad and proud to be ruling without Parliament. The *Heimwehr* movement has another characteristic; through its leader, Prince Starhemberg, who is not at present in office, it is closely associated with the old Catholic aristocracy which surrounded the throne of the Hapsburgs. These aristocrats represent a refined cosmopolitanism, which *ipso facto* despises everything associated with the name of Prussia. To them Hitler is a *Böhmische Schweinhund*. In their view a Danubian federation with South Germany attached to it is the right solution to Austria's economic *impasse*. This Danubian outlook has made the *Heimwehr* the most active group to resist the Nazi offensive this year, and has given it a new *raison d'être*. It is interesting to observe that, although Stahremberg saw fit to deny it, the *Heimwehr* has been receiving financial help from Italy since March. The new *Heimwehr* Press (the *Oesterreichisches Morgenblatt* and the *Abendblatt* and the *Wiener Mittagszeitung*) which appeared this spring is definitely dependent upon Italian money, the Italian Minister in Vienna may be seen among the *Heimwehr* chiefs at a typical *Heimwehr* meeting. The strong man both of the *Heimwehr* and the Cabinet (since Vaugoin has become unpopular) is Major Fey, who became Minister for Public Security in October 1932. He has, of course, enrolled many *Heimwehr* men as auxiliary police.

The *Landbund* is more difficult to define in English terms, but it deserves to be understood if only because the Chancellor, with his peasant upbringing, has close sympathy with the *Landbündler*, who are represented in the Cabinet by the Vice-Chancellor, Winkler, and the Home Minister, Schumy. Dollfuss is more devout than they are, for the *Landbund* rests chiefly upon the support of the 'liberal' peasants of Carinthia; it is distinct from the clericalism of the Christian Socialists and the aristocratic associations of the *Heimwehr*; it is not, that is to say, very essentially divided from the Nazis, and it was pretty certainly due to Schumy that the suppression of the Nazis was delayed until June 19. The *Landbund*, which has now started a *National Ständische* (vocational) *Front*, advocates the vocational representation, at which both Nazis and *Heimwehr* also aim. It has, however, a healthy suspicion of dictators, which can only be reconciled with the assumption that Dollfuss's present position is a temporary one. This anti-dictatorial attitude often brings the gentle *Landbündler* into friendly relation with the Socialists too.

With these rather difficult allies and some rather embarrassing

Jewish support Dollfuss and his Clericals have had to work. Together the Government parties cannot represent much more than about a third of the people. While the Catholic Church has no serious rival in Austria, membership of the Church can by no means be identified with that of the Christian Socialist Party. That the two organisations are distinct has been recently emphasised by the new and widely respected Primate, Innitzer. The Christian Socialists themselves tend to split into a Right and Left wing; men like Karl Buresch, the Finance Minister (who is popularly attacked as corrupt), are constitutionalists at heart. It was owing to Buresch's refusal to accept *Heimwehr* colleagues that Dollfuss originally became Chancellor on May 20, 1932.

Early in May 1933, at a meeting at Salzburg, the Dollfuss Government founded the *Vaterländische Front* to rally the people in a 'Little-Dollfuss-for-little-Austria' movement, and everything possible has since been done to arouse Austrian pride. On the whole, the Government has dealt pretty ably with the difficult conception of Austrian nationalism. Both at home and abroad the appeal for the defence of Vienna's glorious civilisation against the proud brutality of Berlin aroused no unreal response. The more hateful absurdities of racialism are impossible in a country whose capital displays as many Hungarian and Slavonic as German names. The hard fact that, except in the imperialist view of the old aristocracy, the Austrians are essentially German is overcome by laying due emphasis upon another equally inevitable truth—namely, that German civilisation sprang up around the cities of Austria and Bavaria long before Berlin existed. This civilisation the Austrians—the men of the East Mark—defended for centuries from the Turks; to-day it is also in grave need of defence. The 250th anniversary of the Relief of Vienna was celebrated in May. Prince Stahremberg basked in the reflected glory of his ancestor's prowess in 1683. The *Heimwehr*, under his aegis, rather dominates the patriotic movement; its Hapsburg officers have revived pre-war military marches and uniforms at a number of 'Soldiers' Days.' But the movement in general is not aggressively militarist.

A campaign in favour of 'buying Austrian' is an integral part of the self-sufficiency policy which has been definitely pursued since 1929. This has been encouraged by M. Rost van Tonningen, the League financial adviser, who was appointed to superintend Austrian finance in September 1931, and whom some would regard as the uncrowned King of Austria. M. Rost has insisted upon Austria putting her own house in order as the condition of League help, and this, in conjunction with the agrarian outlook of the Chancellor and the Fascist influence of the *Heimwehr*, has spelt a serious defeat for Austrian Social Demo-

cracy. M. Rost, as an orthodox financier, has insisted upon rigid economy and a balanced budget. The Dollfuss Government can therefore point to a stabilised currency after the confusion of 1932, for the old imperial banking system has now been fittingly contracted.[5] Many accept a deflationary policy, with its inevitable reduction of employment, wages and dole, as a road across Calvary by which Dollfuss was bound to lead his people; but this has been accompanied by so active an hostility towards the urban workers that one is compelled to question its wisdom. For Dollfuss has allowed the period of his dictatorship to appear as a period when industry has witnessed a merciless attack upon the interests of the industrial employee in the interests of the employer.

In view of the fact that the defence of Austria against National Socialism is a matter of life and death as much to the Dollfuss Cabinet as to the Social Democrats, it is at first sight difficult to explain the Chancellor's tactics. One might have expected that the recent stamping out of the German Nationalists and Centre, who corresponded to the *Heimwehr* and the Christian Socialists in Austria, would have caused a *rapprochement* with the Socialists, but, on the contrary, when some Socialist trade unions approached the *Vaterländische Front* they were rebuffed. Both the Terrorist method of the Nazis within Austria and the attitude of Berlin, up to the moment of writing, have displayed an intransigent malevolence. The ability of the Austrian police has pinned down the Nazi perpetrators—often Germans—in the case of every recorded crime, and the attempt to paint the affair at Krems (June 19) and the other Nazi outrages in June as the fruits of a plot between Major Fey and Otto Strasser (see the *Kleine Tages-Post*, June 21, etc.) has entirely failed. The behaviour of the Wilhelmstrasse has been what we must by now term typically Nazi; in the whole affair it does nothing to prevent the actions hostile to Austria of German nationals,[6] for whom it is, in fact, responsible. If, however, anyone blames Germany for their incorrect behaviour, the German Government is full of righteous indignation, an emotion which it easily communicates to its blindfolded public. For the Germans as a whole are told nothing of the offensive to which Dollfuss has been subjected. They simply respond to the suggestion that a distorted little dwarf called 'Plattfuss, or Dollfuss or something,' by refusing to hold an election,[7] is wickedly preventing their Austrian brothers from

[5] The affairs of the *Credit-Anstalt* were settled up last November.

[6] Abundant evidence of the guilt of Reich Germans exists—*e.g.* the man who has attempted to murder Steidle and Fey. After an incident at Kufstein on June 26 a revolver belonging to the Munich police was picked up.

[7] Constitutionally an election must be held not later than November 1934.

flinging themselves headlong into the happy totalitarian Nazi State. All this has been abundantly illustrated by the events of this week (August 5 to 12), and particularly by Herr Habicht's broadcast on August 9, when, by comparing them with the Rhenish separatists of the early 'twenties, he attempted to fling at the Austrian Ministers the most soiling mud he could find.

It is sometimes said that Dollfuss is fighting the Nazis by resorting to Nazi technique, and the *Heimwehr* view is certainly that you can only fight Fascists with Fascism. But the briefest comparison of the methods of the Hitler-Goring-Gobbels *régime* with that of Dollfuss and Fey reveals a conspicuous contrast. An Austrian official, when questioned on this point the other day, gave the characteristic answer: 'Oh, well, when the Hungarians and Bavarians went Communist at the end of the war, we put on a Communist face; and now when Fascism is the thing, we have to try to frown like Fascists.'

It is really ridiculous to suggest that the Dollfuss *régime* is terrorist in the German way, though it is certainly high-handed. It has suppressed the Communist Party, which, owing to the fine quality of Austrian Socialism, comprised a negligible group. It has suppressed the Nazis, who were traitors in the technical sense of aiming at the virtual subjection of Austria to a hostile Government, and unblushingly criminal in their methods. But from the point of view of the daily life of the ordinary citizen, the two obvious characteristics of Brown Germany are that the *Gleichschaltung* of the Press makes it literally impossible to obtain a normal degree of information, while to be merely accused of dissidence may bring hard labour without trial—perhaps for years—in a concentration camp. There is nothing in Austria which can be compared with this—unless it be the pretty device of compelling Nazis to remove the *swastikas* their zealous confederates have painted up. As for the Press, sensational headlines have recently been forbidden, while the Socialist *Arbeiter Zeitung* is subject to pre-inspection and is occasionally confiscated for one day. Apart from this, the Catholic, *Heimwehr*, and moderate papers supply the general information to which the politically minded reader is accustomed anywhere outside of Italy, Russia, and Germany. The Clerical *Reichspost*, for instance, which has been forbidden in Germany, provides normally accurate and adequate statements of fact with regard to German events.

Further than this, though the Socialist *Schutzbund* and the Free Thinkers' Association have been suppressed, Social Democrat activity is by no means impossible. The Socialists held a big conference on July 15, and the hoardings are placarded with their consequent demands—a 40-hour week and (true to their tradi-

tion) closer relations with neighbouring States,* to be facilitated by the neutralisation of Austria. Since June, moreover, the Social Democrats have been collecting signatures to a petition to the President of the Republic in favour of a speedy return to constitutionalism. It is not uninteresting that, in spite of the *Heimwehr* assertion that parliamentarism has been killed by the party spirit, over a million people had signed the petition by the end of July, although open signatures are much more difficult in the present circumstances than would be a secret vote. Dollfuss's parliamentary experience, with the snap votes of August 1932, etc., helps to explain his relish for dictatorial methods, but it appears that democratic influence has countered *Heimwehr* pressure around him. Dr. Ender, an ex-Chancellor with parliamentary inclinations, has been deputed to examine constitutional possibilities, and it looks rather as if the Upper (Federal) Chamber may be made vocational without serious changes in the Lower House. The federal character of the Constitution has already been infringed by the *ad hoc* appointment of a kind of major-general in each State, but this alteration in the character of the Upper House would regularise the infraction and would end the considerable autonomy of the *Wiener Rathaus*. The Socialists will therefore fight it tooth and nail.

Can the Dollfuss *régime* survive? The possibility of an open German conquest and annexation should scarcely be actual in view of the Four-Power Pact and the protests in Berlin on August 7, but any surrender to the Austrian Nazis which brought them into a coalition Cabinet in Vienna might end in complete subservience to Hitler. Recent developments in Austria seem to have discredited the old Nazi leader Frauenfeld, and the Viennese police have just put an end to the activities of the dentist Herbert Schneider, who was apparently trying to take his place. But the Dollfuss Government will soon need to provide the public with some positive achievement. The success of the internal loan in September will be important; it may draw out a good deal of capital which currency regulations have confined to the country. The *Neue Freie Presse* was, however, voicing a widespread feeling in its leading article on August 3 when it suggested that it would be happier to see some of the much-trumpeted foreign loan used for employment schemes, and not all for the payment of interest on old loans, as arranged. This kind of thing may decide whether Dollfuss can win his political game. For the triangular play, with about a third of the Austrians behind the Government, a third behind Bauer and Seitz, the Socialists, and a third still

* The Dollfuss Government has arranged a number of commercial treaties. The Chancellor has just signed a treaty with Hungary for an exchange of Austrian wood for Hungarian wheat.

Nazi—for there is no reason to suppose that suppression has substantially diminished the Nazis as yet—is a delicate thing. Dollfuss's anti-Socialist and deflationary policy throws some young men, who discard the Socialists as helpless to prevent the cut in their dole or the depression of wages, into the Nazi ranks. While even the Socialists attack him as the protector of Jewish capitalists, there are plenty of Viennese shopkeepers who will never be reconciled with an enemy of the *swastika*. Everywhere you will hear them complain that the Jews deserve all the blame. Dollfuss knows that he is the Socialists' surest defence against greater evils, and he is convinced that it is best to outbid the Nazis in anti-Marxism; after all, the rest of the *Heimwehr* might follow that of Styria. As a matter of fact, the Vatican is running the best appeal possible on behalf of Dollfuss in this time of yearning for idealism and the defeat of materialism. The *Reichspost* on August 3 wisely based its leading article upon quotations from the *Osservatore Romano*. Their gist was as follows: 'The racial State emphasises the material side of nationalism; it converts a spiritual into a physical conception, since physique and coercion become the dominant factors. Only barbaric tribes have been racially pure.'

Between Dollfuss and the Socialists there is only a negative tie; both, in their fear of Germany, look for Danubian co-operation instead. Essentially the town and country issue divides them. Many of the supporters of both the Government and the Socialists are indeed motivated by a profound desire to save from a Nazi fate the intellectual freedom which they still think is essential to the vitality of a German civilisation. But at bottom the dictators of Germany and Austria are two peasant boys, one from Upper, the other from Lower, Austria. Dollfuss has attacked the Socialists, and in May offered coalition to the Nazis, because he is a peasant at heart. In the last resort he would probably still prefer to make advances to the Nazis, if the tension of this summer and Fey's determination have not cut off his retreat. Perhaps Dollfuss is too German to make a public appeal to the Powers to call off the open and insidious attacks of the *Reich*. It is all the more vital that the Powers should be firm if Austria is to be saved. It is not too much to say that the fate of Austria may decide the fate of Europe.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN.

THE SOVIET POWER IN ASIA

THE existence of Communist rule over a large portion of the e[illegible]

[illegible]

The Soviet Government, wishing rather to exploit on w[illegible]

[illegible]

At the present time timber is the chief export commo[illegible]

[illegible]

with political prisoners—those outcasts who have received so much world-wide sympathy—indicated the startling difference I was to find between the inhabitants of Siberia and those of Russia proper.

At Igarka, the timber port within the Arctic Circle, a grey-bearded ex-Menshevik, who was in exile there from his native Krasnoyarsk, criticised the rivalries of the leaders in Moscow as retarding the development of Siberia, and therefore of the entire Union. In the settlements along the banks of the mighty river Yenesei the inhabitants spoke contemptuously of the dilatory practice of Communism: 'It would be better if policy were controlled here in Siberia, where we know what should be done to produce well-being among the peasants.' In a village near Novosibirsk a brawny young peasant pointed out the land which belonged to his family, and added that no one forced *him* to enter a State farm, or to adopt more communal and co-operative methods than had already been in use there for a century. The violent means by which peasants in European Russia were collectivised were stigmatised by the bearded elders. 'Those methods would never do here.'

The independence of character thus openly displayed illustrates the key position which Siberia holds in the Soviet Union. Though inherent in the people, it has now been reinforced by economic circumstances. First, the movement of heavy industries to the Urals has made that neighbourhood the economic heart of the Soviet Union. Secondly, Western Siberia is in a convenient geographical position to feed this growing industrial area. Thirdly, the temporary ruin of the 'black earth belt' of European Russia has made the dominant bureaucracy and factory workers of the entire Union dependent on Western Siberia for foodstuffs.

By nineteenth-century Russian writers Siberia was pictured as a snow-bound plain, across whose dread wastes hungry wolves pursued an everlasting succession of manacled prisoners. Then, as industrialisation went forward, foreign capital began to see Siberia as a potential El Dorado where a Russian bear played at dog-in-the-manger. My journey did something to draw aside these disguises and reveal the reality behind them. A brief description of this journey will perhaps correct the picture given by writers and industrialists of the last century, and repair the neglect of Siberia by students of the Soviet scene.

I reached Siberia by the Arctic Ocean and landed at Igarka. Four years ago this port was a village of 300 inhabitants; to-day it is the sawdust-scented metropolis of 12,000 workers, some 5000 of whom are political prisoners. I talked with many of these workers, and noticed for the first time that Siberian independence—an unexpected contrast after my experiences in European

Russia eighteen months earlier. The enthusiasm with which they viewed the rapid development of their town was tempered by doubts whether the central Government was making comparable strides. Food was plentiful though simple, and the prisoners themselves were far from being the starved wrecks that hearsay had led me to expect. Leaving the bleak and frigid *tundra* of the furthest north, I proceeded leisurely southwards, as the broad, sun-warmed river wound its way through forests of almost tropical luxuriance to the spreading grainlands south of the wooded belt. I spent some time at Krasnoyarsk, where the Trans-Siberian Railway crosses the river—a town to which many had come to enjoy drinking bouts and such other pleasures as it afforded—and also at Novosibirsk: from both I made expeditions to neighbouring country villages, to talk with the sturdy and comparatively clear-thinking peasants. I left by the Turk-Sib. Railway for Semipalatinsk and Turkestan, passing through the Irtysh plain, gold with swaying corn and dotted with the red kerchiefs of those 'on the harvest front.'

Throughout my journey the independence of the Siberians was evident from their conversation. A half-Russian, half-Tungoose fisherwoman of the Yenesei said she preferred to sell her catch privately to such travellers as ourselves rather than to deliver it to her *artel*, which would 'send it off to Russia,' giving her nothing in exchange. An electrician from Ulala, in the northern Altai, now on duty in Novosibirsk, deplored the arrival of officials from Moscow, since they tried to interfere with the efficient administration which the Siberians had set up for themselves. Those who have travelled in or read of European Russia can realise the difference which such sentiments imply between the Russians and Siberians. The mere mention of such thoughts in the Ukraine or North Caucasus would cause the arrest and 'forced labour for counter-revolutionary propaganda' of the speaker.

This independence is no sudden outcome of the present situation, but the result of Siberia's previous history. Between the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries Cossacks spread their dominion over Siberia for the sake of the furs to be exacted from the indigenous inhabitants. In their wake came peasants, running away from their landlords. These hardy folk settled in rear of the marauders, whom they supplied with agricultural produce. Thus an exchange of food for defence grew up, and with it an independence of and contempt for the central Government. In the hundred years after 1670 exile became the definite sentence for an increasing number of social and criminal offences. Under an Imperial *ukase* of 1760 landlords received the power to deport turbulent serfs. Prisoners from Russia's western wars and

members of the intelligentsia who expressed their opinions too openly were also sent to Siberia. Religious sectarians and other members of the intelligentsia went voluntarily, seeing in Siberia a country where they might live less circumscribed by a harsh autocracy. The rapid increase of peasant population during the thirty years before the war compelled many peasants to seek new land. For both compulsory and voluntary exiles Russia proper was too narrow. This state of affairs was realised in the capital, but its significance—that Siberia was becoming politically more advanced than Russia proper—was not appreciated until the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway made it possible for Siberian grain to compete with that of Russia in the world's markets. This rivalry resulted in the 'break in' through rates at Chelyabinsk, which was in fact a discriminatory tariff on Siberian produce. This emphasised the difference in outlook between the Russian and Siberian peasantry—a difference which, despite the common background of Orthodox tradition, gave rise to a home rule movement in Siberia. The movement fell temporarily into abeyance owing to the efforts made by all classes and provinces of the empire at the beginning of the Great War.

Once the resistance of the native tribes had been overcome, the immigrants formed communes upon the model of their home villages. Settlers and prisoners were treated in much the same way, and were equally controlled by such authority as existed, though the land belonging to a village might be more freely distributed among its families than in Russia proper. Lenin promised the home rule formerly demanded by the Siberians in order to legalise their land-holdings under bigger administrative units than village organisations allowed. *Zemstvos* had not been encouraged by the Tsarist Government, since there were no land-lords to form a majority upon such councils. Lenin's initial decree permitting the peasants to expand their holdings while he secured his party's position in the cities was acted upon through-out the Soviet Union; and later edicts, reversing this policy and returning to the party's true aims, were never enforced in Western Siberia. The villages now own more land than before the Revolu-tion; the soil is fertile, and the climate favourable for the pro-duction of rye, from which the black bread preferred by the peasants is made. Food more than suffices, and the surplus is transported to east and west. But in exchange there are few manufactured articles to be bought by the producers. This dearth the Siberians attribute to the distant Moscow Government. The distance, an agricultural expert near Barnaul said, hindered the development of a Siberian industry for the Siberians, an enterprise whose possibilities he appreciated and whose com-

parative infancy he resented. A strong Government at Novosibirsk, in his opinion, would correct the balance.

That the long-standing independence persists is evident; its continuance must be an affront to the Moscow Government. That no interference is made and none anticipated demonstrates the key position which Western Siberia holds. Eastern Siberia, on the other hand, is barely self-supporting agriculturally. Collective methods were introduced there to stimulate the country as an export centre; the result has been the same hardships and falling production as in the Ukraine. Its distance from any considerable industrial centre renders it relatively unimportant to the issue under discussion.

In the initial period of excited experiment (1920–24) virulent town Communists were sent to country districts in European Russia to confiscate the land for the State, creating State farms to make the towns independent of the peasants. This plan failed, and the New Economic Policy had to be introduced as an economic corrective. Meanwhile, Siberia, too distant from the then centre of industry and too independent to be suborned by such an influx of unpractical propagandists, maintained a steady development. Under the first Five-Year Plan heavy industry was concentrated further east; Western Siberia was to feed it, while European Russia was to provide the grain export with which foreign machinery and advice were to be bought. The second part of this plan failed. Communist agricultural economy resulted in the ruin of the European 'black earth belt,' and this ruin offers a significant warning against interference with Western Siberia, upon which the entire support of the towns and industry has now devolved.

As the economic dependence of the Union on Western Siberia increases, a growing political influence will be exerted by it. Western Siberia, on account of its geographical position, is unlikely to secede from the Union; but it may force the remainder of the Union to adopt its system of production and land tenure. To distract attention from this example and from the partial failure of industrialisation the Ogpu terror is being intensified in European Russia. The formation of independent States on Russia's western window-sill and the movement of industry to the east both lend weight to Lenin's advice that the Communist gospel should be propagated in the East. By this expansion, of which the Turk.-Sib. Railway is the symbol, the proletariat is to be dazzled and its waning enthusiasm given new life. If these designs succeed, the improvement in conditions which might result from the general adoption of the Western Siberian example will be indefinitely postponed.

The opening of the Turk.-Sib. Railway was hailed as an



occasion of national rejoicing; the official Press eulogised the achievement; even the world Press took notice of it, since some politicians remembered it as the revival of a project dropped at British insistence in 1907 as part of the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*. A film, too, acclaimed as a masterpiece by those European enthusiasts for whom Russia has become synonymous with excellence, explained the magnificence of the construction. Though I had learnt that the film had been made in Armenia, I was still prepared to be impressed by the grandeur, or at least the pretension, of the railway itself. Disappointment was in store for me. The station-master at Novosibirsk whom I asked for a ticket wore a little white hat like that of an American sailor. He stopped making the paper boats with which his otherwise empty desk was covered, spat out a few shattered sunflower seeds, and graciously took me to the head of a ticket queue at the back door of the booking office, in order to avoid the turmoil at the front window. Six hours later—a record for my journey—I was seated on a louse-ridden perch in a coach of the Turk-Sib Express.

During four days and nights we were rattled and quaked over the uneven track, until I broke my journey at Alma-Ata. Long and frequent halts and delays had given ample opportunity to study the influence of the railway: brick houses and schools were rising beside it, and the felt *yurts* of the nomads were pitched in

orderly rows. The tribesmen had been compelled to live in large groups, and the surrounding land was too poor to support so large a gathering of animals: their stock was thus becoming depleted. The men and women gaped at the train—still an object of wonder, though its coming had changed their simple nomad lives to that striving penury more frequently associated with cities. A student travelling for experience observed to me: 'These are backward peoples who do not yet appreciate the advantages of mass action.' The scenery, once past the grain belt, consisted of monotonous flat desert, interspersed with clumps of coarse and shrivelled grass. But once, from the summit of the low pass of Toyasesk, near Lake Balkash, the view stirred me deeply. I saw from there for the first time the snow-capped beauty of the Tien Shan, the Mountains of Heaven, the glamorous barrier between Russia and China. The proud heights floated in the burning sky, a rampart of glittering battlements, serene and detached above our struggling progress. Beneath, towards the valley of the Ili, our desert way was transformed to a shimmering sea crossing, fading into an indistinct blue mirage, where foothills merged into mountains in the distant haze.

Some days later I set out for Tashkent. The train arrived at four in the morning, and I gathered my belongings leisurely and descended from the coach. A soldier and civilian took me firmly by the arms and led me to the station office of the Ogpu. The platform had emptied quickly and was now deserted beneath the glaring electric lights. I was nervous and alone. My camera was demanded. I had sinned, for I had been seen photographing. My subject had been a Kaizak-Khirghiz station-mistress, but the sinister Ogpu assumed espionage. The camera and films were confiscated, and but for the good offices of the British Embassy in Moscow that camera would still be in Tashkent. From its return one must assume that on this occasion even the Moscow Government considered the Central Asian Ogpu had been over-zealous in the 'class war.' Later the soldier showed me out of the station into a dark street. The lights of an approaching Ford blinded me, and I fell headlong into a deep ditch across the street. Painfully I grovelled in the damp bottom for my scattered provisions; at length I was pulled out by a weary cabdriver. My arrival in Central Asia had scarcely been auspicious.

In the middle of the last century Central Asia was said to comprise those countries which lie between the British and Russian Empires. As Russian arms advanced on Turkestan the number of these countries decreased, and the scramble for influence in Afghanistan ensued. But in 1907 the *rapprochement* between Russia and England called a halt to half a century's rivalry.

To-day, sponsored by the Communist missionary urge, an attempt is being made to reduce the number of intermediate countries to zero. A new sphere of international interest, at present outside the Soviet Union, is being created by the encroachment of Bolshevist propaganda into Chinese Turkestan. Should the Moscow Government win that country, still in name a province of China, the Soviet Union and the Indian Empire will be adjacent. The buffer State of Afghanistan and the mountains of India's northern border offer obstacles to the passage of armies. The strategic position of Afghanistan has not altered, but to an expansionist policy dependent upon the dissemination of propaganda the high ranges of Kashmir are less of a barrier, and in fact would hinder those anxious to check such an infiltration of ideas. That China is unable to protect her provinces is evident from the ease with which Japan has gained control of Manchuria. Chinese Turkestan is more remote, and thus more difficult to defend by force of arms. In addition, armed forces themselves are not proof against revolutionary ideology. The unrest that has been smouldering in that province since the assassination of the competent Governor Yang in 1928 has recently taken more serious shape. Unsettled conditions are favourable for the absorption of Marxian principles. The position of the Government in Russian Turkestan illustrates the attitude there towards this meditated expansion. Owing to the completion of the Turk-Sib. Railway this plan is now assuming more concrete form.

The advance of Russian arms on Turkestan from 1847 onwards was considered in Europe as an advance on India, but Prince A. Lobanov Rostovsky rightly says that Russian Central Asia is to Russia what the Bay of Biscay is to the Atlantic. The original military movement in 1863-64 was intended to secure the junction of Siberia and European Russia from nomadic incursions. When the frontiers of empire had been set on the great chain of obstacles stretching from the Hindu Kush to the Gobi, expansion ceased and Russia was a geographic entity. Beyond those obstacles imperialism ran rampant, and was only advocated and executed by generals to further their own advancement. That the Indian and Persian Gulf might give Russia an outlet to world trade was never seriously considered. The Trans-Caspian Railway, however, though built to facilitate Russian control in Turkestan, did imply a definite strategic menace to India. The strength of public opinion on this matter may be gauged from the literature it provoked. This railway moved the centre of interest from Tashkent to Turkmenistan. At the time of the late Lord Curzon's journey in 1889 the military viceroy at Tashkent was considering the movement of his capital (and with it the bulk of his army) to Samarkand. The military menace declined in importance, as

time showed that informed Russian opinion did not favour further advance, and as Far Eastern affairs emerged to occupy the attention of the Powers. At the present time the position of the Red army in Central Asia still implies a threat to India; but several factors diminish the seriousness of the threat. As a high official in Tashkent told me, the Soviet Government is for the present inactive in Afghanistan, since the outcome of a struggle between the Red army and an efficient European column was considered doubtful. This estimate of the Red army's potential strength was confirmed by conversations with its members. The army is used as an instrument of internal propaganda; consequently the soldiers suffer from a diversity of political outlook which would affect their efficiency in the field. Secondly, Soviet propagandists do not envisage an empire of ownership, but a community of nations whose self-determination Russian advice may assist.

That the primary concern of the Tsarist Government was to secure the empire's frontiers is shown by the policy pursued toward the tribesmen. Every effort was made to encourage the settlement of the nomad native inhabitants, but none to raise their cultural level. Only few of the indigenous inhabitants received Russian education; these few, however, felt that they should take a greater part in the administration of their country. To these men, and to the numerous Russians without much property, Lenin's pronouncements made a direct appeal. The landless Russians were the product of the Tsarist governmental system, and consequently resented it. In contrast to the English in India, most Russian petty officials settled in Turkestan on retirement. Once the revolution in Turkestan had become an accomplished fact, the strong tie all Russians feel to their native soil asserted itself, and Turkestan became subservient to Moscow control. The strength of this tie may be judged from the practically similar extent of the old empire and the new Union. As a result of the reversion to true Communist policy, many of the skilled cotton-growers fled to neighbouring countries, and the cotton crop is admitted to have declined. This had an adverse effect on the economy of the Union, but its result is not so far-reaching as the ruin of the European 'black earth belt.' Many of the native inhabitants are starving, but the rigour of the Soviet rule by the dominant Russians will prevent a militant outbreak. How thorough is the Ogpu network is shown by the remark of a fellow-traveller near Tashkent: 'I have never felt so surrounded by spies.' The few native inhabitants who form part of the administrative machine are so Russianised in outlook that they share the international missionary urge rather than feel the sufferings of their fellow-countrymen. The great spirit which

raised Samarkand and Bukhara from villages to mighty citie adorned by still glorious monuments and famous as seats c international learning, is indeed gone for ever.

The solution of the cotton problem seemed to the Mosco Government to call for the organisation of vast State farm Once formulated, the plan was envisaged as rectifying altogethe the shortage of clothing resulting from the civil war and th economic chaos of the first years of Communist experiment. Th whole of Turkestan should produce cotton and the country be fe by a new railway from Western Siberia. The more fervid mi sionaries saw the projected railway as a moral force among th backward Khirghiz and Kazaks. In this they were justifie for during my journey upon it I was struck by the reverence an awe with which the train was regarded, perhaps comparable t the attention the *Graf Zeppelin* might excite in the mountains o Albania. Far-seeing members of the Third International picture the advance of the railway into Chinese Turkestan, and even th spreading of their ideas into adjacent India. The general disap pointment that immediate revolutions had not been produced i Europe by the Comintern would be relieved by achievement i Asia. Soviet technicians considered the raw materials Chines Turkestan could provide. Finally, the problem of the rapidly increasing population might find at least a temporary solution by expansion into Chinese Turkestan. Thus all the diverse element of the Moscow Government were in accord, and the constructio of the Turk-Sib Railway was undertaken before other line economically more urgent, were considered.

I found the vaunted achievement faulty in many place Often fish-plates were secured with a single bolt; an engine driver said that only old engines could be used, since the newe ones were heavier and forced the rails into the yielding sand ove which part of the line runs. The single track and the distanc apart of the sidings make the line inadequate for any considerabl volume of traffic. The grain position in European Russia pre cludes the dispatch of corn to close vital Turkestan, the native inhabitants continue to starve, since they will not produce cotton for which they can get nothing in exchange. From the ideo logical standpoint the line is a far greater success. An agricultural expert travelling with me said that the line avoided the more fertile, and therefore more economically important, regions in order to facilitate the construction of branches into Dzungaria The Trans-Siberian Railway encouraged trade between outer China and Russia; the Turk-Sib Railway is closer, and its poten tial commercial importance to Chinese Turkestan can scarcely be overstated. Even now, in the present state of the railway, Russia has more than regained the commercial predominance she

held before the war. In addition, under the Soviet Government, political propaganda follows Russian trade. The anarchy which threatens Chinese Turkestan may make Soviet rule preferable to no rule, even by those opposed to Communist principles.

Communists in Tashkent consider that the same elements which supported the revolution in Russian Turkestan would support one on the Chinese side of the border. All the discontent of the Mahommedan Turki with the Chinese yoke might be mobilised. The numerous Russian immigrants wish, it is said, to rejoin their fatherland. Fanatical Bolsheviks think that India's religious problems could be healed by a Communist faith held in common. 'Then one in three of the world's population would be Communists,' explained an enthusiast. This view is clearly far-fetched, and belittles the benefits which even discontented Indians admit are conferred by British rule. At the same time it cannot be denied that the existence of a system of government in Chinese Turkestan fundamentally opposed to that of the British in India might fan any smouldering discontent on her northern border. The Bolshevist 'hot-gospellers' are notoriously expert at adapting their sermons to the immediate needs of any section of the community at odds with authority. Those who have the welfare of India and the British Empire at heart will rightly watch the threatened advance of Soviet power into Chinese Turkestan with considerable misgiving.

BOSWORTH GOLDMAN.

THE FUTURE OF LONDON

It is a matter for thankfulness that the national housing poli has escaped the fate which has befallen many public movemen and policies in modern England. Too often they are either t subject of acute controversy or else of self-conscious analysis a introspection. On housing policy, however, in its broadest aspe there is general unanimity. Political parties and 'amenity societies are at one in agreeing that the era of the old congesti areas of working-class houses is past, and that homes of t future should each possess a patch garden, however small, and th possibility of a bed of flowers. Party leaders have eulogised th several contributions to carrying out this policy. Bishops a archbishops have pronounced benedictions upon it. In movi passages of numerous orations speakers, while careful not emphasise military metaphors about mental fights or sleepi swords, yet assure us that 'Jerusalem' will, with the minimum delay, be built 'in England's green and pleasant land.'

Much of this talk consists, no doubt, of the usual machine-ma laudations by members of a political party on the proposals of th Government of the day. By far the greater part of the approva however, is wholly genuine. There is hardly a man or woman who thinks about the matter at all, who is not truly glad of the new trend of housing development that has taken place in Gre Britain since the war.

Even a good development, of course, has its drawbacks. It often a sad business to see one pleasant field after another attacked by the builders. There are some spots within a doze miles of Charing Cross which it would be a boon to future genera tions to preserve. Worcester Park is a typical example of such place. The motorist who is leaving London and takes the right hand turn in Worcester Park finds himself suddenly in a new world. The road takes two bends, and the traveller is then in a country lane which for a mile or more passes through a glade overshadowed by fine trees. The lane is bordered by a stream and green fields on one side and a pleasant country house and park on the other. It is a beautiful piece of countryside, and London might for all the world be a hundred miles away. Could

not such pieces of country be preserved—oases in the greater London that is even now engulfing them, like Hyde Park or Regent's Park in the smaller London of last century? There is another fault which is sometimes only too manifest. The houses built are often unnecessarily ugly. Cheapness is of course an overriding consideration, and some measure of the unsightliness may be excused on this score. But sightliness is so much a matter of form and proportion that the need for economy cannot bear all the blame, whether of formless two-storey houses in an English suburb, or of the bungalows, often still more ugly, that are peppered about so plentifully in Scotland.

After due weight has been given to every criticism, and due allowance for all the loss involved, there is no question of the blessedness of the present development. Little by little the style and appearance of the houses built is improving. Even with the least pleasing, the critic must remember that a house is generally at its worst when it is new. This is peculiarly true of those which possess garden ground. Nature's growth of flower and tree, combined with the mellowing power of sun and wind on brickwork and on tile or slate, gives a yearly increase in beauty. Granted that the proportions of the new houses are right, as in very many cases they are, they should in time become reasonably good to look on. Above all, they have been dowered with three vital gifts denied to their predecessors for three generations—green grass, flowers, and the sight of a green tree. The change from the old working-class suburb is complete. The legacy from the past was one of evil. True, the evil was not unmixed. The long, straight streets built in the preceding half-century were sanitary. Drains and water for the most part were adequate. So much at least was good, and for that good Disraeli is to be thanked. But the long, straight streets were of continuous houses, mostly opening directly on to the street, each the very spit and counterpart of the next, a real study in monotony. Any social worker, indeed, with insight realises that the veritable slum is far superior to them in one respect. In it life is more variegated. It has not the deadening uniformity, whether for parents or for children, of the dull, straight, respectable street. Both, however, are alike in one respect. When Russell Lowell wrote

> No price is set on the lavish summer,
> And June may be had by the poorest comer

he had forgotten the workmen's quarter of an English town. For those who lived in such a place the advent of June was heralded by no flower except such as might be found in some casual window-box: the progress of summer showed itself in no mantle of green and gold, but only in long days and

sweltering nights—except only for the great London parks squares.

The mention of London parks and squares points to a striking and remarkable contrast. In the matter of pri housing, the workmen's dwellings which London has inher from the past are a legacy of ill and a tradition of ugliness. complete break has been made with that tradition. The housing, with all the faults already criticised, is susceptible being made quite beautiful, and already contains much tha pleasant and of charm. But what of public London—Lon with its public buildings and open spaces, London as the cap city of the British Empire? By the grace of God and accidents of history London is blessed with the finest parks a other open spaces that any great city in the world can boa Westminster, the seat of government, has advantages that f other cities enjoy. The Abbey and the Houses of Parliament broad-based upon the Thames, and the line from the Abbey Buckingham Palace and from the Palace to Trafalgar Square flanked along nearly the whole of its length by the Green Par These alone are advantages which any capital city might env In addition, the whole areas on either side of Birdcage Walk lo the river front from Vauxhall Bridge to Blackfriars Bridge le themselves to a scheme of beautiful development. The leg left to us by past generations is a great one. How are we going deal with it? It seems strange that a people which in the matt of private housing can break with a bad tradition and set ou upon a better course should not adopt a scheme for preservin and developing the centre of London, however prudent an gradual its execution may be. It is almost incredible that in th same day and generation that their new housing areas are carrie into effect they should also actively impair and mutilate a fin heritage in the public amenities of the same city. There is, indeed, an explanation of the incongruity, but no explanation can mitigate its disastrous effects if it is allowed to continue.

Viewed in their relation to the great issues that have engaged public attention during the last six months, the episodes of Carlton House Terrace and Adelphi Terrace are of small concern. The world depression and the Conference; the Nazi movement and its possible reactions on world peace; the Manchurian dispute; the Disarmament Conference—beside such questions these two episodes appear trivial. They gain in significance, however, when they are regarded, not as isolated incidents, but as indicative of what may evidently happen on a much wider scale. They are danger-posts for the future. If Providence should decree that Westminster Abbey, the Guildhall, and St. Paul's be spared, no aerial bombing in the future would be likely

to do much more permanent harm to London than would be ensured by giving a free rein to a generation [illegible] that same spirit which planned [illegible] of Carlton House Terrace, or which aided and abetted the destruction of Adelphi Terrace.

The vandalism shown in the treatment of the two terraces, differing as that treatment did in nearly every other respect, was the same in this. It was active, not passive. It did not suffer harm to be done through the lack of power or energy to prevent it. It went out of its way to initiate or facilitate the injury. There the likeness ends. Carlton House Terrace may not be an architectural gem of the first water. On the other hand, let no one disparage it until they have compared it with the majority of London buildings, ancient or modern. It is a good, suitable building, comprehensive in plan, adequate in scale and proportion, and, in the unique position in which it stands overlooking the Park, [illegible] in London [illegible]. [illegible] which replaced it must be [illegible] pleasing [illegible], restful to the eye, comprehensive in design, and [illegible] in style. It is at least doubtful if the new building would satisfy any of these stipulations. It is noteworthy that the threat to Carlton House Terrace came, not from the speculative builder, but from a Government department. It was Government property. The officials of the department concerned were perfectly honest and well-intentioned in their action. They wished to do what they considered to be their duty—namely, to increase the rent-roll of Crown property. The object was admirable in itself. Just as a public department, however, when acting on behalf of the Crown, is supposed to behave as a model employer, so it should behave as a model landlord. But the [illegible]. They disregarded the restraints which any ordinary self-respecting landlord places [illegible] their guiding principle in the ill-conceived rebuilding of Regent Street. It had animated them in their project—which, fortunately, miscarried—in Regent's Park. It was the cause of the attempted disfigurement of Carlton House Terrace.

The case of Adelphi Terrace is very different. It is as withdrawn from the public eye behind the trees which now obscure the view, as Carlton House Terrace imposes itself on public notice. In itself, however, it is the finest piece of Adam's architecture in England. It was overlaid some fifty years ago with stucco and cement, but is capable of being restored to its original condition. Moreover, even in its present state, it is a much more

bridges with bridgeheads and approaches. All these are large measures of town planning. At the other end of the scale is the preservation of particular buildings or groups of buildings of historic or artistic value, which should be safeguarded, if humanly possible. Yet again there is the question of the amenity of ordinary buildings. The range of low houses in Abingdon Street, for example, is of no artistic merit. But if they had been pulled down and a new block 80 feet in height had been erected in their place it would have ruined the Abbey precincts and, once erected, the expense involved in demolishing such houses would have been almost prohibitive. Fortunately, effective steps were taken just in time to prevent the project being put into execution.

What is the right course to pursue? It is open to anyone to argue that with few exceptions London has lived and grown up till now untrammelled by planning and free from any 'fescue of an imprimatur.' It is also true that the centre of London is probably the pleasantest of any great city. The whole weight of fact, however, is against leaving the future to chance. The parks, which are the greatest glory of central London, are historical accidents of which no counterpart or analogue can or will happen again in that area. The buildings, with few exceptions, may have grown at random, but those exceptions, the work of the two 'planners' Wren and Nash, are not least among the causes of it being so fair a town to-day. The best exposure, however, of any *laissez faire* policy is afforded by the most recent examples of unplanned London themselves, whether residential or commercial. '*Si argumentum quaeris circumspice*.' Grosvenor House and Dorchester House might have been much worse. But who can say that they are lovely and fitting? They would have been in place in New York, but not in London. New York is so starved for elbow room that there is a reason for tall buildings on the scanty space available. In London there is no such excuse. Nor have recent essays in office building been any more praiseworthy. Unilever House and the Shell-Mex building are monstrosities in comparison with the magnificent façade of Somerset House that lies between them. Brettenham House prejudices any Waterloo Bridge scheme from the start, because it is out of scale and proportion to any northern bridgehead development. The Shell-Mex building stands like a great buffalo with its rump to the river. It is also out of proportion and spoils the aspect of the embankment. At night the flood lighting on the white stone is quite beautiful when seen at a distance against the darkness of the night. But the beauty is that of the light that illumines, not of the form illumined. Let anyone who doubts contrast this sight with that of the spire of St. Mary's Church at Oxford, outlined in the dark against the sky by the reflected light from the High Street.

The best, perhaps, that can be said for the Shell-Mex building is that ugliness unadorned is best. It is plain. Had it been garnished with stone rosettes and festoons, it would have been worse.

It is no exaggeration to say that the amenity of the whole of the centre of London for centuries to come is at stake at this moment. It is to make or to mar by what is done in the next decade. The truth of this assertion is beyond all dispute. One instance is proof enough. At present the southern side of the Thames from the new London County Hall to Waterloo Bridge is an ill-assorted jumble of mean old buildings by day and a jazz collection of advertisements for whisky, tooth-paste, and other modern necessities by night. Some of the gallant destroyers of Adelphi Terrace pointed to the jazz and the jumble as a proof that the view from the terrace was worthless. As soon, however, as the inevitable rebuilding of the two bridges, at Waterloo and Charing Cross, is completed, a complete reconstruction of the southern bank of the Thames between them will follow. What will be made of it? The possibilities are immense. The dullest imagination can visualise the difference between success and failure, between a beautiful and a monstrous southern embankment. At present the riverine property along this whole stretch of shore is in the hands of four owners, but there is a possibility of one at least of the four estates being broken up and parcels of it alienated. Common-sense dictates that the situation should be brought under control, and if action is to be taken at all there should be as little delay as possible.

The London County Council is obviously the body which should have immediate control of the general development. It is the body most directly concerned. It is already the chief building authority for London, and also is the town-planning authority under the Town and Country Planning Act. Under that Act it has the power to take all, or nearly all, the action which is necessary. On the other hand, it is only right that Parliament should have a voice in making decisions of moment. London is not a city to itself like the great provincial towns. It is the capital of the country and of the British Empire. The history of the nation is writ large on London. Every page of that history is inscribed in its buildings and all British citizens have a share in it. Moreover—a more mundane but not unimportant consideration—grants will have to be made from the national Exchequer towards the expenses of development. Co-operation, or rather the lack of it, between the two authorities may easily be a cause of friction, and the recent Waterloo Bridge incident is an example of what might happen. Future incidents of the kind, however, can be avoided if proper arrangements are made and are supplemented by tact and goodwill in working them. M.

A much more difficult question is that of taste. Who is to be the '*arbiter elegantiarum*,' to pass judgment on new buildings and to estimate the artistic value of old? It may be impossible to let matters take their course, but the possible horrors involved in any other policy, if it should be mistaken, might appal the most convinced advocate of 'planning.' Is the arbiter to be a Government department? God forbid, and all parties and sects would echo such a prayer. Chance might send us some administrator whose taste and whose breadth of mind alike were admissible. We have had instances of such. But we cannot rely on an apostolic succession of such men either at the Office of Works or in the London County Council, and an era of bad administration might be devastating.

Fortunately, what is wanted is ready to our hand, and, as not infrequently happens, it is not some new agency which is required, but the development of machinery already existing, and the will to use it. If the needs of the situation are critically appraised, it will be found that no body will be appropriate or suitable that is exclusively composed of any one class of persons, whether officials, architects, artists, or laymen. What is wanted is a body, composed partly of laymen, partly of architects, which will be distinct from the administrative departments but consulted by them—in other words, a body like the existing Royal Fine Art Commission. The Commission should be developed. It should be consulted on broad questions, and not merely on individual points. It should also be active, and not passive; have the right to be consulted; to proffer advice, when it thinks necessary, and to have that advice made public. Under such new conditions co-operation between the Commissioners and the Government and the London County Council should prove most fruitful.

In addition to the foregoing, there is not only room but the need for some independent outside influence. Administrative bodies are cumbered about with much business. They are therefore slow to take action on matters such as these, and are also liable to some mistake being made at short notice and with scant warning. Any outside influence, therefore, must be able to exercise steady pressure to get action taken, or sudden pressure at short notice to prevent the committal of some horrid *gaffe*. This function can be well fulfilled by the London Society, the S.C.A.P.A. and similar societies. They have done much valuable work, but for the objects just mentioned they must act with greater speed, intensity and sustained effort. The different appropriate societies should join their energies for this purpose, and, if they are willing, a method of joint action can easily be devised. By such means we may obtain the desired result—achieving unity without uniformity, insuring a proper regard for what is a valuable

heritage from the past, without being too scrupulous about keeping things old for the sole reason of their age and harmonising business needs with the claims of good architectural development.

It may at first sight seem strange that we should be so ready to go ahead boldly and confidently with suburban and rural housing schemes, and yet be so fumbling and hesitant in dealing with such problems as that of the centre of London. But the contrast is easily explicable. No great natural difficulties stand in the way of suburban extension. There is an urge to go outwards from the old congested streets and broad acres in which that urge can find an outlet. Improved methods of locomotion have greatly increased the distance which men can travel between their homes and their place of work. Moreover—and this is important—building tradition and building materials for cottages both remain the same as of old. There is therefore no hesitation in going forward with two-storey buildings as before. In some countries a beginning has been made of building village homes three storeys in height with large concrete blocks. Some such developments are fine where the homes are surrounded by garden ground. But they have not entered into the horizon of builders of villages in this country. Suburban rehousing, therefore, goes on without questioning. In inner London, and in other great English towns, it is quite different. The problem of old buildings which is absent in the country may be very formidable in towns. The future of houses like Carlton House Terrace and Adelphi Terrace are present questions of great difficulty; answer them how one may. But there are other troubles in a town. The architecture of any age is largely influenced by the materials at the builder's disposal together with the tools and the knowledge he can command. Up till now wood, bricks, and stone have been practically the sole materials. Steel is a new application which is revolutionary in the possibilities it introduces. The construction of high buildings is made easy, but as yet in domestic, as in office building no new style has been evolved distinctive of the new material and its possibilities. No doubt differences of opinion about styles past or present have occurred in every age, and no doubt there has always been make-believe and posing which makes the formation and expression of genuine opinion more difficult. But the transition period in which we are living seems to militate against any formation of a settled or general opinion as to the absolute goodness or badness of any particular kind of architectural work. It must be remembered, too, that if a mistake is made in a tall structure it may be too risky to repair, whereas an experiment in cottage building may be made lightheartedly. All these factors tend to create delay in city development. Despite all risks, however, and all uncertainties, our proper

course as regards town as well as country is clear. It is better to go forward than to delay. Our policy and method, as indicated, should be so shaped that we may avoid the sheer chaos involved in a policy of *laissez faire* on the one hand and deadening uniformity and formalism on the other. We should not try to plan too minutely. At the same time, some general overriding conditions are needed, but, subject to the observance of these, the maximum of free play should be allowed to individual enterprise or taste.

Above all things we should go forward. The need for an element of beauty in a town is at least as great as that which leads us to create garden city suburbs. Indeed, it is greater. The dweller in such a suburb is near the open country and can easily get there. In the middle of a big town many spend nearly all their lives, and most men pass continuous days, without the sight of Nature—excepting always, in London, the great saving grace which the wonderful parks and open spaces afford. We may get so accustomed to architectural monstrosities and eyesores that we do not consciously notice them. To say that they do not matter is not common-sense raising its voice as against æstheticism, but either stupidity or an inverted affectation worse than that of the 'æsthete' who poses for effect. Pleasing and restful surroundings have a very real effect upon character, and the more intense the pressure of modern life the greater the boon which they confer. The beautiful development of a city may not be so patent and manifest a duty as that of building a garden suburb, but it is just as real. London is a magnificent heritage. It is also a great opportunity in this era of transition. It is already beautiful, and is perhaps the easiest of all the great cities to develop beautifully without crippling expenditure. No other capital can so easily approach the ideal of a city in which 'our youth shall dwell in a land of health amid fair sights and sounds—and beauty, the effluence of fair works shall flow into the eye and ear like a health-giving breeze from a purer region.' The outstanding need is for the adoption of a policy and for early action. There is hope that it may be taken, but all influence possible should be concentrated to insure it. We must have a policy that is comprehensive, dealing with all three aspects of the problem, and action which is prompt—without hurry but without delay.

ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND

THE SUN AND THE SEA

THE various peoples who in their searching after the motive force behind the mysterious activities of Nature proclaimed the sun as the prime mover and in consequence worshipped him actually had reason as well as superstition at the basis of their religion. The sun is indeed the source of all that ferment of energy which is life. From his flaming surface radiates out through the vastnesses of space an unceasing flow of energy composed of rays of every wave-length. Some small portion of these, of which our sense organs can perceive only those of light and heat, falls upon the surface of this planet. Those still mysterious and infinitely complex systems of bound energy which we call living things could only have evolved amidst this ceaseless rain of energy. By virtue of that unifying power within them—the supreme distinction between living and non-living matter—they have harnessed this energy to a thousand purposes and fashioned it to a thousand ends.

Life first appeared in the sea. Water is the most perfect of solvents, and the primeval oceans washing to and fro over the cooling crust of the earth quickly accumulated within themselves in greater or less degree all the elements of matter. Then came the great step from inorganic to organic, from simpler to complex. Energy was needed for this great synthesis, and this energy came from the sun. Recently scientific research has revealed how this may have come about. The organic compounds formaldehyde and sugar have been formed from water containing dissolved carbonic acid gas when this is exposed on the surface of certain coloured inorganic salts, such as nickel carbonate, to the presence of light. Later organic matter became endowed with life. How this came about we do not as yet know, but without doubt it was again the limitless energy from the sun which made this possible.

To-day, after many million years of evolution, the sea teems with a myriad forms of life. These range from whales, the mightiest of living creatures, to specks of living matter scarcely visible under the highest powers of the microscope, and they possess an infinitude of variation in shape and organisation. Life is everywhere. It is found alike in the icy green waters of the polar seas and in the ultramarine tropic oceans, in the brightly lit

surface waters and in the impenetrable darkness of the abyssal seas. The observer turns aside in bewilderment at the complexity of it all. He fails to see how science can ever hope to unravel the half of these thousands of tangled threads that bind together the diverse members of this ramifying and unending society of marine life. But he is like a man in a wood who becomes so confused by the variety of the trees that he fails entirely to think of the wood as a whole. The forest and the whole of marine life have this in common—they are both of them dependent for their existence on the radiant energy of sunlight. The energy which streams so continuously from the sun is the motive force behind all the widely diverse activities of marine animals and plants, obscured though it frequently may be by innumerable more obvious and apparently conflicting forces.

The all-pervading influence of the sun's rays may best be illustrated by a description of some of the changes which come over the sea and its inhabitants every time the sun rises and light returns again after the darkness of the night. As the sun moves higher and higher into the sky its rays penetrate deeper and deeper into the water, which changes in colour from grey to green or blue. The colour of the sea, except in a few regions where much material is brought down from the land, or, very occasionally, where dense swarms of microscopic plants or animals float on or near the surface, is due entirely to light. A prism breaks up the colourless rays of light into their constituents, revealing the colours of the spectrum from red to violet. The sea water absorbs these rays at different speeds. The red and violet rays are absorbed first, the blue rays last of all, and for that reason these penetrate deepest into the water and so clear water of any depth is invariably blue. In shallow water the green rays are not all absorbed, and this is why a belt of green water separates the blue of the open sea from the white surf which marks the boundary between land and sea. A green colour is also characteristic of even deep waters where these contain great numbers of microscopic plants. During the summer the Polar seas have an olive-green colour owing to the dense population of floating microscopic plants which impede the penetration of light. The bluest waters are the most sterile waters, and blue is justly called 'the desert colour of the sea.' The bluest sea of all, the Sargasso Sea, contains the smallest quantity of suspended living matter.

As the light rays begin to make their way downwards through the water, they awake to renewed activity the most important substance on earth, chlorophyll, which is the name given to the green colouring matter of plants. This is the great agency whereby the inorganic is continually being converted into the

organic, water and carbonic acid gas being transformed into sugar and starch, and it can only function in the presence of light, the radiant energy of which supplies the necessary power. From sugar and starch the plant forms oils and proteins, the other essential constituents of living matter. Both demand sugar as a basis, and this can only be formed by the aid of the sun. From certain fats called sterols vitamin D is formed, again by irradiation with sunlight, and it has been found that the microscopic plants of the sea are most abundantly supplied with this when they have been most exposed to sunlight.

The intensity of light quickly fades as the rays descend through layer after layer of water, and with it the plant population must also decrease. Finally both light and plants cease altogether, and the abyssal seas know not plants, only their dead bodies or tiny silicious skeletons which rain down from the surface waters. It is a matter of common observation that along the shores the green seaweeds near high-water mark are succeeded by masses of brown weed mixed with gradually increasing quantities of red weed, which, if we could walk downwards through the water, we should find existed alone in the deeper water. The red weeds have a power which the green weeds lack, and the brown weeds possess in only a minor degree, of forming sugar with the aid of comparatively little light.

But in the economy of marine life the seaweeds play only a very minor *rôle*. The microscopic plants which float in their countless millions near the surface of the sea are the true meadows of the ocean. In certain regions where there is a great abundance of their inorganic food—for light alone can produce nothing in the absence of this essential raw material—the seas in the spring and early summer become a veritable soup of these plants. The vast majority of marine animals are completely dependent on this almost inexhaustible supply of plant food. Only a little larger than this plant 'plankton' is the animal 'plankton.' This contains representatives of almost all the great groups of the animal kingdom, minute shrimp-like crustaceans, molluscs of all kinds, tiny worms and jellyfish with waving tentacles, all of them indescribably delicate and transparent with innumerable devices of branching spines, droplets of oil and minute air chambers, to support them high in the water and so near to the sunlight, the source of their very existence. See them in a glass jar catching the light at all angles as they dart incessantly hither and thither with sudden movements, and they are like nothing so much as sunbeams imprisoned within bodies as beautiful and almost as intangible as they are themselves.

The sun's rays give these minute animals the plant plankton on which they feed, and they also control their movements.

When free in the sea, no less than when imprisoned within a glass jar, they are in continual movement. During the darkness of the night they are scattered fairly evenly throughout the surface waters, but when the dawn comes they assemble to welcome the light, congregating in dense masses at the surface. Then as the light grows brighter they begin to move downward through the water with its rays; about midday they accumulate, each species at a depth characteristic of itself, at some distance beneath the surface. The actual distance varies according to the time of the year and to the brightness of the light on any particular day. As the intensity of the light fades in the afternoon the animals begin to return towards the surface, until at dusk they again crowd at the surface as though endeavouring to follow the fast receding sun into the sky and beyond the western horizon. After the sun has set and the last rays of light have disappeared, the little animals of the plankton are free and they scatter, as their hap-hazard movements lead them, throughout the water. But the first rays of returning light in the morning recall them to the surface, and their daily round of movements begins once again, except, perhaps, for some few which have wandered into deep water, from which the rays of light cannot recall them and in which they seem to journey blindly until overcome by starvation. The sun is their master, but a friend as well, who keeps them amidst the ocean meadows where they find their food. Death awaits them if they stray beyond the range of his guiding rays.

Death comes quickly in any case to these ephemeral plants and animals. Their minute bodies fall in a steady rain through the deeper layers of the water on to the ocean bottom. Many are eaten there or on the long downward journey. Others decay, and by their very decomposition do essential service by enriching the sea with those nutrient substances without which no future generations of plants, and so of animals, could arise. They may do more. The great oil-bearing strata were all laid down beneath the surface of the sea. Just as the power contained in coal comes from the forests of the carboniferous age, so was the power we obtain from oil to-day accumulated, millions of years ago, from the sun by the plant plankton of the early oceans.

The surface waters of the oceans, the meeting-place of sea and sky, are the source of all life in the sea. It is there alone that the power of the sun is available. The tiny animals of the plankton live on the plants and are themselves the food of fishes, such as herring and mackerel, which accumulate most abundantly where the plankton is richest. It has been found that where there has been most sunshine there will be found the greatest numbers of mackerel, the plant and animal plankton forming the connecting links in the chain. Besides many fish a great host of other

animals, from mighty whales to minute molluscs, feed directly on either the plant or the animal plankton or on both. All other animals feed either on these plankton feeders or else on each other. Apart from the thin fringe of seaweeds around the shores, and which are equally dependent on the sun, the plant plankton forms the only ultimate source of food in the oceans. 'All flesh is grass,' and in the sea the grass floats, the minutest of brown and yellow specks more countless than the sands themselves, in the sun-lit surface waters.

Light can never penetrate into the obscurity of the abyssal seas. Although animals are found even here, these dwell in a backwater outside the essential cycle of marine life. Miles beneath the surface of the sea the most grotesque of all creatures live the strangest of all lives in absolute darkness and exposed to an inconceivable pressure. Fishes, squids, prawns, all alike are admirably equipped with the weapons to prey upon one another. There is no other food save for the dead bodies which drop down from the sunlit waters far above them. This is indeed an essential source of food without which all life at these depths would quickly cease. The absence of light inevitably means an absence of plants, and there is thus no means of converting the inorganic salts into the organic matter on which alone all animals can feed. Life in the backwaters of the abyssal seas depends on the life of the surface waters to replace the inevitable loss in organic matter. It is every bit as dependent on the sun as the rest of marine life.

But the abyssal waters are not entirely devoid of light. In the absence of light rays from the sun, the abyssal animals may even produce light themselves. Not the least remarkable of the many strange peculiarities of these bizarre creatures are the light organs which many of them possess and which enable them to throw out a beam of phosphorescent light. The exact value of this to the animal is uncertain. It may assist in the search for prey, act as a lure, or as a warning signal; it may assist members of the same species to recognise one another—we can prove nothing and conjecture is somewhat vain; the only thing that is certain is that the blackness of the watery abyss is from time to time broken by isolated beams of yellow, green, red or blue light. Even in the absence of the sun animals apparently must seek to simulate its rays.

The waning of the light in the winter and its increase in the spring and summer have a profound effect on marine life in the polar and temperate seas. As the light and heat from the sun decline in intensity during the late autumn and winter the crops of marine plants rapidly diminish, and along with them the animal population of the surface waters almost vanishes. During the dark and cold winter days the grey waters, mourning for the

departed sun, are relatively barren of life. Yet even in the depth of winter, when a few scattered members of the plankton alone maintain a precarious hold on life, vital preparations for the recrudescence of life in the spring are being made. During the preceding year there has been a steady rain of dead and dying animals and plants on to the sea bottom. Decay sets in, and gradually, largely by the help of bacteria, the organic substances of their bodies is reconverted into inorganic substances—the wheel has come round full circle, the organic, formed with such care, with such a lavish use of the energy of sunlight, is resolved again into its constituents. Wasteful though the process may seem at first sight, further examination reveals its intrinsic efficiency. The quantity of inorganic substances, especially those necessary for the conversion by plants of sugars into the more complex proteins, present in sea water is limited. As soon as an animal or plant dies it is essential that as much as possible of the substance of its body should be made available for the production of new generations of plants. Bacteria, by hastening this process, play an essential *rôle* in the economy of marine life. They obtain the energy necessary for their life processes by breaking down the complex substances which have been built up by the aid of energy from the sun's rays. Thus, though they may work, as they frequently do, in total darkness, yet they are as truly dependent on the energy of sunlight as are the plants in the sunlit waters near the surface of the sea.

This recreated inorganic material gradually accumulates in the bottom waters. And there it has to remain until the winter comes. During the summer the surface waters, heated by the sun, are much warmer and so much lighter than are the deeper waters. There is a 'layering' of the water, and the deeper water, with its rich content of organic salts, is unable to mix with the warm water which floats over it. Gradually the surface waters lose their heat as the sun sinks lower and lower in the sky during the autumn and winter and its rays carry less heat to the sea than this loses by radiation. More and more the temperature of the surface of the sea approximates to that of the bottom, till finally 'layering' is practically obliterated and the water is almost the same temperature from top to bottom. In the winter, too, come great storms, and these further aid the complete mixing of the waters and the replenishment of the surface waters with the inorganic food of plant life. The stage is now set for the production of new crops of plant plankton; only a certain increase in the intensity of the sun's rays is necessary before the curtain rises on the drama of another season.

Early spring sees the rise of the curtain. There is a sudden burst of life; the waters, till recently so empty, are suddenly

filled with daily increasing myriads of minute plants. The surface waters are converted almost overnight from barren wastes into the richest pasturage, and almost as quickly, from solitary individuals to countless shoals, multiply the minute animals which feed upon this. One week the fine silk 'tow-net' of the naturalist sieves the water almost in vain; the next, its surface is clogged with a soft, brown, or green deposit which the microscope resolves into innumerable hosts of plants and animals. With an ever-increasing supply of energy from the sun and an abundance of food the intensity of this 'spring increase' rises day by day. But there comes a time when the supply of inorganic food begins to run out. The surface waters are now warming up under the influence of a sun which mounts higher in the sky as each day passes; 'layering' of the water has again been established, and there is no longer any contact with those reservoirs at the bottom, formed during the winter mixing of the waters but now being replenished once again.

The plants are there still in abundance; they contain the essential green colouring matter; there is water, there is carbonic acid gas, there is sunlight, all in abundance. The plants can form sugars and starch, but they cannot, for lack of the essential nitrogen and phosphorus, go further and build up proteins. In consequence the multiplication of the plants slackens and then almost ceases and the older individuals die or are eaten. The limitless meadows of the spring are already a thing of the past when the summer has begun. The hosts of animals decline in numbers with the falling off in their food supply. During the summer there is always abundance of plankton to be collected in tow-nets and water bottles, but nothing like the dense shoals characteristic of the spring.

In the autumn there is often a second increase in planktonic life, but it is very much smaller than the first, and it soon gives place to the continual decline which is the prelude to winter. But all the time there is a steady falling of dead bodies on to the sea bottom, and there an equally steady reconversion of organic into inorganic material which is being continually accumulated for the needs of the following year. So the years pass, one cycle succeeding another, and all, even those carried out in the dark obscurity of the mud at the sea bottom, activated by the boundless energy which streams from the sun.

From dawn to dusk, from spring to winter, the life of the sea is ordered by the sun, all its activities conditioned by the energy, rays of light and heat, which fall on the surface of the oceans. But there are other essential processes set in motion by the heat from the sun which take, not days or years to complete, but long periods of years—decades, centuries or even longer. The oceans

are not mere masses of stagnant water. Their waters are in continual movement. Great ocean currents maintain a continuous circulation from the tropics to the poles, from the surface to the profoundest depths. They are the very life-blood of the complex body of marine life, and they are initiated and maintained in operation by the heat rays from the sun.

In the tropics the temperature of the sea is raised to a very high figure, frequently over 30 degrees Centigrade at the surface, by the heat rays from the fiercely blazing sun. In the polar regions, where the sun's rays are almost absent over long periods of the year, the temperature of much of the water falls below freezing-point and the surface is covered by a thick covering of ice, the area of which extends greatly in winter, receding again in the summer. The presence of masses of hot water at the tropics and of ice-cold water around and beneath the polar ice constitutes what has aptly been described as a vast thermodynamic machine. The heat rays from the sun supply the energy for this machine, for it is the unstable conditions produced by this acquisition of energy in the tropics and its loss by radiation in the polar seas which causes the great ocean currents. The warm surface water at the tropics tends to flow away to the north and to the south over the colder and so heavier water. A general surface current from the tropics to the poles is thus created. At the same time the heavier cold water around the polar ice tends to sink, and eventually forms a current of cold water which flows, ever so slowly but ever so surely, through the darkness of the middle depths of the oceans towards the equator.

If the earth did not revolve, and if it was covered everywhere with an equal depth of water, there would be a steady surface current from the tropics to the poles and equivalent counter currents in deeper water from the poles to the equator where this cold water would slowly rise as it became heated. Actually these simple conditions are very greatly modified by the rotation of the earth, the presence of very irregular land masses, and by the irregularities of the ocean floor. These last are as great as those, so obviously displayed, of the surface of the land. Owing to the more open communication of the Antarctic with the great oceans and to the presence of shallow areas around the Arctic, the cold currents from the south are greater and more powerful than those from the north. The Antarctic has thus a much greater influence on the climate of the earth than has the Arctic. The influence of the cold currents from the south is most strikingly displayed in certain areas, where the persistent force of the trade winds drives the surface waters away from the western shores of the continents. This permits water from the deep cold current to 'upwell' to the surface and end its long dark journey from the polar seas on

sub-tropical coasts. Along the shores of Peru and southern California in the Pacific and the western coasts of South and North Africa in the Atlantic—that is, within the zones of the south-east and north-east trade winds on the two sides of the equator—this 'upwelling' is of constant occurrence.

This continuous supply of cold water from the Antarctic has profound effects on both the climate of these lands and on the life in the waters which bathe their shores. It is the cause alike of the cool and equable climate of California and of the rich sardine fishery. The upwelling water is rich in the inorganic food of plants; there is brilliant and continuous sunshine and, as an inevitable result, come vast crops of plant and then animal plankton. These, in turn, provide food for great shoals of sardines. Off the coasts of Peru in the South Pacific the story is taken a stage further. First there is the upwelling water with its salts, then the tiny plants and animals, next the fish, and finally innumerable flocks of sea birds which feed upon the fish. The rich deposits of guano for which the islands off Peru are famous are provided by these birds.

The heat rays from the sun are thus no less important than the rays of light. Not only do they maintain the temperature of both sea and land within those very narrow limits outside which, the physical properties of protoplasm being what they are, life would be impossible, but they also insure a constant circulation by steady ocean currents and more inconstant wind drifts throughout the wide expanses and profound depths of the sea. Nothing is lost. Material which sinks into the depths of the sea is restored to the energy-laden surface waters by winter mixing or by upwelling from vast depths and remote polar seas. Barren water flows from the tropics, where life is short but brilliant with colour and action, to the polar seas, where life is longer, drab and sluggish. From Arctic and Antarctic deep currents carry food to warmer climes. The phosphates and nitrates of the Antarctic water reappear in the sardines of California and in the guano deposits of South America.

The energy of light, the energy of heat, these are forces which control the life and movements of the sea. Both stream down upon the broad breast of the oceans from the sun. Well may the little animals of the plankton gather at the surface of the sea to greet the sun at dawn and bid him farewell at dusk. Without his vitalising power they, and all life with them, must return irrevocably to the atoms and molecules—the dust whence they sprang.

C. M. YONGE.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND THE HOME

The relation between cause and effect seems often to be strangely disconnected. Mr Aldous Huxley, broadcasting some time ago, drew attention to the important biological fact that English cattle to-day were considerably smaller than they had formerly been. The cause, said Mr. Huxley, was birth control—not, at first sight, a very obvious explanation. But the days of our grandfathers were the apotheosis of the family, the Sunday joint had commonly to feed a household of as many as twelve to twenty persons. Now, owing to economic circumstances and the exercise of a wiser humanity, the family number is small, a middle-class household of eight would be unusual. Limiting the size of the family has limited the quantity of meat it can consume, and the resultant effect has been that cattle are purposely bred to give smaller joints of meat.

The restriction in the size of the family has had another and more direct result. It is one of several causes contributing to the transformation of the home or dwelling-house during the past fifty years. So much criticism has been levelled against the latest forms of domestic architecture, decoration and furnishing without showing a proper perception either of the reasons underlying them or of the ideas they are trying to express. Yet it is only by understanding the adjustment of modern architecture to the changed social conditions which have produced it that one can obtain the necessary balance, and that sense of proportionate values on which alone a correct judgment can be based. Criticism of existing tendencies and practice in the production of houses or places to live in must duly perceive all the elements of their composition, must clearly apprehend the particular causes of which each element is the effect. The attitude which derides tendencies and practice as 'modern' displays, not criticism, but ignorance, for the word 'modern,' as a description, means nothing more nor less than the expression of contemporary conditions. Modern architecture, like modern painting or modern music, is a means of recording contemporary conditions. To describe a building as modern is to say that it expresses in method of construction, detail of plan, choice of material, and conception of

design an awareness responding to the conditions existing when it was built, the degree of response being dependent upon the state of awareness. It is here that the time-lag due to custom intervenes to prejudice public opinion. Thus, for example, in spite of the common adoption of the steel frame, custom denied that a fundamental change in building construction should be accompanied by a corresponding change in the appearance of buildings. That a building is new does not infer the presumption that it is modern. Habit of mind dies hard, and the idea of what a building should look like is still largely influenced rather by what is past than by what is present.

The advances of medical, physical, and engineering science have combined with the changes in the economic and social structure to produce a fresh standard of values, and consequently a new mode of life. During the nineteenth century scientific discovery as applied to materials and manufacturing processes made possible the commercial production of steel, and in the last quarter of the century steel 'ribs' came to be used in building construction. There was nothing new in the rib method of structure. Ribbing by masonry or wood had been commonly practised since the Middle Ages. Iron had already been utilised as a framework—the Crystal Palace, for example, was an iron structure—but the qualities of that metal had prevented its general adoption for building purposes. Steel, however, was an eminently suitable material, and its use in ribs produced a new set of architectural conditions. It became possible to hang an external covering upon the frame without regard to the structural qualities of the covering itself. The covering of the frame was merely the skin upon a skeleton.

With the discoveries of science marched the development of machinery. The nineteenth century was a period of industrialisation wherein the steady replacement of the manual worker by the machine caused an immense increase in productivity and in the distribution of wealth. Prosperity and an expanding population created a ready demand for whatever the machine could be made to produce, a demand that showed no understanding of the qualities logically appropriate to the products of a machine. The possibilities of machinery were exploited for the application of ornament to what in substance was already a finished article. This practice, once accepted, led to a serious deterioration in aesthetic taste. No surface was immune from some extraneous decoration; furniture must be carved, glass must be cut, silver chased and embossed, and architecture likewise must have adornment. The main object of space, contended the Victorians, was to fill it; and they did.

This contention was due, in the main, to an abundance of

space in the big, ungainly houses of the time. Such hou
their wastage of space bred contempt of it ; they fostered a
for clutter and ornament which was nourished by a pletho
servants. Now, however, a different set of conditions has a
to govern the needs of a different era. Economic circumsta
which have contributed to the restriction of the family num
have also enforced a reduction in the size of the home. The c
of space is an essential factor. Land values have greatly increas
and the rates and taxes levied upon property exert a dominat
influence upon the size of a house or flat; while domestic labo
is not only difficult to obtain, but expensive to employ. Circu
stances demanding a minimum cost and a maximum economy
upkeep have limited the allotment of space.

At the same time, enlightened social conditions have caus
the standard of living to rise. It is recognised that the men
and physical well-being of the family is largely dependent up
the amount of space in which it has to live, and the planning
that space to procure the greatest quantity of light, air a
sunshine is thus of outstanding importance. In a similar catego
is the psychological necessity for contrast. Continued monoto
is insupportable ; there must be change, a definite contra
between life as communal existence, and living as an individu
event. The complexity of modern life, the restlessness and noi
the proximity of the individual to world affairs, all combine
emphasise the need for simplicity. Just as the relative colourle
ness and solidity of life to the Victorian found a contrast in t
haphazard 'whatnottery' that cumbered his home, so to-d
contrast is sought by a calculated avoidance of all forms
non-essential decoration.

If it were questioned what underlying force directed the tre
of modern life, the answer would undoubtedly be Speed. T
motor car, the aeroplane, the telephone and the wireless are man
attempt to attain speed. Rapidity of transport, rapidity
communication, once a desire, have become a basic need. Fro
the clumsy mechanical contrivances of a century ago a machi
has evolved which is the embodiment of clean design and extrem
efficiency. The machine represents the deification of functio
every element of its composition is subordinate to the purpose
which it is intended. It follows that its design must symbol
that purpose, and the aeroplane that gained the Schneid
Trophy is the obvious—and a beautiful—example of uni
between construction, function, and expression. The sign
cance of the machine is producing an increasing awareness
the conditions under which we live, and the arts, the record
experience of living, naturally tend to express that awarene
in their own proper terms. Architecture is no exception ;

must respond in greater or lesser degree to the presence of the machine.

Primarily the work of the architect consists of the enclosure of space, and it is determined by the three elements of Structure, Function, and Expression. Upon the function of his building will depend the method of structure, and *vice versâ*, while the expression, the communicative significance of the whole, will depend upon and at the same time correlate both function and structure. These elements are interlocking and each is the key to the other. The principle of the design should therefore be to express what the building is in such a way as to interpret the qualities of its construction. The pediment which is supported upon pillars is an instance of simple structure. The pillars are clearly integral to the construction and the pediment would collapse with their removal. But in present steel or concrete frame buildings pillars may be purely ornamental—their use may not be justified at all. Pillars to the façade of a building of cantilever construction would support nothing whatever and could be removed with complete impunity. Thus they would not rightly interpret the structural qualities and their use would be contrary to the principle of design.

The proper application of this principle allows great advantages to be derived from modern structural methods in relation to function. With the big store it is possible to have the floor space unbroken by any supporting surfaces other than members of the frame. Internal walls are merely partitions and, as such, matters of convenience. Similarly, the show windows may extend in a continuous line of glass, their division being independent of structural requirements. Objection on the grounds of needless exaggeration is often made against those windows set at the corner of, perhaps, an office building—windows that are formed on either the curve or the angle of the elevation. But such windows, besides interpreting the qualities of structure, are in immediate accord with the function they have to perform, for they give by reflection and refraction on the interior walls the maximum quantity of light. In each of these instances function has been logically served by the methods of structure. In the store the elimination of internal walls directly provides the greatest area of possible floor space and cantilevering permits an uninterrupted run of display window, while in the office block the corner window, in giving the maximum quantity of light to the room, by impression increases the space it contains.

It is easy to perceive the importance of a logical combination of the two elements of structure and function in domestic architectural design. Economic circumstances requiring a restriction of space and hygienic demand calling for an increase of space are

conflicting factors. The modern architect, in trying to reconcile the two, is forced to rely upon those possibilities of structure which will incur the least cost while giving the utmost efficiency to the purposes of function. He has also to produce from that co-efficient an environment wherein the mind and the body may find the contrast they need. He might well build a house or flat block in which the constructional qualities fulfilled in some aspects the highest degree of functional purpose, but if as a consequence his house looked like a factory outside and gave a factory-like impression inside he would have failed in his expression—he would not have built a home. In the germ of this argument lies a reply to that body of opinion which holds that the architect may with advantage be replaced by the engineer. Architecture, they say, has become a subject where questions of load, stress and strain and the like are paramount, complicated questions which, though quite beyond the range of the architect, are normal matters for the technical engineer.

But this view entirely ignores expression—the third element of architectural design. A building must express something of its composition just as it must express something of the mind which has conceived it. If, therefore, the conception is confused, if the conceiving mind is unable to direct and to co-ordinate its own impressions, or if it is capable of only ordinary awareness, the resultant building will express the incoherent or the common-place. Architecture as a means of expression recording the experience of living is one of the arts and its practice demands an artist. The architect, the painter, the sculptor, or the musician is an artist in virtue only of his peculiar gifts. He is distinguished by the especial vigilance of his mind and its awareness to the external influences that surround him, by the freedom with which he is able to connect and retain the impressions caused by such influences and by the availability of those impressions for expressing his awareness in the terms of his art. The artist, in short, is concerned with communicating the measure of human experience, the engineer in giving effect to the progress of mechanical science.

The modern architect must be consciously alive to the influences arising from modern life, and his work is conditional upon them. As a result, the essence of modern architecture is functional; its ultimate expression is contained, not in the modelling of masses, but in the balance and proportion of solids to voids, the relation of surface to surface, in the vigour and distribution of line. The modern house reflects this functional essence in severity of outward form, efficiency of internal plan, and coherency of decoration. The extent of this reflection and its bearing upon future developments in domestic architecture

may be judged by two examples, one English and one French, which are representative of their kind.

In 'High & Over' at Amersham, of which Mr. A. D. Connell was the architect, the attempt has been made to give logical expression to the intention of the house—the enclosure of space in such a way as to obtain the most light, air and sunshine, the most comfort in plan, and the greatest economy and efficiency in working. To that end the building was oriented so that the rooms should face to the south and west and be sheltered on the north and east, the lay-out conforming to the letter Y with the main accommodation contained in the wide obtuse angle of the V strokes. In order to procure the maximum duration of sunshine the windows to these rooms had to extend as far as possible across the horizon of the sun. The length of window required thus demanded a method of structure which would permit the walls to contain long, unsupported stretches of window space. This factor combined with the need for economy, simplicity, and efficiency to determine the use of reinforced concrete for the structure of the building. This structure, lined with concrete blocks and rendered in cement, not only fulfilled the purpose which caused its use, but of itself demanded recognition of that purpose. In other words, structure and function were rightly interdependent upon each other.

The effect of the design, the long horizontal lines and spaces of window in the wall surface, gave structural expression to the avowed intention to trap as much light and sunshine as possible; the form of the design, the Y ordering of the lay-out, while emphasising this feature expressed the internal plan and function of the building; and the balance of the design, relying upon the amount of window space to wall surface and the relation of vertical to horizontal line, provided the ultimate expression, the degree of coherence and success attained in the whole. The extent of that coherence is not here in question; the point is that 'High & Over' is a considered and legitimate experiment with a 'purposeful outlook on problems to be solved.'


A precisely similar argument applies with even more cogency to the very interesting villa at Poissy, near Paris, by the French architect Le Corbusier. For in both cases the intention was the same; in both houses concrete was used for the construction; and both houses, again, are provided with roof gardens. But whereas at 'High & Over' the necessity for the roof was the opportunity of a garden, at Poissy the necessity for the garden was, so to speak, the opportunity for a roof. One was an incidental, the other an integral, part of the design. Le Corbusier, with the same intention, has carried his experiment much further. Realising that concrete is a material which lends itself to lightness

of construction, he has sought to obtain lightness and delicacy of form The lay-out of the villa is a square of which the first floor only occupies the whole This first and main floor has been projected on three sides to extend beyond the walls enclosing the ground floor, the extension being supported on slender pillars. The front elevation of the ground floor—that is, the middle wall of the three within the surrounding pillars—is semicircular and of glass This semicircle contains the entrance-hall and staircase, the remainder of the ground floor being taken up by the servants' quarters, a laundry, and a garage Above, on the main floor, is a large open court or roof terrace with access from the two sitting-rooms, a small similar court abutting on the kitchens, and the bedroom and bathroom accommodation Above, again, is another small roof terrace The windows of the elevation run, as at Amersham, in long horizontal stretches which have been continued, though left unglazed, around the open courts of the main floor Le Corbusier has thus emphasised in his structure that the underlying function of this building was to provide light and air He has actually tried to reproduce those qualities, and the form and the balance of his design do unite in a definite expression of lightness and grace. Both architects, in fact, have conjured with space in the effort to give the impression of greater space, and this effort has been sustained in the interior plan and decoration

At Poissy the semicircular entrance-hall, and its walls of glass, the arrangement of open roof terraces, the long lines of the windows and the resulting quantity and quality of light admitted to the rooms, all go to produce the impression of space. At Amersham the entrance-hall, at the central point of the Y strokes, contains a staircase curving within an outer wall which is again composed of glass, this time throughout its height. In the centre of the hall is a circular fountain the jet of which can rise through a corresponding circular well to the landing above. This entrance hall is the hub of which the wings of the Y are the spokes It gives at the focal point an immediate impression of space which seems to radiate to the wings, an impression which is furthered by the simplicity of the decoration, the plain, unrelieved surfaces of doors and walls and the lightness of their colouring.


In these two houses the decorative scheme has followed the principle guiding modern interior decoration This principle is to give conclusion to the primary elements that determine the building, and its basis therefore is to express in terms of surface, colour, and line the qualities of structure and function, and consequently space. Hence the need for expanses of surface, for colours which will reflect light rather than absorb it, and for the use of line to extend the dimensions, to expand the content of a

"HIGH & OVER"



Reproduced by kind permission of the Architect and Building News

A MODERN FRENCH VILLA AT POISSY




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A GROUP OF STEEL-FRAME FURNITURE



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A BOARD-ROOM WITH FURNITURE OF SYCAMORE AND WALNUT



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room. Where a room is low—too low—it is sought by a repetition of long vertical lines in windows, doors, fireplace and so forth, to give the idea of height. Similarly, where a room is small, it is sought by a sweep of horizontal line to produce the effect of length and breadth. The attempt to give space impression is heightened by expanses of surface and the use of colour to advance and recede light, the severity which might unduly result from such treatment being toned and softened by contrasting lines and colours in furniture and textiles. Furnishing, in fact, is an essential to the coherence of the decorative scheme, and there consequently arises the necessity for furniture which will contribute through its own qualities to the realisation of that coherence.

The design and production of furniture may be compared to the design and production of a house or a flat. Furniture design is again dependent upon the three elements of structure, function, and expression, and must respond equally to the demands of contemporary conditions, the first and main demand being defined by the nature of its intended environment—that is, the rooms in which the furniture is to be placed. In this respect furniture suffers an initial disadvantage. Interior decoration, believed in general to be something indiscriminately applied to a part of a building, has not been reckoned as a composite element, as a factor inevitable to the expression of the whole. The many trades comprised in decoration do not form a chain combination analogous to the building trade, each being rather an individual and self-contained link. In this sense, therefore, there is no 'decorating trade' possessing either a centralised intention or a comprehensive outlook alive to the developments of modern architecture. This state of affairs is not conducive to good design in furniture production, production, that is, by mass manufacture as opposed to production by individual craftsmen—a distinction that follows upon the general need for furniture as means to an end and the peculiar desire for furniture as objects of beauty.

In supplying the general need modern furniture design represents an attempt—similar to that noted in the houses at Amersham and Poissy—to deal with the question of space. To that problem there are two lines of approach. Either furniture may be of such material and design as will not in visual effect detract from the impression of space, or furniture may be of a type that will form in practice a component of the walls of a room. The first approach has led to the manufacture of furniture of steel. Steel has the double advantage of flexibility and strength; it responds to the conditions imposed by hygiene and economy, since it harbours no dirt or dust and possesses great durability. As a frame for furniture steel fulfils the demands of both structure and function, and when designed to express the qualities of its

material it possesses extreme lightness of effect. So far as it is used for the frames of chairs or tables the purpose is logical, but where that purpose ignores its particular qualities in design or as ornament it is used falsely. Glass, in connexion with steel, while admirably suited to the emphasis of space impression, is as yet impractical. Glass table tops, for instance, set upon a steel frame are too liable to chip and crack; but, when it can be successfully manufactured to withstand damage, glass will provide a fresh and interesting field for experiment.

The second line of approach has led (*a*) to furniture that is 'fitted' in sections along the wall surface, and (*b*) to fitments that are fixed within or as a component of the wall surface. While the 'fitted' type of furniture has long been made to special design, it is only recently that certain manufacturers, recognising its possibilities, have standardised production in the form of sectional units. The advantages claimed may be admitted: each unit is self-contained, a number of units can be fitted together, making a variety of furnishing combinations to suit the shape and size of any one room, and extra units may be added as needed or as finances permit. But at present these units are made in oak, mahogany and walnut, and their main object would seem defeated thereby. A continuous line of furniture even when broken up by gradations in height and size is likely to be heavy and overpowering, while monotony of effect is difficult to avoid. Clearly, if these sectional units are to give space impression, design and material are of the first importance. Yet neither, in this case, can have been fully considered from that point of view. The future of 'fitted' furniture in mass production must surely lie in the direction of lightness in design and of materials other than heavy-looking woods.

The fitment, however, claims attention on a different basis, since as a fixture it is not in the ordinary sense furniture at all. It may be contained within the wall of a room as a definite feature of the building plan, or it may be fixed upon the wall as a component of the wall surface. In either case, as integral to the room itself, it should ensure coherence of decoration. Since also it adapts itself with natural facility to multiple uses, it does by elimination actually provide space; and if rightly planned it is a hygienic and labour-saving unit which fulfils a necessary function with great efficiency. These are valuable factors. Could the objection that the fitment must be of individual making and not of standard manufacture be overcome, there should be no doubt of its future development. But this objection has perhaps arisen from a misconception of what the fitment is, and it appears to be based on a point of view which regards a fitment as an entity and not as a number of related parts. The whole essence of the

fitment lies in what it contains; external design and material are determined by the function and decoration of the room. Once it is accepted that the fitment may be *built* it becomes apparent that the parts composing it might be manufactured in a precisely similar way to those of a building, and that they could be made in differing dimensions and forms to provide varying sizes and adjustments of plan.

If the general need for furniture is to be satisfied by mass manufacture, design must respect and relate those forms which such manufacture imposes. Furniture that is mass produced should be a true product of the craft of the machine, not a false imitation of the craft of the hand. Here, it seems, is the finger-post directing the development of means-to-an-end furniture and pointing to the opportunity for freshness and vigour of design in the furniture of the craftsman.

General recognition of this finger-post might lead to unexpected results. Existing tendencies show that population is being drawn increasingly to the city and its environs, and that the way out of the difficulty of accommodation will be found in the provision of flats—communal blocks to hold upwards of 200 families in each. In blocks of this kind, where the basic necessity for efficient and economic function must inevitably be emphasised by the organisation and plan of the building, the communal demand is liable to triumph over the individual need, and the home, as a flat unit which is merely the repetition of another flat unit, may become like a cog in a machine. The prevention and [illegible] danger lies largely in interior decoration, and so also in equipment, furnishing. It is thus possible that development of furniture design should exercise a predominant influence over interior decoration. Such decoration is, however, an element of plan and plan of function, and so again carrying the argument to its conclusion we reach the initial design on the drawing-table of the architect.

Such decoration serves to bring home the dovetailing nature of architectural elements and to mark the degree of completion [illegible] the architect must first visualise his building. It serves also to underline the fact that modern architecture is in the [illegible] transition where development in one direction may lead to a complete change of course in another. The architect is faced not only with an abundance of new and constantly changing materials, but also, since their aesthetic qualities are not [illegible] with the fresh problems arising from their use. From this uncertainty and the rapidity of change in the conditions [illegible] architectural elements there naturally ensues a period of experiment, and it is during such a period that certain pronounced features emerge.

Of these the main is the scientific approach to building problems which realises the complex technical character that the practice of architecture has assumed and the need for the closest co-operation of the architect with the engineer and the various other technicians concerned. This method of approach, while it lays emphasis—and rightly—on the necessity for order, is inseparably bound up with the rational expression of function, and in modern domestic architecture the purposes of function—living, sleeping, and services—have become the basis of design. It is difficult, however, to avoid stressing the functional element, particularly in the case already mentioned of the large block of flats, and the home as a building may tend towards a simplicity that might become excessive. Simplicity as an end in itself is very well, but the means of attaining it are found in the expert use of contrasts. A room that is wholly devoid of decorative intention does not express simplicity—it is only barren; but once introduce some central *motif* of colour and form—a single Oriental vase, for example—and the effect of simplicity is given. Herein lies the great and growing importance of interior decoration in domestic work. And if decoration is to be generally successful, the architect and the designer of furniture, whether mass produced or of individual craftsmanship, must work in intimate relation to each other—how intimate is shown by the fact that most modern architects have perforce to design such furniture as may be required.

The same feature of functionalism has so far proved unsympathetic to ornament. Ornament, where it is used, is still 'meaningless and unrelated.' This fact is as much in evidence in architecture as in industrial art, and it is so because present ornamental form is in the main only a reproduction of past types, having of itself no vitality. Ornament, too, still suffers from the attitude that it is something to be applied, whereas if it is to have meaning and virility it must grow spontaneously as a natural outcome of design. Modern architecture has been concerned more with mechanical than with creative forms, and in accentuating the quality of function has been tempted to go beyond it as a basis of design, a temptation urged by contemporary conditions. But creative work must have its inspiration in belief, and there is no life to be got from the expression of mechanisms. It has been said that structure, function, and expression are the interlocking elements of architectural design and that each is the key to the other; it should be added that a key to their combination may be found by uniting what is sensible with what is sensitive.

JAMES TUDOR-CRAIG.

CRICKET AND THE EMPIRE

For more than twenty years things have been moving very fast in the cricket world, not only in England, but in the British Empire. This is not to be wondered at, but the last series of Test Matches played in Australia in 1932—33 has brought us to a crisis. This is to be regretted, but there are some grounds for hoping that this may bring about a better state of things, as crises sometimes do. It is good that the eyes of the blind should be opened, and it is probable that many now see things in a clear light which before was not the case.

Imperial cricket began in a humble way in the year 1859, when a great Nottinghamshire cricketer took out a strong eleven to play three matches in Canada and two in the United States. George Parr at that date was perhaps the best bat in England. England's opponents were twenty-two in number, and every match was won by our cricketers. The climate in Canada is not favourable for cricket, and in America the great game is almost extinct. This first tour only lasted for about seven weeks, and each player earned about £90 for the trip. The next tour abroad was taken by H. H. Stephenson, to Australia in 1862, and George Parr took out another team in 1864, and New Zealand was visited for the first time. In both countries the wickets were rough, but the game took root in Australia. Charles Lawrence stayed behind after the rest of Stephenson's team had left for home, and the celebrated William Caffyn also remained behind after Parr's cricketers had gone home; both did good work in the way of coaching. In Australia the game, once started, advanced by leaps and bounds, and the beginning of Test Match cricket between England and Australia began in 1877, when two matches were played between an eleven of English professionals led by James Lillywhite, and the first was won by Australia and the second by England.

The other countries came gradually into the Test Matches—South Africa, New Zealand, West Indies, and, lastly, India, which not only has met a picked English eleven in England, but is also entertaining a good English side in India in the coming winter. Practically all these matches are now managed by the M C C , and

much good cricket has been seen; but, leaving England out of the question, Australia is in a class by itself. A good side from the West Indies won a match on even terms against Australia in Australia a year or two ago, but Australia won the other four. South Africa has been beaten by Australia on every occasion they have played in Australia except one, but up to date South Africa has been handicapped by changing from matting wickets to turf. But though the South Africans have not succeeded in beating England in England, they have shown really good cricket, and in their own country they have won against England about as many matches as they have lost. In 1929 they sent over a very good side, and, though unable to beat England in the Tests, they showed excellent cricket and first-rate fielding. In comparison with Australia there is not the same tense and almost grim seriousness that is seen in English or Australian Test Matches, which seem to get more and more intense as time goes on. Nothing in the shape of disturbances or anything like ill-feeling has been seen, and the only rock ahead is that which is seen in all first-class cricket—too high scoring and the domination of batting.

When we come to Test Matches between England and Australia we feel that there is a different atmosphere and we stand on dangerous ground, but there are some hopeful symptoms ahead. Every effort should be made to put things on a proper footing, and now is the time to start; but to do this effectually it is necessary to define what cricket is. Cricket is a game, but there is a tendency in both countries, and particularly in Australia, to regard it as a serious business. Mr. Noble, who in his day was a splendid cricketer and perhaps the best captain in the field that has ever been seen, has written a book[1] giving full details of the successful tour in 1928–29 under the captaincy of Mr. Chapman. Mr. Noble writes, alluding to the captaincy:

I sometimes wonder if England recognizes how great and far-reaching this responsibility is. . . Australia . . . is still intensely British in spirit and tradition, but we are so isolated from the Motherland that we need the stimulus of regular visits from chosen ambassadors to maintain that happy chain of sentiment that binds the two nations more firmly than all the treaties and *rapprochements* in the world; and no visiting ambassador, unless it be our Governors, has greater influence for good or ill in Australia than the captain of an English eleven. One false step on his part might easily estrange thousands from allegiance to the Old Land, one unsportsmanlike action might easily estrange thousands more.

Mr. Sydney Smith, who was manager of the two Australian teams which came to England in 1921 and 1926, in a speech appealing for a conference on body-line bowling, is reported to have said:

[1] *The Fight for the Ashes.*

We cannot afford from an Empire point of view to allow the Tests to be abandoned. They mean friendship between England, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and the West Indies.

These two quotations seem to show that, as far as Australia is concerned, cricket is no longer a game. Mr. Noble says it is more important than any treaty; and Mr. Sydney Smith apparently thinks the same. If this is the case, it is high time that Test Matches between the two countries be suspended for a few years, to be played again in a more reasonable frame of mind. It is a comfort to read a grave and dignified remark in the *Melbourne Argus* in the issue of January 22 last which laments over the 'degradation of cricket, which, like many noble and beautiful arts, has been cheapened and distorted by the Philistines of a ruthless modern age. The public mind has been excited by incidents which are deliberately magnified and distorted by irresponsible commentators.'

Mr. Sydney Smith in his speech appealed for a conference on body-line bowling, which, it is to be hoped, will be held; but there are other features which ought also to be dealt with by a conference, and now is the time. The whole future of the great game depends on what a conference may do, and cricket everywhere is vitally concerned.

The curse of cricket, particularly that form of cricket which is called first class, is the detestably large number of drawn matches brought about by unhealthy run-getting. This is a matter which affects England more than any other country of the Empire, for two reasons—namely, the weather, which we cannot help, and the large number of matches which have to be played, which makes it impossible to give more than three days to any match except Test Matches. To show what an enormity this modern run-getting is, it is sufficient to take one series only, so let us take the figures of the first twenty-one Test Matches between England and Australia from 1877 to 1885 and the last twenty-one ending in 1933. In the first twenty-one matches 14,626 runs were made at an average of 21 runs per wicket; in the last twenty-one ending in 1933 23,571 were made at an average of 35 runs per wicket. To show the increase of drawn matches in one time-honoured match, the inter-University—omitting two one-day matches and one which had four days given but rain prevented a finish—sixty-one matches were played up to 1898 and all were finished and none drawn. But in later times we come to a very different result; for out of the last thirty-one matches eleven have been drawn.

The chief cause of this lamentable nightmare of run-getting is the skill of the groundsmen, and the effect of this must be enormous. It is very difficult to give figures; but one effect may be noticed, and that is the almost total elimination of the dead

shooter. Some balls come at a lower height from the ground than others, but the really dead shooter, which after contact with the ground never rose a hundredth part of an inch, is as extinct as the dodo. Another feature is the use of some artificial form of manure which does not prevail so much as it did, but while it lasted had a most pernicious effect in that it made most balls come at an easy height to the bat and may be called the half-stump-high ball. In Australia the wickets have been made still easier, but Mr. J. W. Trumble has told us that this has been effected by the abolition of turf wickets and the substitution of wickets that resemble a sort of cement, so smooth that the ball cannot bite or rise but goes straight on at an easy height for the batsman to deal with. How easy these wickets are to bat on may be judged from the gigantic scoring, but there is apparently some change being made in the preparation of the wicket at Melbourne. In the only Test Match that was played at Melbourne by Mr Jardine's team the wicket was called a turf wicket; the match was over in four days, and the scoring was at the reasonable rate of 18 runs per wicket, whereas in the other four matches the rate was 33, or nearly double.

In England the season so far has been all against the bowlers, and as far as county cricket is concerned there is a goodly number of matches that have been finished with a definite result. But county matches are not a proper test, as a large proportion of them are played between ill-matched sides—strong sides like Yorkshire and Sussex and weak ones like Worcestershire and Leicestershire. Between more or less even sides like the Universities, out of twenty-seven matches thirteen have been drawn. In England we cannot afford to give more than three days, and something must be done to reduce the huge scoring, that should be considered by the conference which Mr Sydney Smith desires, though he may want nothing to be discussed except body-line bowling.

There are, however, other points quite as important which ought not to be left out. There is, for instance, the effect on Test Matches of the desertion by many great Colonial players of their own country who come to England to play in league matches. Macdonald, the finest fast bowler of the past twenty-five years, left Australia, his native country, and played first for a Lancashire league and then for his county. At the present moment we find A. J. Richardson, who played for Australia in Test Matches in 1925–26, and A. Fairfax, who played for Australia in 1930, both playing for league clubs; as well as Dempster, the best batsman of New Zealand; Constantine, a great player from the West Indies; Morkel, from South Africa; Cromb and Blunt, from New Zealand. Headley, a great player from the West

Indies (whom we in England were delighted to see this summer) and Bradman have both been approached by league officials, but so far without success. It is well known that league matches are played on Saturdays, and the league clubs pay highly for good cricketers, and players like Dempster are practically lost to their country as far as Test Matches are concerned. This is a most unsatisfactory state of things. It must be confessed that a victory over any Test team deprived of some of its best players loses some of its glory. For Colonial cricketers debarred from playing for their country some satisfactory solution should be made, if possible, to enable them to play for their native country in Test Matches.

Body-line bowling cannot be discussed here, as it is being considered by the highest tribunal, but one thing can be said, namely that, whatever may be the correct definition of body-line bowling, the fact that it exists at all is largely due to the methods adopted ever since 1886 by batsmen. In 1886 Shrewsbury played an innings that revolutionised the game; he showed how the legs could be used in defending the wicket against all balls that, pitching off the wicket and turning, would have hit the wicket. The effect of this was enormous, and it was further helped by a practice that gradually grew up in consequence of the doping of the wicket and making the ball pitch again and again half-stump high. Batsmen left off playing in the old way of standing firmly on the right foot with the left shoulder forward, and they moved across and stood facing the bowler. One result of this was that the bowlers were handicapped, as both legs and bat made it useless for them to bowl good-length balls outside the off stump as the batsmen covered up, and this was especially hard on bowlers who could make the ball break back and on left-hand bowlers who could make balls go with the arm and swing in from outside the off stump. Both were defeated, as, even if the bat was not used at all, the legs prevented the ball hitting the wicket. Bowlers were driven to other tactics and they attacked the leg stump, and if they could make the ball break, batsmen were in danger of being hit, and hit they were sixty years ago. An exact definition of body-line bowling has not been given, but in England there are many who do not like it, and we must wait and see what the M.C.C. say.

Two points must always be kept in mind. The bowlers are overworked and run-getting is horribly exaggerated. The bowler should not be cramped as to which stump he can bowl at or the way he may place his field. It is simply a waste of time to go on hammering away on the off side——hundreds of balls pitching just outside the off stump are left alone; the bat is pointed to the skies, the wicket is covered by the legs, the bowlers get tired, valuable

time is wasted, and the spectators go to sleep. The second point to remember is that if batsmen persist in adopting what is sometimes called the two-eyed stance—in other words, if they stand directly facing the bowler with the whole body made like a target—they run a great risk, and the bowler should not be blamed; it is the fault of the batsman if he is hurt. We have not heard much detail of the way in which batsmen were injured by what, we presume, is called body-line bowling; in fact, only two cases have been given with any detail. In one the batsman was hit over the heart while standing facing the bowler right in front of the off stump. If he stood in the way he ought to have stood, with his right leg firm just outside the leg stump and the left shoulder forward, he would have been hit as all batsmen have been, and must be occasionally, but not seriously. In the other case, he turned round to pull a short ball, but, missing it, was hit in the face; such play was risky and the batsman himself acquitted the bowler from all blame.

It is not easy to write about barracking, but this much may be said that no visiting side should be subject to such ebullitions of ill-feeling as were shown in the last tour in Australia. It has been stated that what may be called the lower type of newspaper is largely responsible for the ill-feeling. Every country has experience of this kind of newspaper, and they are read by the barracker. The better and higher type of Australian newspapers can compare favourably with any of those in England or any other country. It is most satisfactory to read what was written during the third Test Match:

How regrettable it is that the series of Test Matches in progress between Australia and England should have given rise to excessive partisanship and in some quarters actual ill-will. The happenings in Adelaide during the game now in progress are bad for cricket, and they are even a worse advertisement both for England and Australia. . . . It would seem that we have lost to some extent a proper sense of proportion, and have begun to take cricket too seriously. Let us take stock of ourselves before the situation grows more acute.

Mr. Jardine has written a book called *In Quest of the Ashes* which shows a state of things that all must regret. From the very start things began to go wrong. A great Australian cricketer, writing to a newspaper before the first Test Match had actually begun, wrote: 'Woodfull may have to protest against Allen tearing up the pitch,' and 'Jardine ought to wear the M.C.C. cap.' This was not a pleasant start. Neither is it pleasant to read what Mr. Jardine writes after the second Test Match at Melbourne, where England was badly beaten after having won the first easily: 'My mailbag was a revelation. A stranger reading it might have been pardoned for thinking that we were a

team of dishonest trainers who had run crooked in order to disguise form, and thereby pick up a packet on the remaining Test Matches.' During the third Test Match, an Adelaide newspaper published an article which attempted to prove what was an absolute falsehood, that dissension and disloyalty prevailed in the English team. The fourth Test Match was at Brisbane, and here another Australian newspaper placarded the town with a poster entitled 'Jardine's Disrupted Team.' On two occasions at Brisbane the ball bounded queerly and disabled an English fieldsman, and the crowd jeered and cheered. Finally, in the last Test Match an Australian newspaper gives an account of the following incident:

There was a demonstration by a section of the big crowd which witnessed the play in the fifth Test Match at the Sydney Cricket Ground yesterday, when the English Captain, D. R. Jardine, complained to Umpire Borwick about the fast bowler Alexander running on the wicket. The crowd jeered, and barracking broke out afresh when he patted the spots on the wicket. There was a regrettable scene in Alexander's fourth over. The fast bowler was still bowling over the wicket and one ball rose sharply and struck Jardine a sickening blow on the left side. There was a roar from the crowd, and then while some of the fieldsmen approached Jardine many of the spectators joined in sustained applause. Such conduct was unpardonable.

It is most satisfactory to read the manner in which the Australian newspaper described the incident as unpardonable. To complain of a bowler cutting up the pitch is a new feature, but Mr. Woodfull did exactly the same thing early in the tour when he objected to Mr. Allen running down the pitch, and the crowd raised no objection.

After reading all these unpleasant features we rest our eyes and read again what Mr. Noble has written and what Mr. Sydney Smith has said, as quoted above. We have to face the sad fact that, if Mr. Noble is right, thousands of Australians have been estranged from allegiance to the Old Country, and what sort of 'friendship' does Mr. Sydney Smith think can exist after all these unpleasant incidents? In none of the incidents described in the above has body-line bowling been the cause of the barracking, etc.

In spite of all that has happened, there is a justifiable probability that Test Matches will be resumed between England and Australia, but there ought to be an interval of two or three years before they are resumed. There is a difference of opinion about body-line bowling in both countries, and the time is short. The Australian team is by way of coming over next year, and there is a possibility that the question will not be settled before they actually open the season. There is a strong opinion prevalent that the vexed question of body-line might be settled by an alteration of the leg-before rule, and if this is done it would be

in the highest degree unwise to play a series of Test Matches straightaway. Every country in the Empire should get some practice at home before Test Matches are resumed under different conditions and rules. The umpires ought to get some experience of the working of any new rule, and in any event, the distressing features of the last tour are too recent, and the soothing effects of time will before long create a new and purer atmosphere.

The times are ripe for a conference, but not for another series of English and Australian Test Matches. There are other matters that want discussing besides body-line bowling. Unhealthily large run-getting and the unsatisfactory situation of the constant loss of so many great cricketers who leave their own country and are practically lost to imperial cricket are also questions that call for a conference of all the countries who play Test Matches in the British Empire. Let the visit to England in 1934 of an Australian team to play Test Matches be cancelled, and let Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, New Zealand, and India be represented at a conference and take the proper steps to make cricket healthier and better than it is at this moment.

R. H. LYTTELTON

IONA

> Seven years before doom
> The sea will come over Ireland on one day
> And green grassy Islay
> But Columb the Priest's island shall swim.
> (Old Celtic saying.)

EVER since that distant day in the early summer of 563, when Columba with his twelve followers arrived in their *curach* from Ireland, the small isle of Iona has been illustrious, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe, and, indeed, the world. Columba was of royal Irish race, and sailed northward from Eire to Alba to spread the Christian faith. He reached Iona—the island he was afterwards given by Conall, King of Dalriada—on the 12th day of May, landing at the little bay on the south shore of the isle, known to this day as Port na Curaich, or the Harbour of the Coracle. Here is a mound which tradition affirms to be the place where the *curach* was buried, lest the saint should feel tempted to return to the land of his birth, and around the mound are heaps of stones of various sizes supposed to have been built from time to time by the monks as penances.

Before he reached Iona Columba landed on Oronsay, an island joined to Colonsay at ebb tide; but when he climbed the small hill of Oronsay and found the hills of Ireland still in sight he decided to continue his voyage northward until he should reach an island whence Ireland could no longer be seen. Columba at the time had reason to cast off all connexion with the country of his birth. St Finnian a short time before had brought from Italy the first Vulgate Gospels ever seen in Ireland. He lent the Gospels to Columba, who, without asking permission (diplomacy was never one of Columba's virtues), transcribed the manuscript in record time for his own use.

Even the most holy men are not always in agreement, and accordingly Columba with bitter words cast off his connexion with Ireland and sailed northward across the seas. Thus Columba in his *curach* left Oronsay behind him, and, reaching Iona, he and those with him drew up the boat in which they had voyaged on the shingly south shore of the isle. But before this was done

Columba climbed the hill behind the bay and eagerly scanned the horizon south-west. It was perhaps one of those clear days of early summer when distant isles appear close at hand, and, since no trace of Eire met his gaze, he thereupon decided to found his monastery on Iona. On the hilltop he built a cairn. The cairn remains to this day, and is called Carn Cul ri Eirinn, which may be translated as 'the Cairn with my Back towards Ireland.' There is, I believe, more in this name than is apparent, for in a very early Irish poem which has been attributed to Columba himself the passage occurs:

> that my mystical name might be
> Cul ri Eirinn

It seems probable, therefore, that Carn Cul ri Eirinn may be translated 'Columba's Cairn.'

There is no more beautiful and celebrated name than Iona in the world to-day, and none so full of romance. It is interesting, therefore, that the name has apparently risen from the misreading of the *u* for *n* in Adamnan's *Ioua*. In present-day Gaelic the isle is invariably spoken of as I Chaluim-Chille, Calum Cille (Malcolm of the Cell) being Columba's Celtic name. Iona is a small island, yet there can be none so rich in historical associations. Because of Columba's fame and the miracles which he wrought, the island in time became sacred and a burial-place of kings, not only of Scotland, but of Ireland and Norway. Forty-eight kings of Scotland, from Fergus II. to MacBeth, are buried in Reilig Odhran (St. Oran's Burial-ground). Here also lie four Irish kings and eight Norwegian kings or princes, besides one king of France, whose gravestone, according to Pennant (who wrote about 1770), was a red unpolished stone about 70 feet south of St. Oran's Chapel. One of the earliest accounts of Iona is that of Dean Munro. When he visited the island about the year 1549 he found three stone tombs, built in the form of little chapels. On one tomb were the words 'TUMULUS REGUM SCOTIAE,' on the second 'TUMULUS REGUM HYBERNIAE,' and upon the third tomb was written 'TUMULUS REGUM NORWEGIAE.' In the sixteenth century, therefore, the burial-place of the illustrious dead was clear, but during the intervening years all trace has been lost of the original tumuli, and no man now knows where lies the mortal dust of the kings who were laid to rest on this sacred island.

Many great highland chiefs were buried in Reilig Odhran. Here lies Angus Og, Lord of the Isles, a strong friend of Robert the Bruce and his ally at the Battle of Bannockburn. Here are MacLeods of Harris, MacLeans of Coll, MacLaines of Loch Buie, MacIains of Ardnamurchan, MacQuarries of Ulva, and many

others. According to Martin, who wrote just before the year 1700, at least one Archbishop of Canterbury is buried on Iona.

There is a curious tradition of the building of St. Odhran's Chapel, beside which are these historic graves. Although Columba desired to build a chapel, the powers of darkness who had their home on Iona before he finally expelled them obstructed the saint. Each night the wall which had been built with care during the day fell to the ground. No progress could be made. It was revealed to Columba in a vision that the chapel could not be built unless a living sacrifice were offered.

In the Irish *Lives of the Saints* it is written that Columba, addressing the brethren, said: 'It is permitted to you that some one of you go under the earth of this island to consecrate it.' Odhran arose quickly. 'If you accept me,' he said, 'I am ready for that.' 'Odhran,' said Columcille, 'you shall receive your reward of this. No request shall be granted to anyone at my tomb, unless he first ask of thee.' Odhran then went to heaven, and Columcille founded the Church of Hy (Iona). Odhran, it is related, was buried alive. The following morning the monks went out to see the walls. They stood firmly. The powers of darkness had been conquered by the sacrifice of a saintly man. It is narrated that three days after Odhran had been buried Columba, sorrowful at the loss of his dear friend and kinsman, removed the earth from the grave. Odhran thereupon spoke to him as follows: 'Heaven is not as has been written; neither is hell as is commonly supposed.' On hearing so dangerous a doctrine Columba at once gave orders that Odhran should be buried once more. It is possible that in this story the sacrifice of Odhran may have been confused with human sacrifices offered in still earlier days by the Druids, who are believed to have practised their religious rites on Iona for centuries before Columba's arrival. That was in the era of the old Celtic gods, and to this day there is on Iona a place-name going back to those distant times. The name is Dun Mhannan—Manannan's *dun*, or fort. Manannan mac Lir was the Celtic sea god, and the Isle of Man is named after him. It was he who rode his chariot, drawn by his steed Splendid Mane, across the waves of the ocean and hid himself at will in the Druid mist which formed at his bidding. It is interesting that his name should survive upon an island which has been the home of Christianity for upwards of 1400 years.

The visitor to Iona may cross the broad Isle of Mull and then traverse the mile of sea which lies between it and Iona. Or he may sail from Oban, a delightful sea passage of some three hours. He lands near the Martyrs' Bay, and on his way to the abbey he walks near (and in some places actually on) Sraid nam Marbh—the Street of the Dead. This old track is now partly lost in the

fields; it led from the shore up to Reilig Odhran. Port nam Mairtir (the Bay of Martyrs) is perhaps where the Norsemen put to death the sixty-eight martyrs during the first recorded slaughter of Iona monks by the vikings in the year 806. The white sands and the pale green waters of the sea above them were on that day of terror stained deep with human blood; and so it was fitting that the bodies of the illustrious dead should in later times have been landed here and carried by their clansmen, to the sounds of weeping and sorrowful piping, from the small knoll called the Eala beside the tide where they had been disembarked from the galleys. The sands gleamed as white when the bodies of Fergus, Duncan, and MacBeth were landed here with weeping and lamentations as they gleam to-day as I look with pleasure upon them from the green machair. From the heights of Burg, over on Mull of the mists, the high waterfalls doubtless glistened as they shine this soft evening of July, and perhaps Beinn Mhor wore the same diaphanous covering of cloud as she wears to-night. The centuries pass.

The pilgrimage to Iona continues. Day after day, from every part of the world, come pilgrims to steep themselves in the sacred associations of the island, where they find rest and peace, and a benison that Columba of the Cell gave it long centuries ago. The pilgrims find on Iona natives who are well educated and intelligent. The village library, with its store of books, some of them of considerable value, gives profitable reading during the long winter evenings. Iain Mor of the ferry is full of information and old lore, and is as skilled a bridge player as he is a seaman. The men of Iona have made names for themselves in many walks of life. They are reliable and daring seamen, able to handle a boat in heavy weather when the surf runs high and the south wind rushes loudly across the island. The population of Iona is, unfortunately, decreasing rapidly, and at the present time (1933) there is but one child under three years of age on the isle. Pennant mentions that at the time of his visit (about 1770) what he calls the 'town' of Iona consisted of some fifty houses thatched with the straw of bere, which had been pulled up by the roots and bound firmly on the roofs with ropes made of heather. I am informed that in 1846 Iona had a population of 500. Now the number of natives is no more than 120. Formerly Gaelic was the language spoken universally on the island. Now, after an absence of twelve years, I find English is more commonly used. Gaelic is still the language of the older people, but English is spoken almost always by the younger generation. Indeed, many of the younger people can speak no Gaelic. It is to be hoped that the Gaelic language will not altogether disappear from Columba's Isle.

In any account of Iona the name of Mr Alex. Ritchie cannot

be passed over. Besides having unrivalled knowledge of the history of the island, he has created the industry of copying (mostly in silver) the old Celtic designs. The work is one requiring considerable skill, and enables the present generation to appreciate the early Celtic craftsmanship. Formerly Mr Ritchie acted as guide to the abbey and to the historic burial-place, but advancing years have caused him to relinquish this task. But he still works at the craft that is peculiarly his own, and is doubtless inspired by his surroundings of beauty. Above the white sands sea-swallows flit on pointed, shining wings when the summer sun shines on land and sea. The oyster-catcher, bird of St. Bride, calls from the low rocks, and on days of wind the raven, croaking with deep note as he sails on dark wings, battles joyfully with the Atlantic storm. Gannets patrol the green, sun-flooded waters of the Sound of Iona, ever scanning the depths. Their keen eyes see a mackerel or large sand-eel. Their strong flight on the instant is checked. They drive downward to the sea in a splendid rush and plunge beneath the surface like a white arrow. Below the surface they swallow their fish, rest for a moment, shaking out their plumage, then with their catch stowed aboard continue their fishing. They may capture seven mackerel or even more, and then, heavily loaded with fish, fly low above the Atlantic toward their distant home on the stacks of St Kilda. On the green machair and the white sands many pairs of ringed plover nest.

Like the Outer Hebrides, Iona has its machair and sands mainly on its western shore. There is a delightful walk across the island by a smooth road without a single 'pot hole' (motor cars have yet to make their appearance on Iona, and it is pleasant to walk at leisure on the dry, gravelly roads with their centres worn down by many generations of island horses) that leads to the western machair, where great Atlantic waves roll with thunder upon a white strand. Beside the road, a few yards to the south of it, is a large green knoll, traditionally the spot where Columba communed with angels. This is now called the Sithean Mor (the Great Fairy Knoll). Adamnan, writing of the event, describes how the saint on a certain day assembled the brethren together and said to them with great earnestness, 'To-day I wish to go alone to the western plain of our island; therefore let none of you follow me.' But a certain brother ('a cunning and prying man'), going by another way, secretly posted himself on the top of a certain hillock which overlooked the plain. He saw Columba standing on a mound on the plain, praying with raised eyes and hands spread out to heaven. The prying brother then saw a wonderful sight. Angels clad in white garments flew to Columba with wonderful swiftness and stood around him as he prayed. 'But after some conversation with the blessed man, that celestial

band, as if perceiving that it was being spied upon, sped quickly back to the heights of the heavens.'

Looking west from the Sìthean Mor (or the Angels' Knoll), one sees thin columns of spray thrown high into the summer air as the great waves rush tumultuously into the Spouting Cave. Beyond this cave is a promontory with an interesting history. Here the people of Iona on a certain day of early spring boiled great cauldrons of porridge, which they then poured into the sea. This porridge was given as an offering to a sea deity named Shonny. In return for the porridge Shonny saw to it that a plentiful supply of seaware was washed ashore. Seaware was formerly burnt for kelp. It was, and is still, used as a top dressing for the Iona fields.

I have yet to write of what, to many, is the most interesting feature of Iona—the cathedral, or, as it should more properly be called, the abbey. It is a prominent land-mark from afar, and I have seen it (through a telescope) from the summit of Blaven, in Skye, a distance of over sixty miles. The abbey of Iona was built by Reginald, Lord of the Isles, in 1203, but little of the original building remains, and most of the abbey is late fifteenth or early sixteenth century work. The greater part of the nave is modern and was built in 1905. Beside the cathedral formerly rested the Black Stone, on which the most sacred and binding oaths were sworn. Martin mentions this stone, and places it on record that MacDonald, King or Lord of the Isles, with uplifted hands and bended knees on the Black Stone, gave his vassals the rights of their lands. It is believed that the Black Stone was either broken up or thrown into the Sound of Iona because of the fear that it possessed the power of enchantment. The nunnery of Iona is believed to have been built at the same time as the abbey, and both date from over 600 years after Columba's time. The heap of stones on Carn Cul ri Eirinn is perhaps the only thing on Iona that goes back through the long years to the days of him who has made the isle renowned throughout the world. This cairn, standing on the south-west side of Iona, is not seen by the visitor who is landed at the village bay by the swift steamer, and has no longer than an hour ashore. Carn Cul ri Eirinn appears to be of great age. The lower stones of the cairn are embedded deeply in the ground and are coated with moss. So that it may well be the actual cairn set up by Columba and his twelve followers. The cairn is lowly and in a wild, remote spot. The crosses of Iona stand near the abbey, and each year are viewed by thousands. The history of these crosses is unknown. On the road from the village to the abbey stands MacLean's Cross, an example of the fifteenth-century solid-headed crosses peculiar to the west coast.

¹ When Johnson and Boswell visited Iona there was living on the island a man who averred that he knew the whereabouts of the Black Stone.

The shaft, of schist, is carved on both sides with delicate tracery. This cross is singularly graceful and apparently fragile, yet it has withstood the storms of many centuries. Outside the abbey of Iona stands a great cross of whinstone. This is St. Martin's Cross, believed to be very old. Experts have dated it from the ninth or tenth century. Spirals formed of intertwined vipers and ornamental bosses decorate the front of the cross. On the obverse side are Scriptural scenes, the Virgin with the infant Christ and angels surrounding the pair forming the central panel. In the summer of 1927 Professor R. A. S. Macalister discovered near the base of St Martin's Cross an inscription in faint Erse letters which, when translated, reads 'A prayer for Gilla Crist, who made this cross.' St. John's Cross, which now stands in front of what is known as Columba's Tomb, has been restored by Professor Macalister. A striking tribute to this cross is paid by Dr Joseph Anderson in his authoritative work *Scotland in Early Christian Times*. Dr Anderson writes:

The cross shaft is decorated in the purest style of Celtic art with such inimitable beauty and intricacy and harmony of design that I am safe in saying of it that no finer specimen of art workmanship exists in Scotland.

Even Iona, remote and far from the mainland as it is, begins to feel the changes of modern times. The Celtic language is dying out. No longer does old Coll MacLean sail out from Fionphort, in Mull, in his trusty skiff, braving the winter storms with well-reefed sails. Old Coll has gone. Motor boats—more reliable perhaps, yet without the charm of sail—have taken his place. At midday in summer one can read the morning paper of the same day. Yet the Atlantic, mother and guardian to the isle, remains changeless though ever changing. The waves roll in upon the western shore and send the spray high above the roof of the Spouting Cave as they did in Columba's time, and the grey seals which were the saint's special care still swim in the boiling surf where the oyster-catcher calls and the curlew tells of sorrowful things.

SETON GORDON.

G#. CRUSADER

A bust by Chantrey in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall bears the following inscription :—

GRANVILLE SHARP,
To whom England owes the glorious verdict
Of her highest Court of Law,
That the slave who sets his foot on
British Ground
Becomes at that instant
Free.

In this year of the centenary of Slave Emancipation it may be useful to notice one of those who bore a minor but an important part in the campaign which was brought to a triumphant close in 1833. Granville Sharp stood to Wilberforce and Clarkson somewhat in the relation which John Brown bore towards Lincoln and Grant in another war of liberation. They directed the broadsides which finally sunk the slave ship; he discharged the first shot which holed her between wind and water. And his single-handed action was an inspiration to those who afterwards fought under the same banner. He was grandson of that Dr. Sharp who in 1691 was consecrated Archbishop of York, and on the accession of Anne became almoner to the Queen and her spiritual adviser. We may ascribe to his influence the restoration to the Church of the 'first-fruits and tenths,' which the tender conscience of Henry VIII., aggrieved by the contemplation of Papal extortion, had inspired that generous monarch to put into his own pocket—a restitution confirmed by Parliament under the style of 'Queen Anne's Bounty.' The Archbishop's son rose to be Archdeacon of Northumberland, an office in which he displayed much diligence in pursuing the more negligent of his clergy, and in raising the moral and professional standard of the less negligent. *Sharp on the Rubric and Canons of the Church of England* became a text-book of the High Church tradition, when it had not yet become 'High and dry.'

In the spacious rectory of Rothbury the Archdeacon begat, between 1720 and 1740, a numerous family, the majority of

whom survived the devastating treatment of the Doctor Fill-graves of that century. One son, John, in due course succeeded his father in the Archdeaconry of Northumberland; another, James, commenced ironmaster and engineer, and built up a comfortable fortune, being a pioneer in the construction of canals; and William advanced in the medical profession to the dignity of being appointed Surgeon to the King. This position William Sharp was by no means disposed to regard as an honorary post in the royal household. He was at no pains to conceal his contempt for the physicians to His Majesty—'potticaries,' he would have called them, if he spelt as ill as Lady Mary Wortley Montague. And George III trusted his surgeon. Among the Sharp papers there exists a piteous letter in which that Defender of the Faith, having supped upon roast goose and onions, 'Which is acknowledged to be of a very heating nature,' describes in vivid detail the disturbances of the ensuing twelve hours, and summons his favourite surgeon to his aid. It is a letter which any man might write to his medical attendant; but it undoubtedly portrays majesty very much *en déshabille*, and has afforded merriment to more than one generation of irreverent descendants. Though some of the elder Sharps prospered, a family of fourteen, most of whom survived the stage of childhood, must have been a heavy drain on the purse of an archdeacon; and when the juniors arrived at maturity, the opening for Granville was to be apprenticed to a London linen-draper. That position still carried the possibility of marrying the master's daughter and succeeding to the master's business, in the manner of the traditional 'prentice' of the ballads; but it was not a very promising outlook for the grandson of an archbishop.

Granville proved himself to be a diligent apprentice, not only in his statutory duties, but in another and uncovenanted line. Owing to the death of his first master he had been transferred to a Mr. Willoughby in the same trade, and, hearing that his master believed himself to have some claim to an extinct barony, offered to look into the matter. He had seen on the Rothbury dining-table the family silver marked with the pointed instrument which formed the canting badge of the family of 'Sharp'; and his father may have shown him how to trace, on the roll of the family genealogy, his descent in the female line from the Greviles to whom he owed his Christian name—Sir Bevil, who led the Cornishmen to win Stamford for Church and King, and fell in the victorious charge at Lansdowne Hill, and Sir Richard of the *Revenge*. Apart from these interests there is no reason to suppose that Granville had any acquaintance with the mysteries of heraldry and genealogy. But this disqualification was no deterrent to Granville Sharp, in his teens or at any

other period of his life. Other men have essayed tasks as difficult as convincing the College of Arms that a barony ought to be called out of abeyance, and have usually found that this undertaking is not for the amateur. What is unusual is the sequel. Within two years the worthy linen-draper took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Willoughby de Parham. I do not imply that the whole credit of this event is to be attributed to the efforts of Sharp. It was achieved by more professional pleaders and more powerful interests. But the initial steps in the process were due to Mr. Willoughby's apprentice, and the act is entirely illustrative of his whole career. When he thought fit to do a thing he proceeded to do it, and, in matters of practical achievement, almost invariably with success.

He next entered the lists in a very different field. The son and grandson of devout and earnest Churchmen could not fail to know the Scriptures thoroughly, and he fell into argument with a Socinian. The latter, in virtue of his creed which refused to confess the Deity of Christ, maintained that such sentences as 'the great God and Saviour of us, Christ Jesus' (I translate Titus ii 13 word for word) must be interpreted to mean 'the great God (the Father), and the Saviour of us, Christ Jesus.' Sharp, on the contrary, contended that Greek usage required that, when two substantives coupled by 'and' are preceded by a single definite article they refer to one and the same person. It is the rule observed by those who write English with accuracy, but it was not then recognised as a rule of Greek grammar. Sharp, whose school days at Durham had been terminated at an early age, made an exhaustive research into the usage of the New Testament writers in this connexion, and published a monograph which demonstrated that they invariably observed the rule. For many years 'Granville Sharp's canon on the Greek definite article' figured in grammatical treatises: if it is no longer cited by that title, it is because it has passed into the accepted rules of grammar. Sharp's next incursion into print had a similar origin. He had a controversy with a Jew, who thought to crush his opponent by the observation that it was preposterous for a discussion on Messianic prophecy to be maintained by a youth who was ignorant of the original language. He did not know his man. Sharp went home to learn Hebrew.' It was a task for which the facilities were far less abundant than in these days. The result of his studies was a treatise *On the Conversive Vau*—a mystery which may be sufficiently indicated as one of those syntactical devices by which the Hebrew language compensates for what, to Western scholars, appears to be a deplorable lack of the usual apparatus of tenses. And *Sharp on the Conversive Vau* took its place by the side of *Sharp on the Definite Article in Greek*

as a monograph which had an important bearing on interpretation.

The achievements which have been described prove that there was no time wasted in the leisure of this apprenticeship, till he was released from his indentures in 1757, just before the beginning of the *Annus Mirabilis*, and in the twenty-second year of his age. But they suggest no prospect of abiding fame. They indicate a career devoted to studies of minor importance, pursued with meticulous attention to detail, and earning the kind of posthumous appreciation which fell to the hero of *A Grammarian's Funeral*; but they do not forecast a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and a monument in the Abbey. Sharp had exhibited no promise of permanent achievement when, after discovering the business of a linen-draper to be a complicated way of losing the small fortune he possessed, he obtained a post as clerk in the Ordnance Office. The routine of a State department is unfavourable to the emergence of genius, though it will presently be seen that this clerk of junior standing contrived to throw a bombshell into that abode of placidity and precedent. He was mightily intrigued by researches into the custom of frankpledge, and projected a reformation of society on the basis of that system of land tenure. And his Biblical studies were bent on what was then, and still is, miscalled 'prophecy'—an interpretation governed by the principle that the Seer of Patmos was chiefly, if not exclusively, interested in the affairs of two islands off the north-west coast of Europe, at a date removed by some seventeen centuries from his own. This occupation is not necessarily inconsistent with ability in more useful spheres. It is sufficient to mention the name of Isaac Newton. But a clerk in a State office whose interests lie in such directions is in danger of becoming a crank. That danger was averted, and those interests were diverted to the cause of suffering humanity, by a chance meeting in 1765, when he was in his thirtieth year.

Granville was leaving his brother's surgery in Mincing Lane, when he observed, among the patients awaiting free treatment from William Sharp's skill and generosity, a negro slave named Jonathan Strong. The appearance of this poor wretch was 'so extremely distressful (as he seemed ready to drop),' that Granville re-entered the surgery to consult his brother. He was informed that Strong was the property of a Mr Lisle, a lawyer of Barbados, who, when provoked by his servant's failure in the performance of his duties, had been accustomed to thrash him within an inch of his life, and had finally hammered him on the head with the butt-end of a pistol. This persuasion, though intended to promote efficiency, had failed of its purpose. The

owner, perceiving that he was likely to get no return from this piece of damaged goods, turned the slave out to die in the street. Strong, more fortunate than many of his race and condition, was directed to the surgery of William Sharp, who dressed his wounds and procured his admission to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. After being an in-patient for more than four months, during which time the brothers supported him, he was sufficiently recovered to be placed as errand-boy to a Fenchurch Street apothecary. Granville had befriended the poor creature as a matter of private charity, without a thought of his position as a slave, and, having seen his *protégé* suitably settled, appears to have lost sight of him.

Two years later Strong was waiting behind his mistress's hackney coach, when he found himself face to face with Lisle. The owner recognised his handiwork in the bleared vision and the scarred cheeks of the negro, and observed with surprise that the property which he had cast away as worthless had become a marketable commodity. Having tracked Strong to his place of employment, Lisle sold him to a Jamaica planter named Kerr to be shipped to that island, and doubtless thanked whatever god he dishonoured with his patronage that, through no exertions on his part, he was £30 in pocket. Kerr, however, had some misgivings, and arranged that the slave should be kidnapped and thrown into the Poultry Compter prison until he could be transferred to the hold of the next vessel that cleared for the West Indies. The miserable captive was only too well acquainted with the nature of a passage under these conditions, and with the treatment that, should he chance to survive the voyage, he might expect at the hands of Kerr. He found some means of communication with his former benefactor, who had forgotten the name of Jonathan Strong. But no man, known or unknown, ever called on Granville Sharp in vain. He hastened to the prison, insisted on the prisoner being produced, and recognised his former client. Hot with indignation, Granville summoned his brother James, now a prominent City merchant, charged the turnkey on no account to surrender the negro, and proceeded to the Lord Mayor with the request that any persons who pretended to have any claim on the person of Strong should be summoned before his Lordship.

Kerr appeared, supported by an attorney and by the captain of the vessel, and triumphantly flourished the bill of sale, showing that

David Lisle, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty pounds good and lawful money doth grant, bargain, sell, and confirm unto James Kerr, his heirs and assigns, one Negro Man Slave, named Jonathan Strong, now in the possession of the said David Lisle, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, profits, and services of the

said Slave . . . to the only proper and absolute use and behoof of the said J. Kerr, his heirs and assigns.'

But the Lord Mayor bore not the sword in vain. Let the name of Sir Robert Kite be remembered with honour, for he required cause to be shown why the humblest dweller within his jurisdiction should be committed to gaol without being even charged with any offence. Thereupon ensued a legal wrangle between Kerr's attorney and the coroner who accompanied the Sharps, while in a corner cowered the wretched cause of the dispute, his face exhibiting one of the most ghastly hues in Nature's palette, the ashen pallor of a terrified negro. The bluff West India captain, cutting short the arguments of the men of law, stepped forward to lay hold of Strong as 'the property of Mr Kerr.'

'Charge him,' whispered the coroner. 'Sir,' said Granville, 'I shall charge a constable to arrest you for assault if you lay a finger on this person.' Whether this threat had any legal force, or whether it involved some amount of bluff, must be left to the learned to decide. At any rate, the bluff was not called. Kerr and his supporters withdrew, and Strong left the Lord Mayor's presence in liberty—for a season. But Kerr and Lisle had no notion of losing their property and their money; and they instituted proceedings against the Sharp brothers, claiming £200 damages. Since the value of the property in dispute was only £30, his owners placed a generous estimate on the value of their reputations.

Granville's Attorneys cited an opinion of the Attorney- and Solicitor-General in 1729 that, if a West Indian slave set foot in Great Britain or Ireland, with or without his master,

(1) the slave did not thereby become free,
(2) his master's property in him was in no wise affected,
(3) Baptism made no alteration in his civil and temporal position,
(4) his master might legally compel him to return to the plantation.

They further advised the Sharps that cases had several times been decided in this sense by Lord Mansfield in the Court of King's Bench, and that they would do well to settle the action on the best terms they could obtain, leaving Strong to his fate. These opinions would have determined most men to surrender. They did not determine Granville Sharp. If such was the law, he would have it altered: but he had too much respect for the fair fame of England to believe that such could be the law. As he had left the presence of the Socinian to study Greek and the presence of the Rabbi to study Hebrew, so he left the chambers of his counsel to study law. By his own admission he had never hitherto opened a law-book, 'except' (the qualification is significant and characteristic) 'except the Bible.'

So this inexperienced amateur challenged *à outrance* the whole

might of the law. At the outset, the task seemed easy—suspiciously easy. The first edition of Blackstone's *Commentaries* confirmed the opinion that a negro slave became free as soon as he touched the shore of Great Britain. But in later editions this paragraph was lacking, and Blackstone himself definitely repudiated the opinion he had formerly expressed. Nothing daunted, Sharp set out to prove Blackstone wrong in his law. He searched text-books; he routed out authorities; he collated passages bearing on the subject; and finally he circulated a memorandum in manuscript, in which he claimed to establish that the laws of England never contemplated the existence of slavery on English soil, and left no room for such a condition to be created or to endure.

Here was a mere layman, unskilled in the practice of law, undertaking to show the chief lawyers of Bench and Bar that they were wrong. And the mischief was that he appeared to have proved his case. There was much shaking of heads over the memorandum, and still more when it appeared in book form in 1769. A copy lies before me of *A Representation of the Injustice and Dangerous Tendency of* TOLERATING SLAVERY; *or of* ADMITTING THE LEAST CLAIM *of Private Property in the Persons of Men, in England*. On the inside of its sober calf binding is the book-plate of William Blackstone, so that it is presumably the complimentary copy sent by Sharp to the eminent jurist whose shield he had smitten with the point of his untried lance. Its 167 pages, abounding in lengthy quotations from ancient legislation and modern opinions, not forgetting that supreme law-book, the Bible, contend that no law of England recognises slavery, that the state of villenage has been entirely abolished, and that the existing plantation laws are inconsistent with English justice and with Divine law. There was consternation in many minds, notably in Lord Mansfield's. No judge likes to have his judgments reversed, still less to be forced to reverse his own judgments; and he was much inclined to shift the issue, a course which would have been popular in many quarters. For it was not only a jurist's pride that was involved. There was money at stake. It was estimated that no less than 14,000 slaves were held in England. Slaves had been acquired as any other property; they had been advertised for sale with Tim Whiskies, gigs, and geldings:

To be sold, for no fault, a very good Wench, twenty-two years old . . . with a child eighteen months old. Enquire of the Printer.

A likely strong active Negro man, of about 24 years of age, this country born . . . also a healthy Negro wench of about 21 years old . . . she has a female child of nigh 3 years old, which will be sold with the wench, if required.

The sacred rights of property were endangered. If the battered and imperfectly patched-up Jonathan Strong would fetch £30 in England, *plus* the premium required to cover the not negligible chance of his dying on the voyage to the West Indies, we shall not be extravagant in conjecturing that the 14,000 slaves in England might be valued at £50 or £60 a head. Nearly a million of capital was likely to vanish into smoke if this pestilential doctrine of Mr Sharp were established.

The procedure during the next few years may be briefly summarised. It was Granville Sharp's aim to carry in the courts a test case, forcing the judge to declare that a negro could not be held in the condition of a slave on English soil, and must be forthwith liberated. It was the aim of those who were financially interested in the traffic to avoid any such calamity; and the delays of the law were copiously invoked to evade the issue. But in 1772 there was set down for trial the case of the negro James Somersett, an escaped slave who had been recaptured by his master and consigned to a ship sailing from England for Jamaica. There was no dispute about the facts, nor about the ownership, and the master declined to set free the slave while the case was proceeding, in spite of the broad hints given from the bench. After many ingenious doublings the hare was cornered. Lord Mansfield was obliged to accept Granville's contention that 'the state of slavery . . . is so odious, that nothing can be suffered to support it, but positive law', and, in default of any law authorising slavery in England, it must follow that 'I cannot say that this case is allowed or approved by the law of England; and therefore the black must be discharged.' Henceforth it was good law that as soon as a slave sets foot on English ground he becomes free.

Granville's victory, won by his virtually unaided effort and dauntless perseverance, caused him to be numbered with the Abolitionists. Among these were Wilberforce, untiring with the pen, and unmatched in oratory on the floor of the House of Commons and in the arts of persuasion in its lobbies; Clarkson, whose special contribution was the ferreting out of facts, the search for witnesses in the taverns of Bristol and Liverpool, and the procuring of evidence on the condition of the slave-ships; Zachary Macaulay and other prominent members of 'the Clapham sect,' clergymen and laymen who drew the logical conclusion from Montesquieu's dictum, 'If we should suppose (the negro slaves) to be men, one would begin to believe that we ourselves are not Christians'; together with Anthony Benezet and other members of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, whose hearts kindled with generous enthusiasm at finding, in the unexpected guise of an Englishman and an episcopalian, a champion of the cause that

John Woolman had maintained twenty years earlier. Against them were arrayed all the vested interests of the ungodly traffic; purblind Bibliolaters, who read in Genesis ix. 25, 'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren,' and did not read as far as Galatians iii. 28, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free . . in Christ Jesus'; and such persons as were convinced by the arguments of Governor Thicknesse,

Surely they ought to be slaves . . Have they not flatt noses and thick lips, and did they not fire upon me and wound me with glass bottles from an ambush, *only for going to hunt them a little in the Blue mountains* with fifty or sixty soldiers?

To many worthy gentlemen it was impossible to recognise as human beings those who exhibited the characteristic baseness of the brute creation; '*Cet animal est très méchant, quand on l'attaque, il se défend.*'

The seven years' war which was closed by the Somerset case was the prelude to a contest destined to last for another sixty years. For as yet only the first round had been won. A slave who touched English soil became free, and, since the White ensign at the masthead of a man of war made her deck a piece of English soil, it will be seen that, whenever a frigate or a sloop cast anchor in Kingstown or Georgetown, an 'underground railway,' not less useful than that which operated in 1860, was opened for the escape of slaves who ventured the perils of blood-hounds and sharks. But the few who thus won their way to liberty were a handful compared to the shiploads of fresh slaves brought by traders of the Middle Passage. The energies of the Abolitionists had therefore to be concentrated on the traffic in black ivory.

The infamy of the slave trade seemed to be indefensible. It stank to heaven. But it did not stink in the nostrils of many otherwise honourable men, incapable of questioning the rights and wrongs of a business which had never been questioned before. The once notorious case of the *Zong* may be recalled. This ship sailed from the coast of Africa in 1781, bound for Jamaica with 440 slaves. The voyage was prolonged; sickness broke out, and in twelve weeks sixty of the slaves were dead, and many others were dying. The master saw himself faced with heavy loss, for his human cargo was insured against loss at sea, but not against death from disease. He therefore had the most sickly brought up on deck, and made them walk the plank. On the first day 'a parcel' of fifty-four negroes was thrown overboard, and in the end the number jettisoned amounted to 132, for whom the insurance money was duly claimed. The underwriters

declined to recognise this 'act of God,' and refused to pay. The matter thus came into the courts. The master was not indicted in a criminal court for a series of cold-blooded wholesale murders, which might have aroused qualms in hardened ruffians who had sailed under the skull and cross-bones with Kidd or Teague; he appeared as the plaintiff in a civil action, figuring as an honest merchant unjustly defrauded of his living by the rapacity of the insurance company.

Calmly and dispassionately it was argued whether the drowning of the negroes was a legitimate act of jettison, covered by the terms of insurance, or whether it was a fraud upon the company. The jury in the Admiralty Court gave their verdict in favour of the ship's master. A new trial in the Court of King's Bench was granted, when Lord Mansfield owned that 'it shocks one very much' to rule that 'the case of slaves was the same as if horses had been thrown overboard. It is a very shocking case.' But to Mr Solicitor-General the only feature that was shocking was that misguided sentimentalists like Granville Sharp were talking of murder.

'What is all this vast declamation of human people being thrown overboard. This is a case of chattels or goods. To this purpose, and the purpose of the insurance, they are goods and property: whether right or wrong, we have nothing to do with it. If that charge of murder was attempted to be sustained, it would be folly and rashness to a degree of madness; and so far from the charge of murder lying against these people, there is not the least imputation—of cruelty, I will not say, but—of impropriety—not in the least.'

With such corruption had the slave trade infected the minds of English gentlemen!

It appeared to many of the Abolitionists that, with the report of a Royal Commission in their favour, it would be possible to secure the prohibition of the slave trade, leaving the slavery of the plantations to be tackled later. This, however, did not please Sharp. He was never disposed to make two bites at a cherry, even if the cherry were as big as a pumpkin; and he became lukewarm in his support of the committee when his colleagues decided to work, first for the abolition of the slave trade—a result which he lived to see accomplished thirty years later—and afterwards for the prohibition of slavery, which was not achieved till another thirty years had elapsed. On the point of tactics, the majority were justified by the result. No one could seriously contend that the slave trade was in any way justifiable. But no one could assert that life in the plantations was altogether vile. If there were Legrees in Jamaica and Barbados, there were also Madam Esmonds. It would be difficult to convince Parliament that the holding of slaves was in itself an offence. Planta-

tions had been bought and sold in good faith, with the negroes attached to them, under the impression that the conveyance was good in law; compensation to an enormous amount would have to be provided for the dispossessed owners; evidence of ill-treatment would be difficult to procure, since a slave was incapable of giving sworn evidence, and the opposition of the vested interests would be powerful.

But Sharp was a Crusader. Sweeping aside all tactical considerations, he condemned slavery because it engendered an atmosphere of fear. The minority of white and half-caste owners lived in constant apprehension of a rising of the slaves, or of an attack by the maroons (escaped slaves, living as outlaws in the mountains); and their tendency was to see red and to strike with blind ferocity under the pretext of 'giving the blacks a lesson.' The chief argument against the domination of one race by another is psychological. The dominant race is afflicted with fear; and a race that is afflicted with fear must reform, or depart.

Meanwhile a change occurred in Sharp's position. He had risen in the Ordnance Office to the post of assistant secretary, when the war with the American colonies broke out and turned him into a conscientious objector. The indents which he was required to sign were for powder and round shot to blow to pieces his Quaker friends; and sign he would not. The official mind, never quick to understand such scruples, gave him three months' leave, and extended it to six, with full confidence that vegetation in the country would cure these humours. His superiors had yet to know Granville Sharp. He sent in his resignation. He had made himself penniless, a consideration which did not in the least affect what he thought to be right. And he did not count in vain on the God to whom he was accustomed to give the first place. His brothers William and James were now prosperous in their professions of surgeon and iron-master, and they wrote to 'Dear Brother Granville' to inform him that their purses were at his disposal in any pursuit in which he might engage; 'for, if we have the needful among us, it matters not to whom it belongs.'

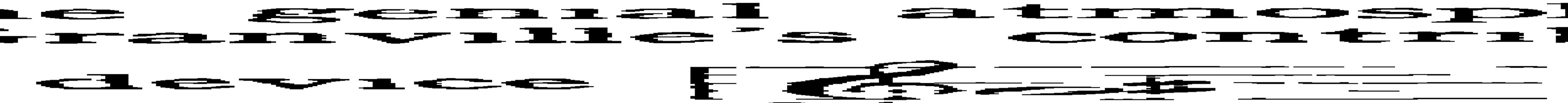
This practical communism was accepted by Granville as naturally as it was offered. Henceforth he was a gentleman of leisure, which by no means implied that he would be idle. At one time he was exhorting Lord North to open negotiations for peace with the American colonies; at another, corresponding with General Oglethorpe on the illegality of the press-gang; now thrusting his hand into the thorny subject of revision of the Prayer Book; now countering a nice little scheme for expropriating the Caribs of St. Vincent, and handing over their land to persons who would develop them to better advantage than the

'idle natives' could do; and continuously pushing shivering archbishops to take the unprecedented step of consecrating bishops for places outside the British Isles. But whichever of these projects he undertook, he pursued it with a pertinacity that brooked no denial. Many a harassed official, from arch-bishops and Secretaries of State downwards, was to learn by experience that, when Mr. Granville Sharp had set his hand to a cause, there would be no peace this side of the grave till the thing was done.

And usually it was done. If he resembles Don Quixote in his purpose to succour the miserable, he brought to his campaigns a vigour that is essentially British. He had a full measure of that quality which was soon to be displayed from Torres Vedras to Waterloo by 'the stupid English who never know when they are beaten.' Nothing less than a refusal to admit defeat would have established the fortunes of what Sharp called 'my poor little ill-thriven swarthy daughter.' For the liberation of the slaves in England had thrown a numerous and an importunate family on Sharp's hands. Some remained as hired servants with their former masters, some found other employment; but there was a large number who failed to maintain themselves, and these besieged the door of their benefactor. He was overwhelmed with this host of clients, when a naturalist returned from the coast of West Africa with the report that that land was highly salubrious and eminently suitable for colonisation. Relying on this false prophet, Granville persuaded the Government to grant free passage and a bonus of £12 per head to intending settlers, without colour bar. Then ensued every misfortune that could have been foreseen, and nearly every one that could not. Neither the whites nor the negroes were of the stuff to make successful colonists, and the quality was not improved when some official, observing that males were in a large majority and mindful of the proprieties, swept up sixty women of the streets and added them to the ship's complement as 'wives' for the settlers. A storm prolonged the voyage to ten weeks and brought the emigrants to their destination in the rainy season, in which they died like flies. Murder and robbery flourished; honest superintendents fell victims to fever, and dishonest ones survived to enrich them-selves by graft; a local chief, who had been raided by a slaver, wreaked his vengeance on the new-built town; the first cargo of exports caught fire at the quay-side; a relief ship was captured by the French. But Sharp would not be beaten, and at length the tide turned in his favour. And now that the colony of Sierra Leone is, not exactly the brightest jewel in the British crown, but at least a fairly prosperous settlement with an export trade of some £2,000,000 annually, the result is mainly due to the

dogged perseverance and unfailing hope of its founder, Granville Sharp.

Not all of his varied endeavours were carried to success. He did not live to see the abolition of duelling and of the press gang, against both of which corruptions he contended in the name of Christianity; he was unable to base the polity of England on the system of frankpledge; and this nation is not yet convinced that an annual election of the House of Commons would be a benefit to the citizen. There are occasions when the mind, revealed by his alert but whimsical features, came perilously near to that of a faddist. He spent much labour on a device for equipping every foot soldier with a huge woolpack before and behind, with the double object of protecting him from the bullets of the enemy and of encouraging the woollen industry. There, but for the grace of God, goes a crank. But the exceptive clause must be given its full weight. The study of the Scriptures, the tenets of the Church of England, and the practical duties which followed from these convictions were the mainstay of his life. When applying to a Secretary of State for support of one of his manifold activities, he would reinforce his arguments by a demonstration that the Emperor Napoleon was the Little Horn spoken of in the Apocalypse; and he had no confidence in the statesman who answered, 'The Little Horn? Pray, Mr Sharp, what may the Little Horn be?'

This incomplete record of Granville's public activities must not omit a glance at his private affections. It has already been indicated that William and James Sharp carried brotherly love to the extent of a community of goods, and the whole family was bound together by no ordinary ties. They circulated a family magazine, filled with tender trivialities and private jests that recall the genial atmosphere of the household of Sir Thomas More, Granville's contributions being often signed with the punning device . They maintained a family orchestra with concerts of 'sacred musick in Mincing Lane,' frequented by Goldsmith, Garrick, Lord North, and other persons of note. Above all, they delighted in 'jants' by water in their specially designed barge, covering more than 200 miles by river and canal to 'Coventry, Bromagen, Kidderminster, Store Port, etc.' and performing melody on the water. Occasionally they would anchor by Windsor, when a stout gentleman with a star on his breast would hurry to the bank to greet his trusted surgeon, Brother William; to ask innumerable questions with a rapid succession of 'What? 'What?' 'What?'; and to be saluted by a performance of 'See! the Conquering Hero comes'—a

courtly selection, though scarcely appropriate to the monarch whose colours had been lowered at Saratoga and Yorktown.

In their barge let us take leave of the Sharps. Zoffany's peculiar skill in the composition of groups has represented them on the Thames, with the tower of Kew Church in the background. An erection, obscurely indicated, supports a pyramidal group composed of Granville, his threee sisters, and his threee brothers with their wives and their three daughters. At the apex stands Brother William, resplendent in his uniform of Surgeon to His Majesty; the ladies have their lutes, viol, and 'French horn,' and Brother James clasps the weird instrument known as a 'serpent'; Granville's skill is indicated by the pair of flutes.

There we may leave them. Gone for the time are the law-books that properly rest under Granville's elbow in his portrait; silenced are the contentions about the evils of war and slavery, the minutiæ of Greek particles and Hebrew tenses, the noisomeness of impressment and duelling; forgotten are the Militia Laws and *The comparative Advantage of Oxen for Tillage*:

> Hear a song that echoes cheerly
> From the river winding clearly

to no faery Camelot, but to the great city which the Sharps strove to fashion into the likeness of the City of God.

A. BLVIL BROWNE.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT[1]

In this year when the centenary of the Oxford Movement is being widely observed it may be fitting to recall the relations of Mr Gladstone to that great Movement. Nearly sixty years after its beginning he himself thus wrote of it: 'A period and a movement certainly among the most remarkable in the Christendom of the last three and a half centuries, which has left ineffaceable marks on the English church and nation.'[2]

There was little in his early life to predispose him to the principles of the Movement. He was brought up in an atmosphere of old-fashioned piety. His father was a Scottish Presbyterian who became a member of the Church of England. Though his father's sympathies were evangelical, he was necessarily outside evangelical circles, if only because he was himself a slave-owner in the West Indies at the time when Clarkson and Wilberforce were agitating for the emancipation of the slaves. Mr Gladstone said of himself that in his early years he was a child of slow development and even 'a boy with a great absence of goodness.' But plainly, from his boyhood religion had a real place in his life. His diaries and letters at Eton, which he called later 'the queen of all schools,' are full of phrases characteristic of evangelical religion. He found little help in the school itself—'The actual teaching of Christianity was all but dead, but happily none of its forms had been surrendered'—but he was regular in his prayers and his reading of the Bible and he prepared with much solemnity for his confirmation. There was, however, one gap. 'I had been brought up with no notion of the Church as the Church or Body of Christ.'

At Christ Church, Oxford, there was clearly a deepening of his religious life. In 1830 he wrote in his diary 'In practice the great thing is that the love of God may become the habit of my soul.' He continued regular reading of the Bible, of which at a later stage

[1] The substance of an address delivered at St Deiniol's Library, Hawarden on Founder's Day, June 23, 1933.

[2] Morley, i. 152. The references are to Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, Lathbury's *Letters on Church and Religion* by W. E. Gladstone, and Dean Church's *Oxford Movement*, edition 1900.

he said: 'In hours of strain some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne with angels' wings.' But he was conscious of no churchly influence. He was acquainted with Dr Pusey. He had met Newman and heard him preach, but his favourite preacher seems to have been the evangelical Mr Bulteel, Vicar of St Ebbe's. This deepening sense of religion led him at the age of twenty-one to think of ordination to the ministry. His fame at Oxford and his independent means naturally pointed to a political career, but in 1830 he wrote a letter to his father of amazing length and eloquence, putting before him this new ambition. Writing at the same time to his brother he used some noteworthy words:

I am willing to persuade myself that in spite of other longings that I often feel, my heart is prepared to yield other hopes and other desires for this—of being permitted to be the humblest of those who may be commissioned to set before the eyes of man, still great even in his ruin, the magnificence and the glory of Christian truth.

It is clear that his motive was not so much emotional as an ambition to set forth the magnificence and glory of Christian truth. It is impossible not to speculate what might have been if these mighty gifts of soul and mind and speech had been devoted to the undivided service of the Church. Lord Morley has said: 'Europe might have seen the mightiest Christian doctor since Bossuet, and just as Bossuet's struggle was called the grandest spectacle of the seventeenth century, so to many eyes this might have appeared the greatest of the nineteenth.'[1] But it was not to be. The longing sometimes returned, but was never fulfilled.

There was here no influence of the rising Oxford Movement, but already there were affinities in his nature, predisposing him towards its principles. In the first place, he had a great conception of the place of dogma, of revealed truth, of what Von Hügel used to call 'the givenness of religion.' Secondly, and still more, he had a deep sense of religion as the most compelling reality of life, and this was the first and always the most striking mark of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. As Dean Church wrote, 'The Movement had its spring in the consciences and characters of its leaders. To these men religion really meant the most awful and most seriously personal thing on earth. . . . In this stage of the Movement moral earnestness and enthusiasm gave its impulse to theological interest and zeal.'[2] From first to last this blending of moral earnestness and theological zeal was the mark of Mr Gladstone's religious life. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the penetration of his whole character by the sense of God and of God's claim on loyalty of life is given in a letter to Mrs. Gladstone written in 1844. Quoting Dante's famous line in the

[1] Morley, i, 83. [2] Church, p. 20.

Paradiso, 'In his will is our peace,' he says: 'The words are few and simple and yet they appear to me to have an inexpressible majesty of truth about them, to be almost as if they were spoken from the very mouth of God. They cannot be too deeply graven upon the heart.'[1] The man who could so write had affinities with the Oxford leaders which were bound sooner or later to bring him into sympathy with them.

Certain events were now to lead his mind in the same direction. In the spring of 1832, when he was twenty-three, he made a memorable visit to Italy. On Sunday, May 13, he wrote later[2]:

> Something, I know not what, set me on examining the Occasional Offices of the Church in the Prayer Book. They made a strong impression upon me on that very day, and the impression has never been effaced. I had previously taken a great deal of teaching direct from the Bible, as best I could, but now the figure of the Church arose before me as a teacher too, and I gradually found in how incomplete and fragmentary a manner I had drawn divine truth from the sacred volume, as indeed I had also missed in the Thirty-nine Articles some things which ought to have taught me better. Such, for I believe that I have given the fact as it occurred, in its silence and its solitude, was my first introduction to the august conception of the Church of Christ. It presented to me Christianity under an aspect in which I had not yet known it: its ministry of symbols, its channels of grace, its unending line of teachers joining from the Head, a sublime construction, based throughout upon historic fact, uplifting the idea of the community in which we live, and of the access which it enjoys through the new and living way to the presence of the Most High. From this time I began to feel my way by degrees into or towards a true notion of the Church.

At the same time his friendship was ripening with two men who had a great influence upon him—Manning, who had turned from his evangelical attitude to an attitude as strongly Anglican, and James Hope, of whom later he wrote: 'Hope had an influence over me more than I think any other person at any period of my life.' One of the first fruits of this friendship was that Hope introduced him to Palmer's *Treatise on the Church*. Of this book Mr. Gladstone wrote: 'It took hold upon me and gave me at once the clear and definite and strong conception of the Church which, throughout all the storms and strain of a most critical period, has proved for me entirely adequate to every emergency and saved me from all vacillation. I conceive that in the main Palmer completed for me the work which inspection of the Prayer Book had begun.'[3] It was from this same starting-point of the Prayer Book as a standard and pattern of doctrine and devotion that Mr. Keble and his friends began their journey. In the very year after that memorable Sunday at Naples in 1832 the Oxford Movement began—so, at least, Newman always thought—when

[1] Morley, i. 215 [2] Morley, i. 87 [3] Morley, i. 164

Keble preached his Assize sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford. In September 1833 the first three of the famous *Tracts for the Times* were written by Newman. He was in a high state of exultation, feeling, as he afterwards said, 'an exuberant and joyous energy which he never had before or since.' 'At last,' the work which he had been dreaming about and which he felt to be so momentous and inspiring,' had come to him. Of these Tracts Dean Church has written[8]: 'They were like the short, sharp rapid utterances of men in pain and danger and pressing emergency.' This description of the Tracts shows the difference of mood and atmosphere between the group at Oxford and young Gladstone, whose mind was moving so gradually in the same direction. 'They had no influence upon him then.' Long years after he wrote: 'The Oxford Movement had no direct effect upon me. I did not see the Tracts. Until this hour I have read but few of them.'[9]

In truth his mind was moving on another line. He was already contemplating his first book on *The State in its Relation to the Church*, which was published in 1838. Its purpose may be thus summarised: The Christian State is concerned with differences between religious truth and error; the propagation of truth and the discouragement of error is one of the ends of government. For this end it is the duty of the State to give active and exclusive support to a certain religion accepted as true. You will note again how his mind dwells upon truth, on the dogmatic aspect of religion. But he was dealing with truth from the point of view of the State, of its duties and its obligations. In a noteworthy passage he claims that, 'For the Church its union with the State is of secondary importance. Her foundations are on the holy hills. Her charter is legibly divine. If she should be excluded from the precincts of government she can still fulfil all her functions and carry them out to perfection. But the State, in rejecting her, would actively violate its most solemn duty.'[10] Very soon he realised the impossibility of carrying out his ideal. Thirty years later he wrote: 'Scarcely had my work issued from the press when I became aware that there was no party, no section of a party, no individual person probably in the House of Commons, who was prepared to act upon it. I found myself the last man in a sinking ship.'[11] Then, and ever afterwards, he was compelled to look for the defence and propagation of Christian truth, not to the State, but to the inherent force and vitality of the Church. He was thus thrown back upon the need of a Church to act upon her own divine commission. This conviction itself inevitably brought him within the movement which was beginning to spread from Oxford through the country.

[8] Church, 110.
[9] Morley, i., 161: cp Lathbury, i., 265
[10] Morley, i., 169
[11] Morley, i., 179

Yet he was still detached from it. We must remember the difference in position, surroundings, and occupations between Mr. Gladstone and the Oxford leaders. He was already immersed in the affairs of Parliament, and very soon to be occupied by the business of his first Ministerial post as Vice-President of the Board of Trade. There could be no greater difference than that between the atmosphere of London and the atmosphere of Oxford at that time. It is essential to remember this difference in accounting for Mr. Gladstone's attitude to the Movement in its first stages and always, as we shall see, in his attitude to its chief leader, Newman. Dean Church has vividly pictured the life of Oxford at that time:

The scene of this new movement was as like as it could be in our modern world to a Greek πόλις, or an Italian self-centred city of the Middle Ages. Oxford stood by itself in its meadows by the rivers, living a life of its own unlike that of any other spot in England. . . . Men struck blows and loved and hated in those days in Oxford as they hardly did on the wider stage of London politics or general religious controversy.

It was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to understand all that was passing in that close and intense atmosphere at Oxford, and in the daily influence of mind upon mind, or in the movements of that most delicate and subtle master-mind of Newman. In 1841 the first stage of the Movement reached its crisis. The famous *Tract Ninety* was published. With its main contention Mr. Gladstone was in complete agreement. 'I believe,' he wrote, 'not only that he is right but that it is an A B C truth, almost a truism, of the history of the reign of Elizabeth.'[1] But he disliked the tone of the Tract. 'He has placed himself quite outside the Church of England in point of spirit and sympathy.' Two years later, when the storm had burst, he wrote: 'I am firmly persuaded that there never was an uproar and there never were censures that were more ascribable to the manner and language of a publication as contrasted with its substance.'[2] He knew little—he could not know—how much this manner and language were due to the distracting and almost bewildering cross-currents in Newman's sensitive mind, the haunting sense that he himself was drifting from the Anglican position, and an all the more eager desire to keep his friends within it.

It was in 1843 that the first ominous signs of the doubts as to his position, which were assailing the inner mind of Newman, became clear. He retired from St. Mary's to Littlemore. He confided to Manning, now a close friend of Mr. Gladstone, his increasing hesitations. Manning sent his letter to Mr. Gladstone, to whom Newman's words came as a great shock. Writing to

[1] Lathbury, i., 234. [2] Lathbury, i., 281.

Manning in October 1843, Mr. Gladstone said: 'My first thought is, I stagger to and fro like a drunken man, and am at my wits' end.'[14] He had the highest admiration of Newman's genius. 'A man whose intellectual stature is among the very first of his age and who has indisputably headed the most powerful movement and the nearest to the secret of life that the Church has known at least for two centuries.'[15] In later years he said that Newman's style was so perfect in simplicity and pathos that it brought tears to his eyes. But he could not understand Newman's position. One reason was very characteristic of Mr Gladstone's attitude both then and ever afterwards. 'That he does not see the English Church in her members to be growing more and more Catholic from year to year I am astonished. Yet can he be aware how much more plain and undeniable the sway of Catholic members has become in the Church of England since the time when he entertained no doubts about it?'[16]

So strong, indeed, was Mr Gladstone's surprise, and, indeed, indignation, that he even spoke of Newman, in the light of his letters to Manning, as 'a disgraced man.'[17] But the truth is that Mr Gladstone could not understand Newman's peculiar mind and temperament. As we have seen, he had not shared or followed all those perplexing and, indeed, agonising personal relations between Newman and his friends in that intense Oxford life. He could not appreciate all the movements, sometimes slow, sometimes poignant and even fierce, within that over-subtle and sensitive nature. This is perhaps strange considering that, in Mr Gladstone's own mind, subtlety was always combined with vehemence and force. He, too, had always a tendency to discern in the inner regions of his mind the emergence of new positions with which he would later have to deal while he was strongly defending some position that existed. But the main reason of his failure to understand Newman was that he himself was so strongly and unshakeably convinced of the character and destiny of the English Church that he could not understand how anyone who had ever shared that conviction could have doubts about it. He ascribed this, not indeed without justice, to the effect on Newman's temperament of excessive introspection. Newman's affections were wounded by the injustice dealt out to himself and to his friends. He became obsessed with a sense of his own isolation from the actual life of the Church, manifested in the denunciations of the Oxford authorities and the charges of the bishops. In this apparent general repudiation of his position he not unnaturally felt that he and his friends were not wanted in that Church.

In 1844, however, Mr. Gladstone's attitude to the Movement

[14] Lathbury, i. 283.
[15] Lathbury, i. 282.
[16] Lathbury, i. 287.
[17] Lathbury, i. 285.

changed. His detachment, perplexed but sympathetic, passed to active defence of the leaders. The reason was the effect upon him of the blundering injustice of the Oxford authorities. With some of their judgments he might have agreed, but when they proceeded to acts of flagrant injustice his passionate sense of justice impelled him to the defence of men thus unfairly attacked. It is very difficult for us to understand the attitude of the Board of Heads of Houses in Oxford, their capacity for the acts to which they now resorted of blind and stupid persecution. Thus, in May 1843, Dr. Pusey preached a sermon on the Eucharist in St Mary's Church. He was delated to the Vice-Chancellor by an Oxford divine for heresy. According to the statutes, a court consisting of the Vice-Chancellor and six other Doctors of Divinity was constituted to hear the case. One of the judges was himself the accuser. Dr. Pusey asked to be heard. He was refused. He asked for the name of his accuser. It was refused. He asked for particulars of the charges against him. They were refused. He was condemned and suspended from preaching for two years. This was too much for Mr. Gladstone. He signed an address of protest to the Vice-Chancellor from non-resident members of the University. We can imagine his indignation when the Vice-Chancellor sent the memorial back to London by the hands of his bedell and scolded these eminent public men for sending a memorial which he described, in language of almost incredibly pompous stupidity, as 'an unbecoming attempt to overawe the resident Governor of the University.'

Again, in the summer of 1844, W. G. Ward's *Ideal of the Christian Church* was published. There is no space here to describe the work of this brilliant, paradoxical, whimsical, yet fundamentally earnest and sincere man. But, to use a vulgar expression, 'the fat was in the fire.' All the flames of accumulating passion broke out. The Board announced in December that they intended to submit to Convocation three proposals:

(1) To condemn the book.
(2) To degrade its author by depriving him of his University degrees and thus reducing him to the status of an undergraduate.
(3) To require from all who subscribed to the Thirty Nine Articles a declaration that they did so in the sense in which they were both first published and were now imposed by the University.

The last proposal provoked a general outcry of indignation, and the Board were compelled to withdraw it. But hounds on the track cannot be turned back. Disappointed here, could they not hunt down a greater man? 'Why not drag forth Ward's master from his retirement and impunity and brand the author of *Tract Ninety* [now three years old] with the public stigma of University condemnation?' So the Board agreed to substitute for the

abandoned new test a declaration of formal censure of the principles of *Tract Ninety*. This was to be submitted to Convocation in February 1845. Once again this wild vindictiveness stirred Mr Gladstone's wrath. He had no sympathy with Ward's book. He had written an article in the *Quarterly Review* containing severe criticism of it, combined with a plea for discrimination between its paradoxes and the position of the whole Movement. But he was stung by the injustice of the Oxford authorities, not only to Ward, but to Newman. On the third of the proposals his resentment was shared by many Liberals—Stanley, Tait, and even Jowett. With others in London he advised that the occasion was one which merited the exercise of the joint veto with which the proctors at Oxford are invested. Thus on the memorable 13th of February, amidst slush and snow, Convocation met in the Sheldonian Theatre. Mr Gladstone was present. The book was condemned by 777 to 38. Ward was deprived of his degree by 569 to 511. Mr Gladstone voted with both minorities. But when the third proposal came, the two proctors—Mr. Guillemard, of Trinity, and Mr. Church, of Oriel—interposed their veto. As Dean Church wrote later, 'the Senior Proctor's "*nobis procuratoribus non placet*," was heard like a trumpet above the confusion of the Theatre.' Mr. Gladstone's verdict on this proposal was as severe as that which later received the decisive judgment of Dean Church.

To pass on *Tract Ninety*, after the publication of the Tract had been suspended and the author had submitted himself to his Bishop, a censure which its authors had not ventured to submit to Convocation four years earlier, is to treat Mr Newman worse than a dog. The proposal really makes me mistrust my judgment, as I suppose one should always do when any proposal seeming to present an aspect of incredible wickedness is advanced is.

For the time, the credit of the University was saved. Indeed, as Dean Church said, 'the 13th of February was the birthday of the modern Liberalism of Oxford.' But the effect of all this excitement, all this fury against himself, on Newman and many of his friends, was disastrous. More and more it seemed clear that there was no place for them in the English Church.

Yet, [says Dean Church] there was a pause. It was no secret what was coming, but men lingered. It was not until the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then through the autumn and in the next year, friends whose names and faces were familiar in Oxford, one by one disappeared. Fellowships, livings, curacies, indeed careers, were given up.

On October 8, 1845, the thunderbolt fell and Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

1. Lathbury, i. 301.

To us, this is a historical event, the culmination of a personal drama of inexhaustible interest. It is difficult for us to measure its impression upon contemporaries, especially upon those who had been in any way associated with the Movement of which Newman had been the inspiring force. But the other leaders stood firm in their unshaken faith in the cause of the Church of England. They faced all the taunts of inconsistency from enemies, of cowardice from friends, but they never flinched, and as Dean Church wrote,[19] 'their unshrinking attitude was a new point of departure for those who believed in the Catholic foundation of the English Church.'

When the first shock of pain in the rending of old and close ties of comradeship was over, the remaining leaders came to realise, as Mr Gladstone had done in even earlier years, that Newman had himself spoken and written, and allowed others to speak and write, unfairly and hardly of the English Church. The immediate spell of his brilliance, of the beauty and haunting pathos of his words, of the magic of his personality, was now broken. The loyal leaders turned from all this to experience and history, to the real facts of the Church, and of her influence upon her sons and daughters. Mr Gladstone's position was even more decisive and robust than theirs. When Newman's secession was imminent, he wrote thus to his friend, James Hope.

'I can well conceive a far more perfect system than that of the English Church as it is on paper—but even from that I am infinitely distant. And yet, if a man may rely upon inward and spiritual facts, of which we may have at least as sure knowledge as of sensible objects, I say with immovable conviction, we have in the Church of England, even amongst her mutilated institutions, large and free access to our Lord and a communion with Him sufficient to form in ourselves, as I have plainly seen it form in others, all the lineaments of His Divine image, and how can things be right, if, while we drink the blessed life-giving stream, we disown the channel that brings it, and suffer our hearts to wander and our hands to be slack.'[20]

Almost immediately after the secession he wrote to Manning: 'The conviction always returns upon me that as the Church of England, being a reality, is not dependent upon this or that individual, the immediate duty is, when one secedes, simply to think of the supplying his place, as a rear-rank man steps forward when his front-rank man falls in battle.'[21] Indeed, the question of allegiance to Rome was never either then or at any other time an open question to Mr. Gladstone. Even when Manning, in 1846, feared that the Church of England must split asunder, he replied in words well worth remembering still. 'Nothing can be firmer in my mind than the opposite idea. . . . She will live through her struggles. She has a great, providential destiny

[19] Church, 396 [20] Lathbury, i. 340 [21] Lathbury, i. 349

before her.'[22] In fact, the Movement was itself not even arrested by Newman's defection. It passed from Oxford into a wider world, from academic circles to the parishes of town and country. There its influence became wider and more permanent than even in the most hopeful days at Oxford had come within the horizon of its leaders.

But there remains a postscript to the story of Mr. Gladstone's relation to the Oxford Movement which cannot be passed over. A trial much more staggering to his faith, and much more painful to his own heart, was yet to come. On March 8, 1850, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council gave its famous Gorham judgment, declaring that it was permissible for a clergyman in the Church of England to hold in question the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. This decision hit Mr. Gladstone harder even than Newman's secession, and this on two grounds. His mind was one which rested on doctrine, on the doctrinal teaching of the undivided Church. In the most intense days of the Tractarian controversy he had held confidently that, whatever might be said of some defects in the English Church, on the ground of her acceptance of this teaching in her formularies she was unassailable. But now this judgment held that one of the doctrines which seemed to him fundamental was at least an open question. Would the Church and her authorities accept this decision, and that at the bidding of a secular tribunal? Mr. Gladstone was greatly perturbed. 'The case of the Church of England at this moment is a very dismal one, and almost leaves a man to choose between a broken heart and no heart at all.'[23] To Manning he wrote even more ominous words: 'My feelings towards the Church of England are no longer, and cannot be, a constant quantity until I am brought to know whether these clouds passing between her and my eyes are in herself or not.'[24] In the second place, the judgment inflicted upon Mr. Gladstone a deep, personal wound, for it brought in its train the secession to Rome of two of his nearest and dearest friends, Manning and Hope. As to Manning, when he heard from him of the step he was feeling compelled to take, he wrote in January: 'You can do nothing that does not reach me, considering how long you have been a large part both of my actual life and of my hopes and reckonings. Should you do the act, which I pray God with my whole soul you will not do, it will not break, however it may impair or strain, the bonds between us.'[25] Of Hope he wrote: 'My affection for him during these later years before his change was, I may almost say, intense. There was hardly anything he could have asked me to do which I would not have done. But as I saw more and more

[22] Lathbury, i, 352. [23] Morley, i, 381.
[24] Lathbury, i, 358. [25] Lathbury, i, 358.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER

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CAN DEMOCRACY SURVIVE?

POLITICALLY, the chief lesson of the war has been the utter failure of expert government. Expert government is one of the greatest and most attractive of political ideals, to which the world is constantly reverting in spite of frequent disappointments. It sprang from the protest of the Athenian aristocrats against a democracy which excluded them from public service and nominated its highest officials by drawing lots. When Socrates declared that virtue was knowledge and government an art that needed skill and science, he was making himself the mouthpiece of the aristocratic criticism of Athenian institutions and the father of all bureaucracy, not only of the bureaucracy whose paradoxical features were presently to be delineated in the *Republic* of Plato. Socrates had his reward—in the cup of hemlock; for the democratic leaders did not fail to see what a danger bureaucracy would be to the sort of democracy they led by the nose But bureaucracy triumphed, nevertheless—alike in the substitution of professional armies and navies, controlled by privileged and trained officers, for citizen levies; and in the substitution of a

regularly selected and permanent civil service for the popul
election of magistrates and judges.

Before the war bureaucracy was dominant almost everywher
and many great States were pretty nearly nothing but bureau
cracies. In the Austrian Empire the bureaucracy alone preserve
its unity amid a chaos of quarrelling nationalities; the Russia
Empire also was ruled and held together by the bureaucracy of it
tchinovniks. Germany boasted (with some reason) that it had th
most highly trained and skilled, the most intelligent and efficien
of all bureaucracies, while only the Indian Civil Service coul
claim to rival it, though the Indian Civil Service had little reaso
to be proud of its record in Mesopotamia during, and in Indi
after, the war. Diplomacy, moreover, was a highly privileg
and aristocratic profession in all countries—except in Americ
(the decisive factor!), which none of the skilled diplomats coul
understand and which they all mismanaged.

Yet how did all these experts and professionals condu
affairs and meet the emergencies created by the war? Nev
has a war employed so many generals and disclosed so few goo
ones. Never have the occult arts of diplomacy incurred and
deserved such widespread contempt. Never have there bee
greater opportunities for statesmanship more pitiably lost
the Great War the great bureaucracies were all defeated an
destroyed, after leading their countries to ruin through a seri
of incredible blunders—diplomatic, military and political. Th
Austrian bureaucrats, who started the war on the false theo
that all the peoples of the empire would be as eager as they we
to avenge the murder of Francis Ferdinand, contrived to alienat
their allies Italy and Rumania. The Russian bureaucrats lo
the war at the outset by mobilising their coal miners, althou
they had already called up 11,000,000 more men than they cou
arm, and had at once lost the Polish coalfield and the import
coal from Britain and Germany. Hence their growing inabil
to move their armies and to feed their cities, till they were swe
away by a revolution the imminence of which they had not t
wits to perceive. The German bureaucrats, after being obsess
for years by the fear of a 'war on two fronts' against France a
Russia, and rejecting on this ground Joseph Chamberlain's of
of a British *entente*, managed to plunge Germany into a war, r
only with France and Russia, but also with the British Empi
and forced America to join their foes at the very time when
outbreak of the Russian Revolution offered them an easy victo

By contrast with the 'skilled' rulers of the bureaucra
States the politicians of the 'democracies' shone out as parag
of skill. They at least had not forgotten the arts of persuasi
and could get their peoples to follow them. They at least l

not forgotten the ancient maxim *Populus vult decipi*, and could successfully deceive their peoples. They told the necessary lies to win the war (and sundry [illegible] believed, whereas the skilled rulers [illegible] plausibly. This was a great source [illegible] home and abroad: they had lost every [illegible] moment to stop the war and to save [illegible] never in history was there ever such [illegible] stupidity and professional ineptitude [illegible]

These historical facts suggest, n[illegible] sort of stupidity which is generated [illegible] there is a real art of demagogy which [illegible] by the leaders of democracies, and [illegible] latter. It is, of course, an art of [illegible] masses to fight to make the world [illegible] results we behold to-day; but it is an [illegible] It will be the aim of this article to [illegible] art, to show what a farce it succeeds [illegible] and to indicate what must be done [illegible] to be superseded as illusory and intolerable. [illegible]

To explain the workings of this [illegible] sary first to clear up the notion of democracy. [illegible] the government of the people by the [illegible] people are so often told. In the m[illegible] more nearly a government of the people [illegible] politicians; but it is at any rate a [illegible] it competes with other forms of government [illegible] itself by claiming to provide *better* [illegible] tages and disadvantages, and what [illegible] any rate sensible people, to know [illegible] government that can be got. Now [illegible] it is as a rule a great help to a ruler [illegible] people are disposed towards his measures [illegible] the people, and to shape one's course [illegible] has sagely been remarked, it is better [illegible] than to break them.

Every Government, it is true, [illegible] popular assent; otherwise it does [illegible] assent is often implicit and passive [illegible] in countries where the people are n[illegible] tion is a sham. Hence it is a real [illegible] form of government that it presupposes [illegible] more active assent of the governed [illegible] success unless the masses are actively [illegible] and determined to obtain *good* [illegible] conditions are not fulfilled, there is [illegible]

to prevent democracies from sinking very low in the scale of values.

Now the political principles upon which all democracies, both ancient and modern, have been based are two. In the first place, the sovereign people does not govern, but others govern it, either by force or by guile. It is therefore sovereign only in name. Secondly, the Minister or manager of the sovereign people, if he desires to put through the measures he judges good, must distract, and more or less deceive, the people. Wherever the people have political power enough to be worth conciliating, the actual rulers must keep them contented and amused. Even the Roman emperors found it expedient to provide *panem et circenses* for the mob of Rome, or, in modern parlance, race meetings and a dole. The modern manager has, of course, far more powerful agencies at his command to work upon the public mind than ever the ancients had. Thanks to the radio, he can address the whole world. Thanks to the Press, he can daily indoctrinate the people with what he wishes them to believe, without their suspecting the source alike of their views and of their beliefs.

The 'skilled rulers,' the bureaucrats, have failed politically, and have proved unequal to carrying on the traditions of the ancient statecraft; but the demagogues or bosses, who manipulate 'democratic' institutions, may also claim to be experts in this very field. Moreover, during the war, they exhibited a much greater degree of astuteness and adaptability, and contrived to carry on successfully. Since then, however, they have shown almost total incapacity to understand post-war problems, which are mainly economic. From ignorance and stupidity they have made a great mess of world economics, and seem to be quite incapable of mopping it up. Now they are showing signs of reaching the end of their tether. Their incompetence has not only thrown the whole social order into confusion, but is also beginning to endanger their own necks. In consequence, democracy is manifestly waning all the world over, and a desperate demand for dictatorships is growing up. Dictatorship is, of course, an old and familiar resort of desperation, and its future is predictable. What is not so predictable is the future of democracy. Can our so-called democracy be restored to efficiency and health? Is a real democracy conceivable at all? And what must democracy do to be saved? The great bureaucracies had all succumbed, and it was supposed that the world had been made safe for democracy and its bosses. For a while it really looked as though the art of managing democracies had made such progress since Abraham Lincoln's day that, even though it was not yet possible to fool all the people all the time, it had become possible to fool all that mattered, and that a sufficient variety of week-end

'stunts' would tide a Government over any crisis, and a sufficient supply of ambiguous formulas would solve any problem. But, alas, it presently appeared that hard economic facts could not be conjured out of existence by the most seductive rhetoric and had the power to expel from their fools' paradises even the most ardent believers in worlds fit for heroes. The heroes found themselves unemployed in growing masses, and the doles conceded to them by their rulers' fears had presently to be cut. And in spite of desperate attempts to protect national standards of living by tariff-walls, every country found itself sinking deeper and deeper into the common slough of a world-wide depression.

The political consequences of such a state of affairs were not slow to show themselves. Rightly and wrongly the peoples blamed their rulers for their distress. So they rose up and changed them, repeatedly, everywhere, but found that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* None of the ordinary methods of political change, not even the South American method of armed rebellion, seemed to afford relief. So there has arisen a widespread disbelief in what is called democratic government. Democracy is everywhere on its trial, and the demagogues are even beginning to be in danger of their lives. Parliamentary government is breaking down and ceasing to function, or being reduced to a show and a sham.

Superficially this movement has led to a great development of dictatorships, mostly military, and everywhere resting upon force and violence. In Russia, Italy, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Turkey, Portugal, Lithuania, Germany, and now Austria, the dictatorship is blatant and avowed, in the United States, Greece, Spain, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Rumania, it is more or less cloaked in constitutional forms. In Europe parliamentary systems linger on only in Britain, France, Belgium, and a few minor States that escaped the shocks of the war by remaining neutral, but, even in these, parliamentary government can be carried on only by coalitions. The whole situation seems a most humorous comment on a war that was most plausibly said to be fought to render the world safe for democracy. Dictatorship is a revolt against democracy, and represents a twofold reaction against it. It is a return, on the one hand, towards the personal ascendency of personages like Lenin, Mussolini, Pilsudski, Hitler, Roosevelt, Kemal, Horthy, Carmona, Venizelos. On the other, it means a return to bureaucracy, and the revenge it takes on democracy. For all dictators rule with bureaucratic support in the army and the civil service, and even the dictatorship of the Proletariat soon becomes (in fact) a dictatorship of the Secretariat.

Moreover, elsewhere also, bureaucracy is taking its revenge and undermining the democracy. Although the demagogues won

the war for their democracies, it was the bureaucracies who gathered in the fruits of victory. They enormously extended their numbers and their powers by increasing the amount and intricacy of State regulation and organisation, and consequentially, of course, the expenses of the civil service. A typical example is the preservation everywhere of the farcical but irritating passport system. Thereby they rendered themselves so indispensable to their official superiors, the demagogues, that they may be said to have subjugated them and reduced them to puppets. Securely screened behind a *façade* of popular government, they now rule irresponsibly in the name of the people and the Ministry. In most 'democratic' countries parliamentary government is becoming more of a farce every year, and especially in Britain. Every year a hidden bureaucracy, as Lord Hewart has so well shown, encroaches more on the functions of the Legislature and of the nominal Executive and persuades them to delegate to it their powers. The bureaucracy wields its power by the methods by which capable subordinates have always controlled incapable superiors.

If an ostensible ruler is ignorant or lazy or greatly inferior to his Ministers in intelligence, it is psychologically inevitable that he should always, in the long run, be controlled by them. For it is for him the path of safety and least resistance—nay, his only escape from overwork and death—to do as he is told and not to ask unnecessary and inconvenient questions. But if he is obstreperous and too inquisitive, and wants to know what is done in his name, there are plenty of well-tried ways of taming him.

Needless to say, such methods are applicable also to the sovereign people. There is nothing in its status to protect it from such trickery, which is practised in this case by the co-operation of the bureaucrats and the politicians. Though all the forms of deference may be preserved, the People is an easy victim. For collectively the sovereign people is just as Plato described it in the *Republic*—well-meaning, but ignorant and stupid. Being ignorant, it does not know enough to decide the complex questions on which its prosperity depends—such as the gold standard, and tariffs, and foreign policy. Being stupid, it could not understand them if it tried. Being lazy, it is bored by them, and does not try. Being amusable and easily diverted, its attention is easily absorbed by the distractions which the Press and the cinema so lavishly provide with the instigation and approval of the demagogic Government. Really the poor sovereign people has as little chance of exercising an intelligent control over public affairs as the stupidest of Tsars!

Again, consider the mechanism of consulting it, of an appeal to the people. A general election takes place when a Prime

Minister dissolves Parliament. Naturally he dissolves it at a time which suits him and his party best, when he thinks he can put before the voters an issue they will understand and about which they will agree with him, so that he may be returned to power. But for the same reasons his opponents will endeavour to confuse the issue by bringing up other points. Neither party lays all its cards on the table, and as often as not the electorate is stampeded at the eleventh hour by a lie or a half-truth which constitutes a successful 'ramp.' When the whole hubbub is over no one can tell with certainty what the people really voted on and willed. If the appeal to the people takes the form of a referendum on legislation already passed by the Legislature, it is easy to discredit it by submitting it in a form so complicated and obscure that the voters cannot understand it, or suspect some trickery; while the whole attempt to obtain direct popular sanction for legislation may be frustrated by referring anything and everything to the voters, until they cease to vote or reject all the laws submitted to them in disgust. In short, the principle of democratic government always is that by hook or by crook the people must be deceived, whether it wills it or not.

When one considers, further, the ways in which plutocratic influences percolate into 'democratic' Governments and politicians are bribed by, and blackmail, business interests, one realises how easily democracy may be degraded into a sham. This lesson may still be learnt most easily from Transatlantic politics, and both prudence and the facts admonish us to seek our illustrations overseas; but it would be folly to think that British political human nature can permanently remain immune to the temptations, *e.g.*, of tariff legislation after we have established tariffs. The leading instance on the relations of business to politics is still the famous reply of Jay Gould to the committee of the Senate that was investigating him. When asked about his political opinions he candidly replied: 'I am a Republican in a Republican State, and a Democrat in a Democratic State, but I am an Erie Railroad man everywhere.' The late Mr. Ivar Kreuger had evidently adopted the same principle. It has the great advantage of securing business against political interference whichever party is in power. In many cases, however, it remains in doubt whether such transactions are better described as the bribing of a politician by a plutocrat or the blackmailing of the latter by the former.

In England, however, we are as yet more timid or more decorous. Our party chests are replenished more cheaply and more innocuously than by legislation which enriches generous subscribers to the party funds. The party which controls 'the fount of honour' rewards and ennobles their 'public services' by titles and decorations; so it is difficult to see how party govern-

ment could be carried on if the House of Lords were abolished. Evidently, also, our British method is far more salutary in the public interest. But it is clear that everywhere a true democracy presupposes incorruptible politicians. And if you multiply temptations and abolish all but pecuniary rewards, how long can you fairly expect your politicians to remain incorruptible?

In spite, however, of occasional ugly symptoms, it is not corruption that seems likely to lead to the overthrow of our democratic bosses. It is rather their sheer incompetence and inability to carry on government by their ancient methods; or, more specifically, their incapacity to understand the intricate economic relations of modern societies, and, above all, their cowardly shrinking from leadership and courtly reluctance to tell King Demos unpalatable truths. It was not to be expected, of course, that our demagogues should themselves understand all the economics of banking and exchanges, of industry and international trade. They had, however, the advice of plenty of technical experts, by which they might have been guided. But all the indications are that they did not take good advice, because they had not the intelligence and the knowledge to understand it.

Nor had they the courage to divulge to the masses they had so long doped with war propaganda that all this sort of thing was now out of date and must stop, that the orgies of nationalism were too costly and must cease, and that the attempts of every State to live for and by itself were the road, not to safety, but to poverty and ruin. No politician even yet has dared authoritatively to tell his people that for all the world to try to increase exports by strangling imports was a flat impossibility, and nowhere, probably, do the masses yet understand this. It was a lack of courage also that prevented a clean and speedy settlement of the war and left impossible War Debts and Reparations to linger on and to poison normal international relations for decades.

For all these blunders the penalty will have to be paid. It is already being paid by the peoples, but their rulers or managers will not escape. This is the meaning of the drifting away from democracy to dictatorships and other monstrosities of political organisation. And if the bosses desire to escape with whole skins, it is high time that they mended their ways and gave their earnest thought to a real reform of democracy. If we define democracy as a form of government in which all the people are *genuinely* consulted by the rulers before they do what they think best, it is clear that such genuine consultation is rarely found in fact. For the consultation of the people in so-called democracies is more often illusory and fraudulent. Indeed, the same apologia may well be made for the failure of democracy as for that of

Christianity and of Prohibition[1]: 'democracy has not failed, because it has never yet been truly tried!' Of course, the reason is the same in all three cases. Democracy is hard. It is a form of government which demands the existence of a vigilant, intelligent, and instructed public opinion, devoted to politics and actively interested in public affairs, which is resistant to dopes and distractions and determined to learn all that is necessary to form an intelligent judgment about public questions. Moreover, a truly democratic Government is one which should require and obtain the active support of such public opinion.

It is, however, pretty clear that this ideal is nowhere realised. Actual democracies fall far short of it. They might, however, come much nearer to it, if only they could purge themselves of sundry weaknesses and defects. The chief obstacle to such a purge are the existing politicians, without distinction of party. For it seems a natural consequence of human psychology that when a political system is well established and thoroughly understood by the politicians who work it they all get so used to it and so fond of it that they become extremely reluctant to introduce any changes into its essential working. They prefer to play the familiar game and refuse to change its rules. That some of them may call themselves reformers, and even radicals, makes no difference; though willing to reform others, they will not want to reform themselves and the rules of their beloved game of politics. This is why politicians not only will not devote any thought to the mechanism of politics, but are always indifferent or hostile to any really democratic reform, which aims at improving the expression of the people's will and the effectiveness of the political machinery.

To illustrate. It is notorious that in most countries the methods of election do not give the voters a fair chance of expressing their will, while democratic constitutions teem with artifices for frustrating it. The countries in which the electoral laws are such that parliamentary representation *can* reflect popular opinion can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And even where the laws admit of this possibility, their administration usually frustrates it. The only clear exception known to me is Switzerland, which is also the only country in which there is no political discontent, because majorities do not attempt to oppress minorities. Now this frustration of the people's will brings with it many evils. It not only subverts the central idea of democracy, but produces discontent and tends to revolution and rebellion. And even where it does not, it leads to a political instability which renders continuous progress difficult. A single illustration from our own country will probably suffice to make this clear. We are

[1] Cf. the end of Upton Sinclair's *Wet Parade*.

at present blessed with a National Government, which was forced upon our politicians by the desperate mess they had got us into, and which is proving more stable than most of us expected. But under our present electoral laws it cannot last longer than five years. After that, quite regardless of the Government's record, many voters will feel that they would like a change, and will set the pendulum swinging again, whereupon our social order may be thrown into the melting-pot and chaos may come again.

Yet all this danger and instability is a consequence merely of our gross system of misrepresentation, and of the conservatism and stupidity of our politicians in refusing to amend it. There is not really in the country a majority for revolution, and in all probability never will be. But there is considerable probability that we shall blunder into revolution, owing to the unfairness and fatuity of our electoral system. It is a system which will not represent minorities, which eliminates moderate opinions, and which forces any voter who dislikes an extremist Government and wishes to get rid of it to vote for their opponents who may be equally extreme and dangerous. Actually there exist at present some millions of Liberal voters who are unable to elect any but a very few representatives; so that in the Commons their intermediate opinion, which actually holds the balance in the country between Conservative and Labour, goes for nothing. There are also suppressed minorities in the two larger parties, Conservative Free-traders, moderate trade unionists and the like, who might beneficially influence their party policies, if they were not suppressed by the party caucuses. And there are a number of honourable and independent voters who are not allowed to express disapproval of one Government without being taken to have expressed approval of the Opposition.

Now all this is a wholly artificial and unnecessary consequence of our pseudo-democratic electoral laws. It would be quite easy to change it by simple and slight changes in the electoral machinery. It would be quite easy to make the consultation of the people a reality and to obtain a House of Commons that would really and adequately express the opinion of the people. With three parties it is theoretically possible, under our present system, for a little over one-third of the voters to elect the whole House of Commons. And the politicians are well aware of it. Only it does not suit their book, and they will do nothing until they are compelled by outside pressure. In the hope of putting on a little of this pressure and in the interests of a genuine democracy I will enumerate a few simple and urgent reforms of the present system.

First there is Proportional Representation. This is a well-known and well-tried system of permitting the adequate representation of minorities. It is capable of representing minorities

of any size with the utmost accuracy; for it is merely necessary to enlarge the constituency in order to grant representation to a smaller minority. It is also perfectly simple to vote; the voter has merely to mark his preferences among the candidates 1, 2, 3, etc., and to abstain from marking the names of those he does not wish to see elected. Every schoolboy who enters for a combined scholarship examination shows himself capable of this feat. Its political consequences also are well known. It eliminates 'tidal waves' and violent 'swings of the pendulum,' and substitutes for huge homogeneous but caucus-made parties a number of groups that shade off from one extreme to the other. They cannot be ordered about by the leaders of the biggest groups and so are less convenient to govern with, but they accurately reflect the opinion in the country. The absurdity of arguing that proportional representation would mean a succession of coalitions, and that coalitions cannot govern, is sufficiently confuted by the present situation. Also the system has some convenience even for party leaders; they cannot be deprived of their job by losing their seats in a tidal wave. For, being the first choices of their parties, they are sure of election as minority representatives. Proportional representation has shown itself a means of political stability in most countries (except Germany) where it has been tried; it has prevented the triumph of Socialism in Switzerland, and it has given Ireland ten years of breathing-space, and even now puts a check on De Valera.

Secondly, the Negative Vote is deserving of mention. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why this should not be permitted, and its political effects would be very salutary. The negative vote means merely that a voter can vote directly *against* a candidate as well as *for* him, with the consequence that his vote cancels a positive vote. Negative votes might also be made transferable, like positive votes under proportional representation; thus, if a bad candidate had already failed of election, the voter's negative preference might be transferred to the next most objectionable name on the ticket.

A system which permits a voter merely to vote *for* a candidate is too simple to express all that is in his mind. It is psychologically crude. There are psychological gradations of approval and disapproval which he is not allowed to express. But these differences could be expressed, and it would be to the public interest that they should be. The defective mechanism of the electoral laws alone stands in the way. The negative vote would remove some of these defects, and the transferable vote under proportional representation would remove another. For it would enable the voter to state his second and third choices as well as the first.

I will mention next a simple little reform, which would, presumably, be passed by acclamation, if any Government could be induced to propose anything so unheard of and so sensible. For it would benefit all parties, and the public service as well. Ministers should have the right (as in many other countries) to address either House, whether they sat in it or not. This little reform would relieve the Liberal and the Labour Parties of frequent embarrassment in finding suitable, adequate, and trustworthy spokesmen in the Lords, and would enable the Tories to utilise their surplus strength in that House. It would also be in the public interest, because it would become possible and customary to confer upon members of the House of Lords such public offices as seemed to require a Minister's undivided attention, or required to be screened from the attacks and distractions of the Commons.

The Reform of the House of Lords is a much bigger affair. Quite apart from the general desirability of constituting a real aristocracy, and of giving the best minds in the country an influence on public affairs, it is an urgent political need to construct an effective check upon such a House of Commons as we have under our present system. We have seen that owing to its mode of election it is inevitably a product, not of the considered opinion and political wisdom of the nation, but of a fit of electoral hysteria. It is never representative of the actual distribution of political opinion. It grossly exaggerates majorities and suppresses minorities. Its majorities are artificial creations, and mostly the outcome of the desperate struggles of negative voters to rid themselves of an intolerable Government; they swing from one extreme to another, because the voters speedily discover that its successor is no better. Finally, the House of Commons is an unwieldy mob which would be far more businesslike if its numbers were halved. Altogether it is a marvel that it has not yet completely discredited democracy in the eyes of intelligent people.

But it is no wonder that its real power is rapidly waning, and that it is sinking into a cumbersome machine for registering the decisions of any Ministry which has a 'safe' majority in it. The misfortune is that this Ministry is always deluded. It imagines that it has the support of the country, and that it can retain it by passing good, or popular, measures. But as a matter of fact, whatever it does, the swing of the pendulum which generated it is certain to sweep it away again at the first opportunity. Hence no continuous or far-sighted legislation is possible on matters which are involved in party politics. All these evils are consequences of our grotesque system of misrepresentation. They jeopardise the future of parliamentary government, and indeed

of democracy itself. But it is easy to see how to reform them; they could probably be cured by the expedients we have mentioned.

But there are other evils at present afflicting us which are not so easy to cure. The world's economic ills, for example, are not to be cured by Democracy, or Communism, or any form of government. No effective remedies can be applied to them till the masses everywhere are made to realise that they have been attempting economic impossibilities, and repent them of their folly; at present they are still crying out for 'less bread and more taxes,' like the mob in Lewis Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*.

But a complete solution of the economic problem may need more than a return to economic sanity. It may need more than the establishment of a genuine democracy, freed from frauds and trickery. And both may require something more, and better, than we get at present, in the shape of human material; both may require a change in the policies by which this material is now provided. For it is a tragic fact that in all existing civilised societies the recruiting mechanism has gone astray. They no longer recruit themselves from the better, brainier, more efficient and successful strata of their population, which do not reproduce their numbers, but from the inferior, the feeble-minded and incapable. These are kept alive by social support, and enabled to multiply by social protection—at the expense of the classes able to pay taxes, which are becoming more and more excessive, because of the prodigious waste of public money on all sorts of social follies. So we organise 'baby-saving weeks' for the worse babies, instead of 'better babies exhibitions'! The biological consequence of these fatuous forms of social interference is inevitably the progressive deterioration of the stock. How far this deterioration has already gone is, for a variety of reasons, hard to determine. But it is not hard to predict its political consequences. It is rendering liberty and genuine democracy unworkable and a relapse into some form of despotism certain. It means, also, the doom of civilisation, unless an intelligent policy of eugenical reform can speedily be started.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

HISTORY FROM THE LOOM

A Monthly Survey of World Affairs

Of late attending exclusively to its own urgent private affairs, with scarce a glance at an extremely remote Europe, the United States nevertheless is more than ever dominantly integral in the scheme of things. Whether it likes it or not, the rest of the world must wait impotently upon the progress of the great American experiment, with all the vast issues that lie hidden in its outcome. And now, after a transient six months of sunny optimism, that outcome is clouded in doubt. Not yet is it decided whether by *fiat* President Franklin Roosevelt can effectively and permanently lift the American nation out of an unprecedented wreck and restore that prosperity of freely interchanging commodities and once more cumulative wealth to which its natural resources and the energy and intelligence of its citizens should, in theory, inevitably entitle it. If he can do that, many another problem will subside or vanish. If he cannot, if the United States is to be no more the financial and political Colossus of the post-war epoch, if manifestly and spectacularly it is to be merely the hugest ruin of an Occidental civilisation that has collapsed, then an Asia to which the West has recklessly sold its tools will assuredly essay its opportunity, and the bankrupt States of Europe, all that is left of their financial integrity annihilated in a pejorative renewal of the American catastrophe, will once more be grappling for each other's throats, until out of chaos once more order is born. Doubtless, President Roosevelt does not concern himself with these far-flung eventualities. For him, as an American politician, his job is not to stultify his election promises, and as a good American citizen to restore the well-being of his people in the shortest possible time. And now, as this is written, he is at the first great crisis of his task. Armed with dictatorial powers as the head of a revolution excogitated in the groves of Academe—and perhaps elsewhere behind the scenes—he finds that dictatorship addressed by decree to an inherently democratic American people is not quite the same thing as dictatorship of the Lenin-Stalin model, backed by machine-guns that permit no argument.

Much has been done in that first new dynamic stimulus of his advent, a stimulus of great hope with a salutary admixture of fear for a dollar that might perhaps presently purchase only 50 cents' worth. Something also has been done by the crowd-stampeding emotional ballyhoo of the Blue Eagle, and mass processions with 2000 bands and film stars in costume. But it is visibly not enough. Agriculturally, the farmers are still not selling their grain at a price commensurate with the new scale of abruptly augmented retail prices. Industrially, the National Recovery Act is designed in the first place to induce, or compel, employers to take on a number of workers in excess of their real requirements, as measured by orders in hand. These ex-unemployed, being thus newly endowed with purchasing power, will in due course so stimulate the demand for all commodities that the employers' optimism will be justified. Doubtless. But who is going to supply the wage fund for these currently surplus employees until the returns come in? After four years of slump, no industry has resources for mere philanthropy, however laudable. The only possibility is loans from the banks, or from the State. But if the banks advance money for such a purpose, they are lending on a bet and not on a calculable commercial proposition. Inasmuch as the banking crisis of this March was caused by the American banking habit of lending on a bet, inasmuch as those banks given certificates of solvency got them only on the solemn promise that they would never do it again, and inasmuch as members of the Federal Reserve System are compelled by law to demonstrate their soundness to the Deposit Guarantee Corporation, this hardly appeals to them. They pointed out to an impatient Administration that it is not only a bet, but a very precarious bet. There is a time-lag in the operation that may be fatal. Moreover, purchasing power is not augmenting as per schedule, retail business has somewhat receded from the high-point of the summer, and while bank deposits increased by 300,000,000 dollars between the abandonment of the gold standard and September 1, the fiduciary circulation shrank in that period by 372,000,000 dollars and sight-drafts by 40,000,000 dollars—despite the gigantic 'open-market' efforts of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to force credit into active circulation by the purchase of Government securities. The indices are not encouraging. It was all very well for the chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to say nasty things about the banks and 'hoarded credit.' The banks cannot be forced to lend their depositors' money on ventures they believe to be unsound, unless the State accepts the responsibility. Nor are their genuine resources equal to the task. But again, if the State provides the funds, either by huge purchases of the banks' preferred stocks or by any other method

which employs the banks as distributive channels, then the Government must clearly be represented on the banks' directorates. It is a road which leads straight to the Socialists' panacea—the crown of the Socialist edifice—nationalised banking. The individualist American has not yet been revolutionised that far.

Incontestably and ominously the whole vast machine labelled National Recovery is slowing down on a grade which still looms formidably upward. Everything is working too slowly, with increasing friction in the parts—industrial codes, agricultural subsidies, public works, injection of floating credit into the finance markets by the traditional methods. Not 6,000,000, as prophesied, but approximately 2,000,000, of unemployed have been absorbed. Winter is close ahead, and there are still at least 10,000,000 without work or social assurance. If business does not generally maintain the advance of the first three months of the Roosevelt era, if there should be another 'stop-loss' crash in the commodity and stock markets, some of the re-employed 2,000,000 even may have to be, in the gentle American euphemism, 'let out.' Also, Rooseveltism has stimulated not only business, it has stimulated an organised social unrest. Under the codes, labour has for the first time glimpsed a possibility of power. The employers have also glimpsed it. Hence Mr. Ford's defiant refusal to sign (with a concomitant loss of prestige to the new dictatorship); hence General Johnson's prolonged difficulty in devising a code acceptable to the coal industry after his difficulties with the oil and steel industries, hence on the other side an imminent nation-wide coal strike in addition to all the other strikes of labour resentfully asserting that it is not getting its share of the New Deal. Hence also the significant ultimatum of Mr. Green, President of the American Federation of Labour, that the codes must be revised to make them 'mean more to the mass of the people,' that organised labour must be granted shorter hours than already prescribed under the codes in operation, and that if there were still 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 unemployed at the beginning of winter, the labour movement could not guarantee 'stability.' In gloomy antiphone to this, Mr. Richberg, General Johnson's right-hand man, declared that if there were not a better understanding of the labour provisions of the National Recovery Administration, 'a war between various groups of employers and employees would involve all the people of America.' 'Unless something is done,' said Senator Harrison, the inflationist chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in mid-September, 'the whole recovery program is in danger.'

Perhaps by the time this appears something will already have been done. Mr. Roosevelt may have used his powers to launch unmitigated inflation, and not only double the amount in existence

of a devaluated currency, but enormously increase its velocity of circulation in the anguished dread that inflation rarely stops at the first dose. The whole of the agricultural area is clamouring for it; the farmers have nothing to lose except the mortgages they owe. It is freely asserted that if President Roosevelt does not do it himself, Congress will do it over his head when it meets in January; and it is unlikely that President Roosevelt will permit himself to be so forestalled by a Congress he has practically put into cold storage but which would thus jump out, very much on its feet again, and all set for a revolt against the dictatorship of a 'brain-trust' personified in the business partner of Mr Barney Baruch. The President is understood not to wish direct inflation. But the National Recovery machine has got to go forward, even if it need a charge of dynamite to do it. And if inflation comes, what then? Certainly a frenzied speculation. Very possibly a concurrent depreciation of sterling, and a currency war for the export markets, with all that will imply in the readjustment of values all over the world. Not for nothing is Mr Ramsay MacDonald suddenly endeavouring to arrange at least a partial resuscitation of the World Economic Conference in November. The American action would release forces of which we have as yet had no experience and can only guess at—perhaps too pessimistically, perhaps not. Just now there must be singularly few people who envy Mr Franklin Roosevelt his job.

In addition to this overwhelming preoccupation, the Cuban affair did not after all neatly and satisfactorily end with the disappearance of President Machado and the substitution of President de Cespedes, under the benevolent management of Mr Sumner Welles. President de Cespedes was at once himself blown up by another insurrection. The United States is amiably disinterested in the internal affairs of an independent Cuba so long as it does nothing to the detriment of the American interests which own the island. Within limits the Cubans can play politics as much as they please. But in this case the insurgent Cubans were not playing politics within the limits. A medley of negroid races reduced to economic serfdom, with a surface froth of turbulent students finding no employment for their newly acquired education, it appeared they were authentically in revolt against the tutelage of the United States, annulment of the celebrated Platt Amendment prominent in their programme, with who knows what to follow.

More than any other part of the world, Latin America is infected with the *bacillus Bolshevismus*, and to the red-shot minds of its proletariat and its students imperialist capitalism is precisely incarnated in the United States. Not only the $1,000,000,000 of American capital in Cuba (with another $1,000,000,000 of annual

trade) is at stake; there is very much more in the various South American countries, capital that, to say the least of it, has been very much jeopardised by the divers pinkish revolutions—none of them pro-American—which have occurred in the recent past. Moreover, Cuba is the most convenient key to the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal; and before long the Panama Canal may be urgently needed for military purposes. Thus it was not surprising that some forty American warships were promptly concentrated on the Cuban scene. But the Argentine Government gave a polite hint that intervention would be badly viewed in South American countries, and as the United States has been cherishing sanguine hopes of a revival of its South American trade (the only great potential market outside China) as a consequence of the forthcoming Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in December, the hint was effective. The Ambassadors of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Mexico met President Roosevelt in conference, and thereafter President Roosevelt announced a three-point programme of which the second and third points were—(2) the United States has absolutely no desire to intervene and is seeking every means to avoid intervention, (3) the key of American policy in regard to Cuba is that Cuba shall obtain quickly a Government of its own choosing and one capable of maintaining order. Preferably, the United States will wait for another little 'autonomous' revolution, of less unpleasantly scarlet hue—unless, deplorably, things should go from bad to worse, whereat the American-Cuban sugar interests will rejoice.

Annoying as the Cuban affair might be, it is but a triviality compared to the major international crisis gathering into imminence in the long-distance view of the statesman, but as yet nothing to worry about to the man in the street. The United States and Japan are now plainly and definitely girding themselves for a conflict inevitable unless there should be another earthquake. While the United States, abandoning economy programmes, is building up to the Treaty limits in all haste, Japan not only does likewise, but talks impudently about a legitimate equality, as a consequence of her necessary protection of Manchukuo. In these past two years, thanks to the devastating effect of the 'depression' in the United States, Japan has enjoyed all the benefits of a successful war with America without having had to fight it. But the United States is still there, one day to be reckoned with. From the Japanese point of view there will perhaps be no time so favourable as the near future. Economically unsound though the actual position of Japan may be, nevertheless her cut-price raids on the international markets, including even those of South America, have put her in funds to an extent that protective measures in other countries may

presently not permit. Her strategists are positive of winning any war fought in the western Pacific, when American forces accompanied by an unwieldy armada of storeships must cross 6000 miles of ocean, in which the Caroline and Marshall Islands form a defile of 1000 miles for submarine and torpedo ambush; they may be wrong, but that is what they think. Meantime, at home social unrest threatens from a Red left, and a Fascist right is arising in vehemently patriotic reaction.

General Araki, the 'Mussolini' of Japan, not yet openly overturning its pseudo-democracy, recently made himself the spokesman of the army which was so naughty and so unamenable to the discipline of its own Government at Shanghai and in Manchuria before Manchuria was Manchukuo. He demanded the immediate bringing up to date of the equipment for national defence and intensive preparation for a naval armament race following the non-renewal of the present treaties in 1935 (or perhaps their earlier denunciation), to be financed by virtually a forced loan on industry and commerce of x million yen. 'Financial considerations,' said General Araki, 'do not matter.' It was blandly and officially announced by the War Office spokesman that General Araki's proposals do *not* mean a military dictatorship. Quite the contrary. 'Parties have lost their power because they have lost the confidence of the people, but the army will only exercise its influence legitimately and within the bounds of the Constitution.' The Japanese, of course, notoriously always say exactly what they mean. Observers on the spot predict the establishment before the end of the year of a new *régime* resembling the German pre-war system (there are very close relations between Germany and Japan just now), in which the Chancellor governed without dependence on parties. Following the announcement, Count Uchida, the Foreign Minister, handed in his resignation and was succeeded by Mr Koki Hirota, a personal friend of General Araki. It is perhaps not impossible that General Araki may exchange his present status of Minister of War for that of Chancellor, and thus keep the Constitution intact.

General Araki, who began life humbly as a clerk in a sauce factory and is certainly a remarkable personality, is the mystic protagonist of 'Koto', the 'Royal Way'—strict discipline at home and expansion abroad, including the 'liberation' of India, with dreams of an ultimate Japanese Empire wielding sovereignty over all Asia. His mysticism is of the Hitler brand. Oddly enough, there is a movement in China, disgusted with Westernism which has brought no good, towards him. His advent to dictatorial power would not necessarily mean an immediate war with America. He might merely press from Manchukuo into Mongolia

disdainful of Soviet Russia, or call the Russian bluff by seizing Vladivostok. (It is immaterial that the two Powers have just concluded a new pact.) An advance from Manchukuo, at the expense of China, is in any case probable while the going is still good. But, as before remarked, the United States is still there, and a war might do more for the National Recovery Act than all the decrees of General Johnson. Certainly, Japan sees a Japanese-American war as a not-distant inevitability. So does the American Administration. A problem that is worrying it is whether Soviet Russian assistance would be of the value recently suggested by the Soviet diplomatists in London and elsewhere. It seems probable that the entourage of the President is more than favourable to recognition of the Soviet Government, and for more reasons than one; indeed, there are those who speak of it as virtually an accomplished fact waiting only for announcement, and meantime the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is to grant the Amtorg a little loan of from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000, to be spent in cotton, steel, copper, etc. But, as the estimable Mr Ramsay MacDonald remarked after some intimate experience of Moscow, and as doubtless Washington is aware, he who sups with the devil needs a long spoon.

France also may remember this truth in due course, despite the present ecstasy of supplanting Germany in the tenebrous favours of the Soviet camarilla. That ecstasy is indeed somewhat locally confined to the official sphere. When M. Herriot returned from his mutually effusive honeymoon in Moscow he was received by that section of the French people which could obtain admission to the railway station in a manner which constrained him to a precipitate retreat, and a locked railway compartment to his mayoralty of Lyons. The French people have an enduring, and perhaps in this case again justifiable, obsession about Russian loans. However, what the French people think does not matter to the Second International *dirigeants* who rule their destiny. Following upon the 'unofficial' visit of M Herriot, the entirely official M Cot, Minister for Aviation, flew to Moscow to demonstrate to Stalin & Co. how much better French planes are than German ones. But it does not yet seem that France can be entirely sure that Moscow has really done with the now more than ever execrable Hitlerite Germany. There are rumours that, despite everything, German experts are still 'essential' in Soviet munition industries, and are discreetly remaining. Nor is there any sign of Soviet preparation for war against Germany, though Moscow would doubtless view benignantly, and assist with stores paid for in French credits, a Polish conflict with the *Dritte Reich*; hence Stalin's little secret chat with Marshal Pilsudski. Soviet war preparations seem to

be entirely confined to the Far East, for the benefit of the Americans.

It is beginning to look as if all those varied elements which for good reason dislike the Nazi *régime* have decided that it must speedily be annihilated, and that France is the designated instrument. Visibly a hostile ring is forming around the Third Reich. The Socialist papers of the world no longer vindictively denounce French militarism; their fulminations are reserved for the Germany they once so loved. The representatives of world Jewry in conference, overcoming previous hesitations, declared outright war (merely economic, of course) on the ungrateful *Vaterland* for which Jewry did so much, if somewhat monopolistically, and announced an appeal to the League of Nations. If the case of Professor Einstein, allegedly condemned to death by a Nazi secret society and protected by a picturesque and much-photographed armed guard, failed to arouse quite the poignant sympathy intended, nevertheless in general the world propaganda against Nazidom is proving formidably and ubiquitously effective; in Britain and the United States Hitler has become a haunting bogey, and by no means only in parlour-Bolshevist or Semitic circles. And the French people are abundantly treated, in 'internationally' controlled cinema-houses, to very alarming news-reel pictures of militant young Germany that were until this year systematically withheld from them. The conviction is growing in France that the only way to deal with this affrightingly dangerous Germany is to jump on it while there is yet time. A war mentality, reluctant but resigned to evident necessity, is taking hold. There are stories everywhere of the great automobile firms working overtime on Government orders. The affair is perhaps scheduled for next autumn.

Meantime, the internal condition of France grows no easier. Everyone is waiting for October and the apparently insoluble problem of the budget deficit. Will that mean departure from the gold standard and a further devaluation of the franc? Increasingly, Frenchmen believe so, and are buying and hoarding gold, in the faith that gold will still remain valuable though no country uses it as a basis of currency and credit. The Press has ceased to rhapsodise about the glories of 'sane money,' and, though prolific in jeers at the American experiment, sometimes allows it to be inferred that a renewed collapse of the dollar might entail something happening to the franc. *L'Information* even recently published the heretical truth that living was much cheaper in the non-gold countries, and that there was the explanation of the complete disappearance of the French tourist trade. The agricultural situation is still bad despite the Government efforts at an artificially high price for wheat; with barns full of an

unusually abundant crop, the farmers find it impossible to sell, and internal wheat consumption has enormously decreased with the continuously shrinking purchasing power of the nation. The International Wheat Conference, while perhaps postponing for two years a yet more drastically cut-throat competition, achieved nothing of permanent value

Southward, France has cocked an interested eye in the direction of Spain The Socialist Señor Azaña has fallen and been replaced by the merely Radical Señor Lerroux, a politician of the old school It is evidence of the disgust of the Spanish people for the Kerensky *régime* (with Bela Kun in the background) under which for two years they have suffered In a country flaming with the arson of agricultural estates, and a quiescent police toleration of Socialist and Communist violence, a distinct swing to the Right is gathering force, and the next general election might overthrow the republic as now constituted, just as the monarchy was overthrown, if Spanish elections are ever again to have that power But it may not come to an election A Communist *coup d'état* may advisedly forestall it and establish a Red dictatorship France's only concern is that Spain shall remain in the impotence to which she has been reduced Meanwhile one may note, in a world ringing with the outrages inflicted upon German 'progressives' and Jews, the complete silence which veils the miseries of the unfortunate Spaniards

In the little affair of the *Anschluss* neither France nor Germany is prospering Mussolini has very neatly played his cards. Dr Dollfuss, enjoying the support both of the Jews and of the Vatican, startled everybody by making an alliance with Prince Starhemberg, of the *Heimwehr* private army, and proclaiming a Fascist State on the Italian model—incidentally infuriating the hitherto dominant Socialists of Vienna, whose trade unions he explicitly menaced with extinction Instantly two of his lieutenants divergently disavowed him, and some verbal modification may be necessary without serious alteration of the fact. The next step is to bring about the effective union with Hungary which will re-create a viable Danubian State in a customs union with Italy, to which Mussolini has promised the free use of Trieste, paralysed and poverty-stricken since the loss of its pre-war hinterland. General Gömbös has accepted an invitation for himself and the Hungarian Ministers of the Interior and of Agriculture to a hunting party with Dr. Dollfuss and Prince Starhemberg on the ex-imperial estates early in October, where doubtless the Magyar reluctance to play a merely secondary *rôle* will be discussed and appeased. In the meantime, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, M. de Kanya, came to Paris to explain matters as best he could and ask France not to be angry about it. He is

to be followed by General Gombös himself, who recently made a personal agreement with Herr Hitler not to permit the Hapsburg restoration which France had for a moment more or less seriously dallied with; doubtless he also will explain how innocuous it all is. One of the most complicated pieces of intrigue in all recent history is coming to a conclusion. The Italian solution, should it materialise, as seems almost certain, while ending the menace of a forcible absorption of Austria by Germany, nevertheless also ends the French scheme for a Danubian system wherein Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia would be very much the dominant partners. Mussolini will have advanced the power and prestige of Italy one step further. Heir of the *Risorgimento*, in an ironic reversal of the ancient conditions he will have re-created an Austrian Empire existing by the imperial grace of Italy. Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi could have imagined such an outcome.

The dangers of war on the German frontiers are for the moment entirely one-sided. Germany is an ebullient pot that has not yet reached the stage of boiling over. Save for making faces and uttering radio-catcalls at Dr Dollfuss, and giving the young Nazis the pleasure of seeing themselves so imposingly numerous at the Nuremberg rally, the Hitler Government has been doing nothing spectacular. Dr Goebbels, the Minister for Propaganda, announces that 'the whole nation is now enclosed in the iron clasp of the National-Socialist organisation,' with a broad hint that the final liquidation of the old quasi-autonomous federal States is a matter of the near future. Also, Dr Goebbels is launching a great propaganda campaign 'to keep the movement in living touch with the people'; during the next two months 150,000 meetings will tell the German people how lucky they are. What is more, with winter ahead and some 6,000,000 unemployed, a gigantic scheme to ensure that no Aryan-German shall be cold or hungry is announced. On the first Sunday of every month the *Mittagessen* of every German is to consist merely of one dish costing 50 pfennig, and the resultant saving is to go to the Winter Help Fund. Not only that, but there will be a compulsory and universal levy on all wages and salaries; the workman is to contribute the value of one hour's work per month, the Association of Civil Servants and the Association of Clerks will arrange for a percentage deduction from salaries; provision dealers are to state the amount in kind they will give, and food-cards against it will be distributed. Persons with banking accounts are advised to sign a banker's order for regular monthly contributions; they will each month then receive a diversely coloured shield, inscribed '*Wir helfen*,' in immunity from persuasive door-to-door collections. It is all very patriotic, but it is hardly the millennium of Nazi dreams last March.

In fact, a serious financial crisis is looming ahead. The Reichsbank has a more or less imminent liability of 5,000,000,000 reichsmarks on account of guarantees for public works schemes, crisis credits, Russian trade credits, and the enormous subsidies to the great landowners which Hitler has not yet dared to touch. Trade is shrinking, the currency circulation has diminished by 500,000,000 reichsmarks since March, bank and savings bank deposits are diminishing, and income tax returns have fallen seriously. The industries which undoubtedly show improvement are directly or indirectly armament industries, aircraft, chemical, metallurgical. *Pari passu* with the French, the automobile industry is working overtime—with the exception of the huge Opel works, owned by General Motors, which is significantly on short time (where are those three billion dollars which a plethorically wealthy America loaned or invested in Germany in the gay glad years before the crash?) In foreign payments, of course, Germany has already established a moratorium which shows no signs of ending, but it is difficult to see how the internal payments are going to be met. Despite the average German's horror of another inflation, and the sternly purist Dr. Schacht at the Reichsbank to say 'No,' it would seem that after all it cannot be avoided. When a Government has no money, and cannot borrow any (it would be a pleasant spectacle to see Herr Hitler going round hat in hand to the Warburgs, the Kuhn Loebs, *et al.*), it must perforce make some. But the Nazis say very little about their financial situation. Whatever the Reichsbank book-keeping, they continue to lend the farmers as much or more money than they want. At all costs the Reich must be rendered self-sufficient in foodstuffs. There might be another blockade. If only they could be sure of England!

Politically, Great Britain has been having a dullish time, while complacently registering its improved trade position thanks to tariffs and depreciated sterling—with only the bugbear of a further American depreciation like a cloud on the horizon. The Government has had to prepare for probably the last appearance on any stage of the moribund Disarmament Conference; there is no longer the same 'idealistic' insistence on France stripping herself of weapons before a resurgent Germany, and the new American-Japanese naval rivalry makes it a little difficult for the United States to insist on the further extinction of British naval power—which is a load off the British mind. There is the serious matter of Japanese trade competition, which is making 'Swaraj' Hindu mill-owners think more kindly of a British connexion which may restrict it, particularly as they are reasonably sure of always being able to undercut the British products. At Toronto the British Commonwealth Relations Conference has been having a

friendly pow-wow as to exactly where they stand in the Empire. The general consensus of the Canadian speakers was that Canadians had no interest anywhere outside Canada, that the United States fleet gave Canada greater protection than the British Fleet could do (and therefore they saw no reason to pay into a Commonwealth defence fund), and that good relations with the United States was the prime essential. To which Australia (recently a little nervous about the Northern Territories and Australian defence generally, and thinking also about wheat exports), and New Zealand in the same orbit, demurred with some remarks about Canadian selfishness. But the South African delegates stood up for the Canadians, saying that an extensive body of South African opinion shared their views—to some extent evidenced by the recent granting of an annual subsidy of £150,000 to Italian steamship lines for no other visible purpose than to make the existence of the British lines more difficult. The Hindu delegate of course insisted that India could not make a full contribution to world peace unless given full Dominion status. Save that it gave some of the far-journeying delegates a chance to junket amid Canadian scenery the Conference seems to be without importance.

What may yet be an event of real importance, however, was the sudden decease of King Feisal in Switzerland. Under Feisal's deft statecraft Iraq has been held for the British and himself at a minimum expense to the British Government, and with considerable benefit to Iraq. In fact, without the British, Feisal would not have had a kingdom at all, and Iraq would have been a no-man's land of warring tribes. Long ago Feisal, summarily evicted from Damascus by the French, and with Ibn Sa'ud chasing his relatives from the Hedjaz, realised that a Pan-Arabian empire was a premature dream. Without perhaps too ardently loving the British, who to be sure had not dealt very honestly with him in the past, he settled down to make the best of what was undeniably a very fair second-best. While being as Iraqian as he could, he never forgot that he was there by grace of the British Air Force. Nevertheless, even in Iraq a militant and at least partially fanatic nationalism has arisen, recently furiously inflamed by the sentimental British reaction to the massacre of Assyrians who were after all only Christian dogs, and annoying dogs at that. The fact that Iraq is a full-fledged member of the League of Nations, and that the League promptly announced that it was going to look into this purely private matter, did not make things easier for anyone. The Kurdish troops who attended to the extermination were rapturously received as national heroes by the Iraqian people on their return. King Feisal, who in the last resort was himself an Arab and a Moslem, perhaps privately sympathised with those stalwarts of the Koran; at any rate, h

at first contumaciously refused to await the return of the British representative, flying post-haste to Baghdad to convey the pained remonstrances of the British Government. But the British Government became imperative. King Feisal was constrained to postpone his cure in Switzerland and have a more or less satisfactory explanation with Sir Francis Humphrys before taking the journey which ended in his death. Immediately a new set of factors came into play. The new King, Ghazi I., is twenty-one years old and reputedly a passionate nationalist. Should he continue the prudently realistic policy of his father, steering a long-distance course amid all manner of reefs and quicksands, all will be peaceful. But the elements which surround him are no guarantee of that state of things. Censure by the League of Nations might—almost assuredly would—provoke an explosion. The attitude of Great Britain towards Iraq is much the same as the attitude of the United States towards Cuba. So long as British interests are safeguarded, the Iraqians can play politics as much as they like. But those British interests are of supreme importance. Not only is the Iraq-Haifa pipe-line almost completed (with the creation of a great port at Haifa as a subsidiary), but the British urgently desired to double the pipe-line with a railway from Haifa to Baghdad. This will further strengthen Imperial communications, and still further lessen the dependence on the Suez Canal. The Iraqian Government has hitherto flatly refused to permit that railway. They are not interested in British Imperial Communications. They see in it merely a convenience for the speedy arrival of British troops in Baghdad, should the occasion arise. They ask, more and more insistently, whether Iraq is independent or not. That question may have to be answered. The position in India being what it is, it is not a question which the British Government would like to have to answer just now.

The Indian problem indeed, if it is ever safe to prophesy anything, is going to keep the British Government busy all autumn. A predominantly Conservative British Parliament may even, in a final choice, decide that it is better to keep India than to keep Mr. Baldwin. In that event, Mr. Gandhi and the Congress leaders, recently exchanging letters to assure each other how fearsomely revolutionary and Communist they are, will have to do their worst. The immortal Mr. Mantalini could alone supply the appropriate comment.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

THE CRISIS IN IRAQ

THE sudden death of King Feisal on September 8 in Switzerland marks a turning-point in the history of Iraq not less decisive than his coronation. He brought to his high position few advantages except those of birth: his father had few, and his brothers almost none, of his high qualities, and he was almost unknown in Iraq until after the war. In industry and intelligence, in political leadership, and in the use of 'constitutional' methods among peoples better accustomed to the arbitrament of the sword, he was in many respects the ideal Oriental monarch of the twentieth century. It is unlikely that any other possible candidate to the throne of Iraq could have succeeded, as he did, in retaining and, on the whole, strengthening his position without an open breach with the British Government on whom he depended for support and without appealing to the strong racial instincts of his subjects.

The pivot of the Constitution of Iraq is the King, who chooses his own Ministers and nominates all the members of the powerful Senate. King Feisal exercised all his powers; he managed successive Cabinets with such skill that the evils of party government never took root. The periodical elections, based on adult male suffrage through electoral colleges, were handled with equal skill. His failure to restrain the impetuous nationalism of his Arab followers and, in consequence, to secure the allegiance of his Kurdish and Assyrian subjects was due to no want of goodwill or understanding, but rather to the inherent difficulties of a situation created partly by the circumstances which led to the establishment of the Iraqi State, and partly (as we shall presently learn in India) to the unsuitability of electoral systems in countries where racial or communal differences are acute. In such countries majority rule is synonymous with internal dissensions and open violence.

Few Oriental monarchs have been able to command, as did King Feisal, the whole-hearted loyalty and unbroken support of his European advisers. Their belief in him and their admiration for his qualities is the measure of the support which, in happier circumstances, he might have gained from the non-Arab races, Kurdish and Christian, in the northern part of his kingdom. It

was in the management of these communities that he failed, and his last days were darkened by the realisation of the fact, for within a few weeks of his departure from this country all Europe was startled, and shocked, by the news of the cold-blooded massacre of many hundreds of Assyrians in Iraq during the first weeks of August. What actually occurred must remain obscure until an impartial inquiry has been opened on the spot by some neutral authority appointed by the League. The Assyrians themselves, in a statement despatched from Iraq before the massacre, claim that they were told by British officials on July 11 that if they were not satisfied with what the Iraqi Government was doing for them they would do well to leave Iraq. A thousand men under Malik Yaku decided to do so and entered Syria on July 30, in the belief that the French authorities would receive them. They were followed by a further large band. The Government of Iraq had not expected such a move and despatched troops to intercept further refugees; fighting followed on August 5, with a loss, according to the official Press bulletin, of twenty Arabs and ninety-five Assyrians. The Arabic Press declared that three Arab officers had been captured by the Assyrians and burned alive. It was a lie (they had met their death by the overturning of an armoured car), but it served to inflame racial passions which were fanned by a public parade of the dead and wounded Arab soldiers. Such Assyrian leaders as remained in Mosul were now deported. British advisers had already gone to Baghdad by order of the Arab Government, lest they should be tempted to intervene. American missionaries in the vicinity had been required to withdraw some time before panic supervened. The Assyrians desired only to leave Iraq for Syria. The Iraqi Government were determined to prevent them. In isolated villages Assyrian men, women, and children were murdered by Kurds, paid and armed by the Iraqi Government, and their poor belongings stolen. Some forty Assyrian villages were burned. Some Assyrians fled into Turkey, and were, it is said, shot down on arrival. But it was at the village of Semel that the climax was reached. From 350 to 400 disarmed men, women, and children were here murdered in cold blood on their enforced return from the Syrian frontier at Faish Khabur. In the words of a British eye-witness: 'I saw and heard many horrible things in the Great War, but what I saw in Semel is beyond human imagination.' To this testimony should be added that of an American resident in Mosul: 'Kurds and Arabs, on whom the Government is putting the blame for killing the Assyrians, have saved hundreds of women and children from the hands of the Iraqi army.' Against this must be cited the *communiqué* issued by the Iraqi Legation in London on August 18, which read as follows:

No massacre has taken place in any part of Iraq, and it is very well known that about 12,000 armed Assyrians crossed the Iraqi frontier to Syria without the Iraqi Government's knowledge, and, after a few days, forced their way back into Iraqi territory by killing frontier guards and causing loss of life. It is quite obvious that the Iraqi forces should deal with them, and the result was there were casualties on both sides. This does not mean massacre at all, but fighting between rebels and Government forces. No women, children, or disarmed men of the relatives of the rebels have suffered at all.

The only possible comment is that of the late M. Paul Cambon: 'The manners and customs of nations are independent of diplomatic conventions.'

We are told that the massacre was ordered by one Bekir Sidky Bey, who commanded the Iraqi forces in the Mosul area, and had himself ordered the shooting of twelve unarmed prisoners. King Feisal, who had kept to his bed during the trouble and declared his intention of leaving for Europe a few days later, promised an inquiry. His Cabinet retorted by giving the peccant commander immediate promotion to the rank of pasha and a public reception of unparalleled magnificence. In the circumstances we need not be surprised at the sequel, as reported by *The Times* Correspondent on September 15: 'King Feisal's departure for Europe this morning attracted very little attention. Members of the Cabinet saw him off, but there were not more than fifty people at the aerodrome.' The situation was, in fact, beyond the control of a sick man: he could but leave it to his Ministers to face, with the assistance of such counsel as they might be disposed to accept from the British Embassy, which, as the mouthpiece of the British Government (and for other reasons), cannot divest itself of responsibility for the tragedy. The Iraqi army is provided by His Majesty's Government with a British Military Mission. Their feelings may be imagined. I am assured that considerations of discipline and military law alone have prevented them from resigning as a body. Their protest is on record.

The history of modern Iraq, one of the succession States of the dismembered Turkish Empire, began with the occupation of Basrah by the armed forces of the British Crown in November 1914. Its birth was foreshadowed on January 8, 1918, by the twelfth of President Wilson's fourteen points, declaring that 'the nationalities now under Turkish rule should be assured of an undoubted security of life, and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development.' Great Britain and France undertook to give effect to this stipulation when, on November 30, 1918, they declared that 'the end which France and Great Britain have in view . . . is the complete and definite liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establish-

ment of national Governments and Administrations drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of indigenous populations.

The 'peoples' and 'nationalities' concerned in Iraq included 2,000,000 Arabs (of whom the majority were Shiahs), 500,000 Kurds, 80,000 Jews, 60,000 Christians (of whom 40,000 were of Assyrian nationality), 38,000 Turks, and 26,000 Yazidis. The Jews, the Turks, and Chaldean Christians have little sense of nationality; they live, as separate communities, amongst the Arab population. The case of the Kurds and Assyrians is very different. They are hillmen, as different in race from the Arabs of the plain as Scotch Highlanders from Greeks. They speak tongues which are wholly unrelated to Arabic. In appearance, in habit, by temperament, and by race they more nearly resemble 'Nordic' Europeans than Arabs. They have been repeatedly promised autonomous institutions consistent with the declarations already quoted. The unratified Treaty of Sèvres made specific provision (Articles 62-64) for local autonomy for predominantly Kurdish areas, with full safeguards for the protection of Assyro-Chaldeans, both in Turkey and in what is now Iraq, and the fullest publicity was given to these proposals.

During 1919–1920 a scheme for settling the Assyrians as a national unit in lands, then vacant, in the northern and north-eastern boundaries of Iraq was prepared. Only the sanction of the British Government was needed. It was not forthcoming, 'pending the conclusion of peace with Turkey.' The opportunity did not recur. Peace tarried, and the British Government proceeded to organise Iraq as a unitary State under an Arab king, the problem of Kurdistan and the Assyrians being put aside for subsequent settlement. For some years Kurdistan gave little trouble; it was administered, not by Arab officials, but by British political officers. The Arab Government was kept in the background, and few Kurds seriously believed that the day would come when they would be placed beneath the heel of the despised and hated Arab, nor could the Christians be made to believe it.

The 25,000 Assyrians who in 1918 reached the British refugee camp at Baquba from Turkey and Persia were driven out of their homes by the Turks as a direct consequence of the attempt made by the Russians and by the British military authorities (under the instructions of the Eastern Committee of the War Cabinet) to make use of them against their Turkish lords. The proposal did not originate in and was not approved by local political officials, who in Mesopotamia had studiously avoided using the local Arab population against the Turks. It resulted in the creation of another minority problem which need never have arisen. It served to harden the heart of the Turks and to strengthen their

resolve to eliminate, once and for all, all non-Turkish minorities within their boundaries by a renewal of those methods of massacre, torture, and starvation by which, as recently as 1920, the Turks proclaimed themselves anew as the most savage of living races. The enlistment of Armenians and Lebanese Christians by the French authorities in Syria had somewhat similar results, but it seems destined to bring about in the near future an effective and desirable equilibrium between the Christian and Muslim communities in French mandated territory.

Having once embarked on this policy of *Divide et impera*,[1] 'that cunning old motto,' as Bacon calls it, we found it difficult to abandon. The Assyrians are good fighting men: from 1919 onwards they performed invaluable service first with the British Army, which they saved from utter disaster in 1920,[2] and later as an integral part of the defence forces of Iraq under selected British officers controlled by the High Commissioner. They gave their services freely, not to the Arab, but to the British Government, in the hope that a measure of justice would some day be vouchsafed to them. We had used them so freely against Turks, Arabs, and Kurds alike that it is not a matter of surprise that the Turkish and Iraqi Governments have shown little inclination to co-operate in settling them as a homogeneous unit. The outbreak of Assyrian levies at Kirkuk in 1920, when several harmless shopkeepers were murdered, has not been forgotten, and the memory still rankles.

Between 1919 and 1923 a large number of Assyrians with official approval and assistance returned to the ancestral valleys in the Hakkiari district, the sovereignty of which was under discussion at Geneva between Turkey and Great Britain, which claimed it for Iraq. In June 1924 the Turkish Vali of Hakkiari attempted to enter the area on an official tour, but was ambushed by the Tkhuma clan and taken prisoner. An attempt to enter the area from the west was more successful, in spite of British resistance, and in September Turkish forces reached the 'no-man's land,' where the Assyrians had settled, and burnt and plundered their villages, with the result that about 8000 of them fled southward into Anglo-Iraqi occupied territory and arrived as refugees at Amadiyeh.

Thus was undone the work accomplished three years earlier, for the result of the League inquiry, held the following year, was to allot to Turkey the greater part of the territory the Assyrians had been inhabiting. The decision of the League Council, in

[1] Our strategic aerodromes in Iraq are being guarded by Assyrian levies, for the simple reason that the Royal Air Force well know that they cannot trust the Iraqi army to do so, and British troops would cost too much money.

[2] See my *Mesopotamia: A Clash of Loyalties*, 1929, p. 291; Sir A. Haldane, *The Insurrection in Mesopotamia*, 1922, p. 247.

the words of Mr. Amery, 'falsified the assumptions on which previous attempts to solve the problem had been based, and made it necessary to examine the whole problem *de novo*.' The League Commission appears to have assumed that the Assyrians would sooner or later find their way back to their homes in the Hakkiari country, even though it was included in Turkish territory, and it made recommendations for their protection; but what actually happened was that Turkey flatly refused to allow them to return—in fact, the deportations carried out by the Turks in the frontier districts with ruthless severity in the autumn of 1925 effectually extinguished any immediate prospect of the Assyrians returning to live under Turkish rule, and later on the Iraqi Government was informed, in June 1928, that any Assyrians attempting to enter Turkey would be arrested and punished.

The Assyrian problem, as it now exists, is thus largely of our own creation, and a solution has been made more difficult by our own action, or rather inaction. It was our duty to settle the Assyrians before we gave up the mandate. Our efforts were half-hearted and had no result. The Iraqi Government could scarcely have done worse, but their folly is the result of our spinelessness. We have been far too sensitive to the partisan views expressed by local politicians. As the official report states:

The cry that the land of Iraqis was being taken from them and given to aliens came easily to the lips of political agitators, and in the interests of the Assyrians no handle must be given to agitation of this kind. At the same time the Assyrians themselves required careful handling if they were to be prevented from themselves arousing the prejudices that it was essential to allay.

We must now examine briefly the steps taken by the League of Nations in regard to the minorities question. The Commission appointed in 1924 by the League to recommend a frontier between Turkey and Iraq was a very strong and exceedingly competent body. It found the northern part of Iraq, which was in dispute, to be predominantly Kurdish. The Commissioners declared that but for the British Mandate, the maintenance of which was earnestly desired, the majority of the population would prefer Turkish to Arab rule. They decided against including in Iraq the former home lands of the Assyrians, on the strange ground that the British Government had never raised the question in earlier negotiations, nor in the Treaty of Lausanne:

Since the Assyrian question was the principal argument advanced by the British Government, in support of its claim to a frontier embracing a portion of the Vilayet of Hakkiari, the Commission considers that the British Government's claim to this frontier is not justified.

Thus in four lines the Commission rejected the claims of the Assyrians. The reasons given reflect little credit on us, but are

entirely irrelevant to the merits of the case. The Commission proceeded to award the whole of the territory claimed by Great Britain (except the Assyrian lands) to Iraq, subject to the conditions (1) that 'the territory must remain under the effective mandate of the League for a period which may be put at twenty-five years'; (2) Kurdish officials to be appointed in Kurdish territory. They added that if these conditions were not fulfilled the majority of the people would prefer Turkish to Arab sovereignty. They recommended the appointment of a League representative to reside in the northern part of Iraq, and they urged that the Assyrians should be given, like the Kurds, a certain local autonomy with the right to appoint their own officials and to pay tribute through the agency of their Patriarch Mar Shimun. Stringent minority provisions would be necessary, but would be a dead letter in the absence of effective supervision on the spot.

Having secured a favourable award by the Council of the League of Nations free of any such conditions except an invitation to be guided by the 'suggestions' of the Commission of Inquiry 'for the appeasement and protection of all elements of the population,' the British Government proceeded to negotiate for the termination of the Mandate. In February 1929 Sir G. Clayton was instructed 'to tell the Iraqi Government, without proviso or qualification, that His Majesty's Government would be prepared to support the candidature of Iraq for admission to the League,' and in November 1929 Lord Passfield issued a memorandum in which emphasis was laid on the excellent effect on the political atmosphere in Baghdad of this unqualified readiness to abandon all responsibility. The Mandates Commission of the League, and especially its very able *rapporteur*, M. Pierre Orts, were less optimistic. In reporting on the application of Iraq for admission to the League they observed that their information on the subject was derived solely from British sources. They placed on record a pronouncement by Sir F. Humphrys which had seemed to them of great significance:

> H.M.'s Government fully realizes its responsibility in recommending that Iraq should be admitted to the League, which is, in its view, the only legal way of terminating the Mandate. Should Iraq prove herself unworthy of the confidence which has been placed in her, the moral responsibility must rest with H.M.'s Government.

'But for this declaration,' observed the Commission sarcastically, 'we should have been unable to contemplate the termination of a *régime* which appeared some years ago necessary in the interests of all sections of the community.' Sir Francis Humphrys assured them that 'in his thirty years' experience of Mohammedan countries he had never found such tolerance of other races and religions

as in Iraq.' He did not, however, add that his official experienc was limited to the North-West Frontier of India and Afghanista —than which no part of the world is more fanatical, and wher an indigenous Christian community does not exist.

In describing to the Mandates Commission the trend of even in Kurdistan Sir F. Humphrys was very optimistic. He had tol them to abandon all idea of Kurdish independence, to face th facts and make the best of things as they were. As to Kurdis officials, Arabs who knew Kurdish might be better than Kurd Efficiency and honesty rather than race should be the test. H found everywhere a genuine desire for peace, and believed tha events augured well for future relations between Arabs and Kurd in Iraq. This was in June 1931. The Permanent Mandate Commission finally decided with obvious reluctance to recommen Iraq for admission, subject to proper safeguards, on paper, fo minorities. These safeguards, whittled down to a bare minimu on the ground that Iraqi national pride would tolerate no provi sions not already to be found in European minority treaties, wer duly approved.

The actual course of events during the next few month entirely falsified the assurances given to the Commission. At th very moment when Sir F. Humphrys was being examined a Geneva the Iraqi Government were seeking means to establis their authority by force of arms in certain Kurdish areas, whi the British were still at hand to support and assist the Iraq army. There was no time to lose, and no difficulty in picking quarrel with the chiefs concerned. One Shaikh Ahmad of Barzan, an old offender, was attacked in July 1931 by another chief an robbed of sheep, mules, women and children. He petitioned th Iraqi Government for redress, but in vain; he then took the la into his own hands and retaliated with effect, doing more damag than he had ever suffered. The Iraqi Government then decide to suppress him for ever. The time selected was midwinte when it is difficult for tribesmen to resist air attack for an length of time. The Iraqi army first began operations, but faile and was extricated by the Royal Air Force, which bombe Barzan village. Shaikh Ahmad, whose attitude throughout wa that of the injured party, desired only to appease the Governmen and retain the autonomy so dear to him and to all tribesmen. All prisoners and captured war material having been restored, th incident might well have ended. But the Iraqi Governmen were little disposed to make peace. The time was coming whe they would no longer be able to count on British moral an physical support. They prepared for a fresh war in the spring, relying always on the Royal Air Force for help if need shoul arise. Roads were made, troops mobilised, and warning proclama

tions dropped by our aeroplanes, of which the following is a specimen:

To Shaikh Ahmad of Barzan and his followers

As you have ignored previous orders and proclamations . . . it is hereby notified that offensive action from the air will be intensified. You, your villages and flocks will be attacked with machine-gun fire and bombs, some of which may not explode at once, but only after some hours. You are advised to remove your women and children to a place of safety. Then operations will continue until all opposition has ceased and your leaders [named] have made submission.

Take heed. Government is too strong for you, and further resistance is hopeless. Why should there be more bloodshed?

Shaikh Ahmad was in due course defeated and captured,[2] but not until some scores of tons of high-explosive shells had been dropped on his villages and flocks. A few months later a distinguished correspondent of *The Times* bore witness, in a special article, to this manifestation of the spreading and uniform pattern of civilization in Iraq, adding complacently that nearly 100 Kurds who fled across the frontier to escape the civilising influences of the Iraqi army and the British Air Force had been hanged without ceremony by the Turks, in pursuance of sentences previously passed for crimes committed when the country was in their hands some eighteen years earlier. That the Turks should be allowed to do to death by slow strangulation, as is their way, nearly 100 men from an area over which Great Britain held a mandate, without, as far as we know, any protest, was a shameful event. It had the effect of convincing the Kurds at long last that, however desirous individual British advisers may be of securing justice for them, nothing is to be hoped from the British Embassy at Baghdad. There has been no trouble with the Kurds since, but beneath the surface is deep discontent. The Kurds are implacably hostile to the present *régime*, and there are other elements which will not be slow to take advantage of divided counsels at Baghdad.

Two questions require immediate attention both of the League of Nations and of the British Government. The first is the future of the Assyrian community. They have not been fairly treated, the crimes of which they have been victims are the consequence of their dispersion. They are difficult to manage, obstinate, rightly proud of their race, naturally suspicious of schemes for their benefit devised by men who see them through Arab eyes. They have not been well led; their leaders have not been well managed by British advisers, and have now been deported, in defiance of the Fundamental Laws and League guarantees, to

[2] It is said that he was released and sent back to Barzan, and his followers rearmed, shortly before the Assyrian massacre.

Cyrus. Thousands of destitute women and children, who have seen their menfolk murdered in cold blood, are in refugee camps. Nothing is being done to re-establish them, and seed time is near. It is hard to serve two clients with divergent ambitions, and Lord Hugh Cecil's observation that British officials and their informants are commonly rather biassed on the side of the Muslim governors and against the governed Christians is not without an element of truth. The merits of the Iraqi Government have, as he says, been overrated; the distress and grievances of the Assyrians underrated.[4] In this matter we can learn something from French officials in Syria, and it is to Syria that the Assyrians have, since 1931, looked for a home. They have seen the Armenians successfully settled there and assimilated. They have seen a just balance struck between Arab and non-Arab races and something like an equilibrium reached. One circumstance only makes the Assyrians view the prospect of a settlement in Syria with misgiving. They fear, as do their leaders, that the ultimate result might be the transference of their spiritual allegiance to Rome. That is an ancestral feeling which we in this country, and especially the Free Churches, should be able to understand.

They have lost faith in the League of Nations, for almost every specific safeguard suggested to that body by its own Commissioners since 1924 for their protection has been rejected or reduced to a pious phrase. The Council of the League did not endorse the proposal for a Resident League Commissioner, did not insist on the conclusion of a satisfactory land settlement, did not even send a Commission to make inquiries on the spot before terminating the Mandate. The League has done nothing since the massacres occurred except to circulate *ex parte* statements to all concerned; it can do nothing until the Council meets again. There is no precedent for a League inquiry into the troubles of a minority in a sovereign State, and none could be held unless the whole Council agree. The precedent might be most inconvenient to many countries. Great Britain, as the ally of Iraq, can scarcely take the lead. Who else will do so? The aggressors have three months' start.

Meanwhile, the Assyrians are being described as in 'rebellion,' and we are solemnly warned, in a highly inspired message from Baghdad, that

> the present temper of Iraqi nationalism is such that any attempt to apportion blame or impose punishment might have the most undesirable repercussions in this country, much more serious than the troubles gone before . . . There is a great difference between European and Asiatic standards of the valuation of human life. Iraq's standard, like those

[4] The present troubles were not unexpected, and grave warnings were sent home by responsible authorities as recently as August 1932.

of her neighbours, has been evolved by centuries of misrule and oppression. . . .

Iraq, in other words, is proving an apt pupil, *in petto*, of Japan. In the circumstances it is not surprising that the Assyrians should look to the French in Syria for help and a future rather than to the palsied hands of League officials.

The second question at issue relates to the settlement of the Kurdish claim for some degree of local autonomy in their affairs. In their case, as in that of the Assyrians, it can, in the words of Mr. W. H. Stoker, K.C. (who, as counsel for the Arabs at the inquiry which followed the disturbances in Palestine of 1929, speaks with some practical experience), scarcely be urged too emphatically that the inclusion of both Assyrians and Kurds in the new kingdom of Iraq has merely an artificial basis, of quite recent creation, fraught with probabilities of clashes and inconsistent with the Covenant, which expressly recognized their right to recognition as independent nations, and therefore not to be grafted on races and communities alien to them.

They are a homogeneous community, racially poles apart from their neighbours; a resident League Commissioner might secure from them what a British High Commission and a British Embassy have failed altogether to secure. If their national instincts cannot be met in some way they will remain an obstacle to the homogeneity of the Iraq kingdom.

We, on our part, have given hostages to fortune in Iraq on a scale without parallel in the East. European investment (by American, French, Dutch and British interests in equal proportions) in the Iraq Petroleum Company must amount by now to over £10,000,000, and is increasing. Another British oil company, with the strongest official Italian and German support, contemplates great developments, in each case in the northern area, which is most likely to be affected by racial troubles. The financial stability of the Iraqi Government depends upon the royalties received from these companies, which, in their turn, depend for their existence on the maintenance in these regions of a stable government. Baghdad and Basrah are to the air communications of the British Empire in the East what the Suez Canal is to our sea-borne trade with Asia. We thus have a stake in the country greater, in proportion to the population, than in any other foreign country, except, perhaps, Argentina.

The last Socialist Government paid, it is to be feared, little heed to these facts when it made, as in India, the gesture which, by an unconditional promise to Iraq of admission to the League, entailed the ineluctable consequences which Professor Gilbert Murray and Lord Hugh Cecil, in harmony with myself, lament. To make pledges in haste and to cry over them at leisure has

become a habit with us, as also the habit of 'leaving it to Geneva,' to get us out of the trouble we have brought on ourselves by our own infirmity of purpose. May we not echo, as we listen to the impeccable oratory of successive Foreign Secretaries, the words of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe?

> Oh! for one glance from Chatham's eye
> To make our vile mis-givings fly
> Oh! for one cheer like that which broke
> From English hearts when Canning spoke

The rising tide of nationalism in Baghdad cannot be checked; it must take its course, the dissident Christian minorities being, as were the Greeks of Asiatic Turkey, transplanted to less hostile soil. We need fear no breakdown of government in Baghdad. King Ghazi will, for many years to come, perforce rely on his advisers, one of whom, Yasin Pasha, is a man of great ability, who can command the support of the Iraqi army and of the nationalistically minded public. The Assyrians once transferred, no one is more likely than he to meet the Kurds half-way.

With the death of King Feisal the movement towards westernisation, of which he was the exponent, will be overborne by the militant creed of self-sufficiency which inspires the rulers of Persia and Turkey. It need cause us no alarm, for Iraq depends on oil royalties for stability and will not permit its revenues, actual and potential, to be jeopardised. The 'national' movement which we and the Allies started in 1918 must now follow, with ever-increasing momentum, the course on which it has been launched. Kings who abdicate may be wise or foolish, but there can be no question of the folly of a king who, having abdicated, seeks to resume the sceptre. In Asia, as elsewhere, there are narrow limits to interracial and international action. The emotions that are evoked are a part of human nature, a product of untold ages in the past and of environment not easily altered. But the position in which the British Government has placed itself to-day in Iraq is as intolerable as it is unparalleled. British advisers, whose advice is not asked, a British Military Mission, forced to be silent spectators of foul deeds, four squadrons of the British Air Force, whose intervention has been confined, of recent months, to dropping leaflets on Assyrians telling them to surrender. They did so, and were massacred a day or two later in cold blood. We are assured that calm reigns in Iraq, and that the League of Nations would do well to defer discussion of the problem till November. Meanwhile, let us talk of Disarmament and International Co-operation.

A. T. WILSON.

INDIA: THE TRANSIT

THE bridge by which India has to cross over to the promised land of self-government is now in sight. As the approaches become more visible many Englishmen, especially among the Conservative Party, are assailed by doubts and misgivings. Their anxiety is perfectly natural. India is a gigantic subject even for those who know it best and have studied it longest; for those who have no actual experience to draw on, and whose attention has not been centred on it before, it is altogether too big and too thorny to be grasped in a few weeks of even concentrated study. And fairly comprehensive knowledge of its history, its religions, and its heterogeneous composition is essential to the formation of a sound judgment on the complicated problem of its constitutional future. The Conservative Party, as a body, have until lately been content to follow Mr. Baldwin's lead in this matter, but, now that the bridge is emerging clearly on the horizon and the moment of transit is impending, a considerable section of the party is torn with doubts as to whether the line of approach selected by the National Government is the safest and best.

This paper is written, not with any idea of either upholding or criticising the provisions of the India White Paper, either in principle or in detail—for that document is still *sub judice*—but rather in the hope of helping to create a suitable atmosphere for its just and impartial consideration, when in due course it reaches the stage of open discussion. For if in the preceding paragraph the *malaise* of the doubters has been correctly diagnosed, the opposition that has been expressed is not directed against the objective of the forward march, but only on the means and manner of reaching that objective. It is evident from the speeches of their leaders that both Federation for All-India and autonomy in the Provinces are accepted in principle. One of their protagonists has said that India is not ready for Federation, and that this part of the programme ought to be postponed until the provincial units have been established and have proved themselves both loyal to the Crown and capable of efficient administration. The speaker of these words does not condemn Federation in itself, nor Provincial Autonomy in itself, but he deprecates their being allowed

to appear on the scene in company. Yet he must be too well informed to imagine for a moment that the White Paper contemplates the simultaneous introduction of Provincial Autonomy and Federation, though that appears to be a quite common delusion, to my knowledge, among some Conservatives.

That it is a delusion is clear from the contents of the White Paper itself. The Government frankly anticipates an interval between the two. This is not only foreshadowed, but is actually provided for, though perhaps rather sketchily, in Part VIII. of the Proposals—'Transitory Provisions.' In fact, the White Paper definitely places only the former on this side of the bridge, while Federation and central control are well on the other side, and no one yet can say how remote from the further bridge-head. For Federation is in the hands of the Princes themselves; they are masters of their own fate in this respect, if the conditions of the White Paper are observed. They have only to maintain in opposition to the federal idea as many of their own Order as would be entitled to a simple majority of the seats which are to be allotted to representatives of States in the Upper Federal Chamber.

To most men the idea of a united India rather than an India split into two scarcely reconcilable and possibly hostile sections is so desirable, so well calculated to ease the difficulties and conflicts of aims that must in greater or less degree ensue, so necessary in the interests of peace, so conducive to the smooth maintenance of the just rights of either party in the future development of the country, so advantageous to the interests of the continent as a whole, that it is scarcely possible to conceive any Englishman or any patriotic Indian, apart from personal or local motives, setting his face deliberately against it. Still, if that should not be the view of the Chiefs who command a majority of seats on the Princes' side of the Upper Federal Chamber, Federation will be delayed until the situation alters. If, as a body, they adhere to an attitude of disapproval permanently, the federal idea, to the infinite regret of those who desire to see India a united nation, will in course of time no doubt wither away. But the idea seems to be enjoying a healthy existence at present and may be safely trusted to retain its vitality for at least a decade or two.

In a recent article in this Review[1] I cited a number of reasons for the belief that, quite apart from the considerations just mentioned, and even if Chiefs in sufficient numbers are found to endorse the principle, still the actual establishment of Federation would be a long and laborious process. For instance, the allotment of seats to States, the exploration of the possibility of a confederation among the Princes, the solution of complicated questions of financial adjustment and of innumerable points of

[1] 'India—the Longer View,' May 1933.

detail in the preparation of the individual Instruments of Accession, and, lastly, a host of border-line problems that may and almost certainly will arise between two States, or between a State and a Province, each and all of these are bound to be the occasion of protracted negotiations. Let us not forget that the Davidson Committee mentioned in their Report that the course of history during the last 150 years had brought into existence an intricate network of relationships between the States and British India, the unravelling and readjustment of which must be accomplished before any advance could be made. And let us bear in mind, also, that it is just in connexion with such matters that the Chiefs are likely to be most jealous of their established privileges. The *quid pro quo* for any permanent surrender of their authority will need to be of a substantial nature. It has been suggested that undue pressure has been brought to bear on the Princes in order to induce them to accept Federation, but this idea is fantastic. In a matter of such vital importance the Chiefs are not likely to move rapidly, nor, when they do decide to move, to act otherwise than in accordance with their own convictions and their own interests.

It would seem that the opponents of the White Paper would either omit from the scheme all mention of Federation or would make it dependent on certain definite conditions. But it is difficult to see what advantage would be gained by the former course. The White Paper is the first rough sketch that has been produced of the whole picture, and Federation is the fairest and most promising feature of it. Why black it out? Why deliberately, unilaterally, and against the advice, expressed on three successive occasions, of the representatives of both Indian India and British India, undo the work of the Round Table Conferences? Whether Federation will ever develop into substantial form is a question which is beyond the wit of man to say; but it remains true that, if All-India can achieve Federation, it will be the best guarantee of unity and peace for the country. Too many people seem to be under the impression that as soon as the Bill, which after discussion and modification in Parliament will doubtless embody in the main the considered proposals of the Joint Select Committee, becomes law, the whole scheme will become operative at once, and all the provisions of the White Paper, including Federation and the transfer of control at the centre, will take effective shape then and there. They appear to overlook the fact that there will certainly be an interval and that the White Paper recognises this fact.

If the opposition desire that Federation should be mentioned incidentally, it is difficult to see how this could be done with less insistence on detail than they will find in the pages of the White

Paper. They can scarcely desire to include in the present leg
tion precise conditions as to the method by which tests
qualification for the conduct of a local or a federal administra
shall be imposed on provincial or federal Governments in
future. In what manner could such tests be applied?
many years already Indians have proved themselves to
competent magistrates, commissioners and judges. They
sent to Versailles their signatories to the Peace Treaty;
have sent to Geneva and to Canada representatives skille
trade and commerce; they have produced financiers of ab
There is danger in prolonging unduly the processes of instruc
and examination, which have now lasted for a century alre
Motives are apt to be impugned and to be construed into f
excuses for procrastination. A great many of their leading
have now realised the strength which a country derives fro
independent judiciary and an impartial Executive, and it is
to trust them to carry on, subject to safeguards and a tempo
control. If autonomy is accepted for the Provinces, it is us
to try to make it experimental under more drastic condition
interference. If it is granted that the time has come to ma
beginning with Provincial Autonomy, and if, further, Federa
is admitted as a fair and proper objective, the rest, except
certain matters of provincial importance, which should
regulated by the Governor, seems to follow; for when once
unit begins to exercise the rights of self-government the ques
of the date of its entry into a wider federal sphere cannot be m
to depend on tests, either administrative or other. The ch
seems to lie between granting Provincial Autonomy genero
or a continuance in some form, and perhaps for a long per
of the very unsatisfactory and universally condemned syste
dyarchy, duly watered down.

Of course it may be admitted at once that the kernel of
whole matter lies in the duration of the interval. There are
words in the White Paper which give the impression that
period will be short. India is extremely anxious to obtain
power to manage her own affairs. England promised in 191
give her this boon, expressly stating that it would be by succes
stages and not committing herself to any conditions of dat
length of time; she is determined, sooner or later, to fulfil
promise. An interval, whether it be long or short, is comple
within the terms of her promise—in fact, she claimed to be
judge of the time and measure of each advance. But, seeing
impatience of the Indian leaders and her own sincere desire
implement her pledge fully, there is a not unnatural desire
waste no time and a consequent tendency to minimise possi
even though unavoidable, delays. This is perhaps the expla

tion of the clause in question. 'Provision will be required in the Constitution Act,' says the White Paper, 'for the period, *however short it may be*, by which Provincial Autonomy may precede the complete establishment of Federation.'

In an earlier passage it is stated that the coming into being of the autonomous Provinces will only be the first step towards the complete Federation for which the Constitution Act will provide, and that if causes beyond the control of His Majesty's Government should place obstacles in the way of this programme they will take steps to review the whole position in consultation with Indian opinion. The obstacles here referred to may be taken to mean just those which have been alluded to earlier—namely, delays arising from the prolonged disinclination of the Princes to accede in sufficient numbers to the federal idea, they can scarcely be read to imply the transfer of control at the centre to British India prematurely, for that would finally and irrevocably ruin all prospect of Federation. It is in the power of the Chiefs, as has been said, to make Federation impracticable by refusing ultimately to join in the scheme, but they must be allowed ample time, first, to make up their minds, and, secondly, to organise their plans, after they have arrived at a decision favourable to the scheme. Ministers have repeatedly declared that control at the centre and Federation go together. These two questions are not in issue at present, except in so far as they form a feature of the ultimate constitutional future. The Simon Commission, in their marvellously comprehensive survey of the Indian problem, stated their belief, already generally accepted, that the essential unity of Greater India would one day be expressed in some form of federal association, but they thought at that time that the solution would be slow and could not be rashly pressed. Its evolution has since been greatly accelerated by the proceedings of the Round Table Conferences. The idea has not only materialised, it has even taken a definite place in the final scheme, but that does not mean that it can be evolved into a real existence without further infinite pains and laborious examination and settlement of detail.

The interval, then, between Provincial Autonomy and Federation is not likely to be of short duration. There is, unfortunately, a serious probability of delay even before the nearer bridge-head is reached. Some competent observers had for some time suspected that the question of funds for the Provinces might prove a serious obstacle, though up-to-date figures were not available to test the point. Early in July, however, the Secretary of State for India disclosed the position, stating quite frankly the admittedly inconvenient facts. It appears that something like £6,0000,000 will be required to start the new system in the Provinces, to extinguish their deficits and to set them up

on a self-supporting basis. Sir Samuel Hoare was of opinion that the wisest course was to go on making the plans for constitutional advance, but frankly to admit that, unless world conditions improved, the programme might have to be readjusted, as fresh taxation to that extent was not to be thought of, and the funds for the initiation of autonomy in the Provinces simply did not exist at the moment. Obviously no statesman could contemplate launching the Provinces on their new careers with bankrupt treasuries. This predicament is greatly to be regretted. For since the evolution of the federal idea during the period of waiting for the accrual of resources for the Provinces will doubtless continue without interruption or delay, it will have the effect of shortening the very valuable interval between the commencement of Provincial Autonomy and the establishment of Federation. On the other hand, there is also a financial obstacle, but of less formidable proportions, in the finding of sufficient funds for the Federal centre. The latter is not a matter of immediate urgency and much less regrettable than the shortage of funds for the Provinces, since there is good reason to hope that, long before it becomes critical, world conditions will have improved. In any case, the problems still surrounding Federation are so numerous and so intricate that it is yet quite conceivable that, in spite of the delay involved by the present financial crisis, the question which will vex future British Cabinets is less likely to concern the maintenance of control at the centre than its relinquishment in a reasonable length of time.

In proposing the transfer of complete responsibility in the Provinces the Simon Commission recommended the largest step in advance that has yet been taken since 1919. The administration by Indians themselves of all matters of provincial concern over areas ranging in size from the dimensions of Bulgaria to those of Norway and Sweden combined should occupy all their time and energies for many years. The shouldering of their new duties, the care and preservation of the machinery of government, the feeling of responsibility for its efficient functioning, the desire to make a success of the great experiment, and the introduction of new measures conceived in their own interests and with the wider interests of the Empire should compel their absorption in the politics of the Provinces. Once this great change takes place we are likely to hear much less of the question of control at the centre, especially as it is certain that the centre will include Indians of weight and ripe experience. It is both reasonable and desirable—and, I think, probable—that a step forward of such magnitude should be the preliminary to a halt of considerable duration before the next step is taken. And this interval should be of value not only in proceeding with the preparations for the

establishment of Federation, but in observing the working of the various Provinces and of the proposed safeguards, including the new responsibilities which will rest on the shoulders of Governors of Provinces.

There was only one point in which the Simon Commission advised any departure from the principle of making the transfer of responsibility in the Provinces absolutely complete, and that departure was of an optional and partial character. They proposed that, as an exception to the general rule of an Executive Council drawn from the elected members of the Legislature, the Governor should have power, *at any rate in some provinces*, to appoint an official, either British or Indian, as Minister in charge of Law and Order. The question of law and order is a very thorny one, and it is obvious that it gave the Simon Commission much searching of heart. The White Paper does not incorporate the exception they proposed. It is not surprising that, in respect of a country where racial feeling is apt to run so high, where friction is so facile amongst a jostling population of strong religious antipathies, where in the past organised crime has flourished and whole tribes have drawn their entire means of existence from skilful thieving and pilfering, where, last but not least, acts of terrorism are still prevalent, many politicians see very serious risk in parting with direct control over the ordinary processes of law and order. The arguments on either side are extraordinarily evenly balanced: on one side the danger of deterioration of the police forces, the existence of a terrorist organisation, the possibility that mobs, especially in riots of a communal origin, may get out of control; and the possible recrudescence of crime on a wide scale and the gradual spread of anarchy; on the other, the obvious injury to provincial responsibility if the hands of the Executive are tied in one of the most important functions on which they can be employed, and the fact that this impediment to freedom of action is bound to become the target for every attack of hatred and spite by the ill-disposed and to render the task of the Governor much more onerous and exacting than it would otherwise be.

There are three points in this connexion that may be recalled—first, that the Simon Report mentions that cases have already occurred in more than one Province where the department of Law and Order has already been administered by an Indian member of the Executive Council who was not a member of the Civil Service; secondly, that for a long time to come the holders of this portfolio will have at their disposal the services of British officers of high position and long experience, who will use all their power against any weakening of discipline in the force; and, lastly, that in cases of communal disturbances it is the experience of most British administrators in India that the leaders of either commu-

nity are generally as anxious as themselves to preserve peace and control disorder among the mob of their respective followers. So far as this subject goes, the cry 'Back to the Simon Report' has little meaning. The Simon Commission advised the transfer of complete responsibility including Law and Order, subject in the case of this department to a local exception here and there. It is difficult to see how the proposals of the Simon Commission would materially assist those who stand for British control of the police in all Provinces. Lord Lloyd's objection to the measure is based, it seems, on another ground. He recognises that, in the main, the transfer of Law and Order is necessary, but he deprecates the simultaneous devolution of power at the centre. But if the White Paper means anything, it means that devolution of full power at the centre and the grant of Provincial Autonomy will not be simultaneous.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that, even in this point of acute difference, there may be a misunderstanding of purposes and effects. The forward movement is really a part of the accepted programme in the view of all parties. On this particular item of the advance I expressed some opinions of my own in an earlier article, and they were not those either of the Simon Commission or of the White Paper. But they were based on a full consideration of the evenly balanced arguments on either side of the whole question, on the feeling that the population of any Province to whom this boon of confidence is granted should first show their hatred of terrorism and a transparent determination to assist in its extirpation, and lastly on the practical test the suggestion would afford of the merits or demerits of either plan. Further reflection has inclined me to lean more, not less, toward the proposal of the Simon Commission and to make the Provinces where full responsibility for the police administration is given rather the case than the exception. But, when all is said and done, there does not seem to be enough material here for a wholesale opposition to the White Paper.

Some of the leading speakers among the Conservative malcontents have declared themselves opposed to any extension of Western electioneering systems in British India. It is not clear what method of franchise they would substitute. At first sight their argument would seem reasonable enough. In a country where only 8 per cent. of the population are literate, where for this and other reasons the electorate had at first to be limited to 3 per cent. of the people or 14 per cent. of the adult males, the conditions for a democratic franchise of the ordinary type scarcely seem to exist. But this line of argument would carry us far beyond the particular issue of the franchise; it would apply to the whole system of Councils and Legislative Assemblies; and

that would take us back, some would say to 1824, when Sir Thomas Munro first wrote of the self-government of India by Indians; some would say to 1835, when Lord Macaulay penned his famous Minute on Education; and some would say to 1861, when the first India Councils Act was passed; and in any case no one would say later than the end of the nineteenth century, when first the elective system was employed for the filling of municipal committees. We have given British India the aspiration for democracy and the means of studying it in our own history and through our own literature, and she has not been slow to learn the lesson. It is now too late to try and force upon that half of India any system which is in its main features undemocratic.

That is not to say that there remain no grounds for discussion as to the nature of the franchise. For instance, a strong committee of Englishmen with long and recent experience of India sat in 1930 under the auspices of the Royal Empire Society and recommended a system of group election for India, similar to that which has been adopted and is said to be working satisfactorily, as the Report of the Lothian Committee admits, in Egypt, Turkey, Iraq, and Syria to-day. It was rejected by the Lothian Committee for reasons which do not appear convincing, while on the other hand it possesses points which are unquestionably well adapted to the conditions that prevail in British India. It seems to open the door to the solution of many problems, for it should be economical, if properly organised, and would thereby make extensions of the franchise in later generations more feasible; and, since it would obviate the necessity of long, troublesome journeys for millions of villagers, it would probably secure a truer reflection in the provincial Legislatures of that mass of individuals, the agriculturists, who are the real India. This group system was mentioned in the earlier article cited, and is only referred to again now as an example of the suggestions which might be offered by those who wished to offer helpful and not destructive criticism of the White Paper. It is the attitude of utter condemnation which is to be regretted. Mr. Winston Churchill would have had a better opportunity of making use of his talents of persuasion during several months on the Joint Select Committee than he will have in employing his great gifts of eloquence and lucid argument in two or three speeches in Parliament when the Bill comes to be debated. The unfortunate impression has been created that the party section of which he is a leading member stands for rejection of the White Paper *in toto*. Whereas, if there is any substance in the preceding pages, the real difference of opinion between that section and the rest of the party is far less extensive than public opinion, both in England and in India,

imagines. Both sections favour the institution of Provincial Autonomy without unnecessary delay; both accept Federation—only one would exclude it temporarily from the picture, a difference of view which seems to be based largely on a mistaken idea of its proximity. There remain the questions of transfer of the police and of the elective system. The latter is certainly not of sufficient importance to justify a break in the ranks of the Conservative Party; for whatever we may do in order to start British India on her new career with a more appropriate franchise scheme, she will in the long run inevitably evolve for herself the system which she believes to be the most suitable for Indian conditions. The former provides fine ground for debate, not for refusal of co-operation.

If it is true—and the assertion is based not only on the White Paper itself, but on the statements of Ministers—that the proposal is that full control is not to be relinquished till Federation is established, and if the widespread belief to the contrary is due to misapprehension, are there really adequate grounds for the agitation which is at present visible in the ranks of the Conservative Party? And is it not in itself creating an avoidable revulsion of feeling in India? Is it not playing into the hands of those in India who are seeking to subvert the whole structure that has been built by British administrators in the course of the last 150 years? The extreme anti-British revolutionaries are waiting, with cocked ears, for any sign of a split in the united front hitherto shown by the British Parliament. Circumstances have not been favourable to them of late. The Congress Party is losing its solidity; Civil Disobedience is shrivelling away. Opposition to the policy of 'India within the Empire' is diminishing and is being reduced to the miserable expedient of isolated acts of terrorism—a form of violence which, abominable as it is, can and will be dealt with and suppressed, and which is meanwhile driving many previous opponents on to the side of constitutional advance on the lines of the British proposals. The tone of the debates in the Legislative Assemblies has improved almost beyond recognition; even the Calcutta Corporation shows symptoms of moderation and good sense. How would India react if some freakish turn of fortune gave the reins to the opposing section? Believing that it implied a new orientation of her prospects, and a reversal of the whole forward policy, if not an actual refusal to implement all pledges since 1917 (and some of the speeches and writings of the less discreet members of the party certainly give colour to the idea), she would spring back like a bow unstrung to her former attitude of aloofness and non-co-operation. If some turn of fate were to bring this section into power they would have a formidable task on their hands, for they would have to carry through their policy

in the teeth of a discontented people and a staff of disgruntled Governors, with an unpopular programme for constitutional reform, shorn not only of the best feature, but of all the safeguards, of the present one.

Those who have pondered for years on Indian affairs have all been through the period of doubt through which many of the opponents of the White Paper are now passing. Mr. Baldwin, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Sir John Simon have all spoken of their own feelings and processes of thought. Nearly all, and most markedly those who are latest from India, have come to the conclusion that, unless we are prepared to violate the pledges of 1917, the best and safest course lies in steady and cautious advance and in securing the goodwill and co-operation of Indian leaders, with safeguards for the peace and credit of the country. As a result of a strong line against sedition coupled with sympathetic measures of progress in India and friendly discussions at the conference table, there is now goodwill to a degree which has not obtained for many years; there is also the acceptance of certain pre-requisites and safeguards. Are the followers of Mr Churchill certain that, if they had their way, they could maintain this situation?

I feel that an apology is due to my readers for this plain, unvarnished essay by one who, though he has since tried to keep in touch, has left India for many years. 'India has changed and I have changed,' writes Barendro Kumar Ghose, an ex-convict, sentenced in the Alipore bomb case twenty-five years ago, now a yogi in his brother's *ashram* at Pondicherry, in French territory, urging the young revolutionaries of Bengal through the columns of a Calcutta newspaper to abandon terrorism and the cult of the bomb. The same paper mentions incidentally that a band of twenty young Hindu girls in Sind are threatening to commit suicide, or alternatively to embrace the Mahomedan religion, unless the dowry rule of their community are altered. These are merely two recent instances out of thousands showing the rapidity of the changes, both social and political, which are overtaking India. There is a stir, a movement of awakening, a fluidity of thoughts and ideas, replacing the old rigidity. India will scarcely be held by its present social and political bonds through another generation. This is no time for varnish or embroidery, much less for strains and cracks, arising out of misunderstanding. It is for that reason only that I have presumed to offer this simple statement of the situation as it appears to me.

E. G. COLVIN

WAR ON THE SLUMS

EACH post-war Government has been concerned with the problem of housing. Few have remained in office for periods sufficient for carrying a policy into effect, even for setting it firmly on the road. The need for a co-ordinated housing plan has been growing ever more apparent. The present Government has an excellent opportunity of remedying the omissions of its predecessors. Politically, it is strong, with three years to elapse before dissolution, and a majority which can only be disturbed by internal dissensions. Financial conditions favourable to the execution of large-scale schemes have been brought about by the success of the Government policy in other directions.

The task which faces the Government may be divided into three parts: First, there is the problem of the slums; secondly, there is the problem of the houses which, though not bad enough to be considered fit for demolition within the next five years, are not in all respects fit for human habitation; thirdly, there is the problem of overcrowding in houses other than those covered by the first two categories. The Government has taken action in respect of each of these aspects of the problem. This article is an attempt to analyse the action taken so far, together with the proposals of the Moyne Committee, under these three heads. Assuming that the main proposals of the Report of the Moyne Committee are translated into law, we can call the three problems, respectively, the problem facing the local authorities, the problem facing the public utility societies, and the problem facing private enterprise.

The slum clearance campaign was framed in the light of a premise, the justification for which will be examined at the appropriate stage, that private enterprise, unsubsidised, was capable of supplying the new housing needs of the nation. It has therefore been considered that the energies of local authorities should be directed almost exclusively to the clearance of the slums. The response to the Minister's appeal for slum clearance plans, so far, has not been merely 'disappointing,' it has been wretched. Its wretchedness makes one doubt whether Government Departments can always put into force that steadily increasing

central control' which is one of the favourite themes of constitutional authorities. My feeling is that the Departments can deal with odd recalcitrants, but cannot force action upon large-scale apathy. And large-scale apathy exists. It is worth while to re-read Circular 1331, dated April 6, 1933, in the light of the responses which it has called forth:

> The slum is, in the main, a relic of the time when general law and byelaws did not prevent the establishment of housing conditions which are intolerable according to present standards. It is a strictly limited problem, and it is measurable both as to the cost and the time required for its solution. Experience has shown that reliance for a solution cannot be placed upon indirect influences such as 'filtering-up' into new accommodation.

In the same circular it was pointed out that local authorities have had the duty for more than twenty years of inspecting and recording the condition of all working-class houses in their respective areas, and that they should therefore have been in a position to prepare programmes of clearance and demolition immediately. How ready the authorities were can best be judged by the rapidity of the responses to the circular.

The responses to the slum-clearance circular can be divided into five groups:

(*a*) Those which have submitted schemes and whose schemes have not been referred back.
(*b*) Those which have submitted *nil* returns which have not been referred back.
(*c*) Those which have submitted schemes which have been referred back.
(*d*) Those which have submitted *nil* returns which have been referred back.
(*e*) Those which have not yet replied to the circular.

The lines between these classes cannot be drawn exactly except by the Ministry, but they serve as guides. At the time of writing more than four-fifths of the housing authorities in England and Wales fall into class (*e*).

Councils which have responded in terms of 'there are no slums' in 'Blank' include Bournemouth, Ealing, Rugby, Twickenham and Southport, among others. It is understood that all 'no slum' returns are carefully investigated and that some will subsequently be withdrawn on Government pressure being applied. In the case of many of these towns the fact that the '*nil* return' was even tried on shows that the local authorities are not in earnest, in spite of the nation-wide interest that has been created in the slum problem. Other councils have taken the view that they must do something, otherwise they will hear more

of it. To avoid attracting attention to themselves by replying that they have no slums they have made small returns knowingly underestimating the true figures to be submitted. Exact information regarding the fate of these inadequate plans has not leaked out except in the case of some of the large cities. On August 31 it was ascertained that fifty-three authorities had submitted clearance schemes. During the first two weeks of September the number increased by twenty. It is not quite clear whether the names of local authorities which have suffered the shock of having their plans declared inadequate by the Ministry are included among that number or not. It makes little difference. The response is miserable. With little more than a fortnight left before September 30 less than one-fifth of the housing authorities in England and Wales had replied to the circular, while only about one-twenty-fifth had submitted plans

An examination of some of the plans returned by towns with populations between 50,000 and 350,000 would appear to indicate, too, that the slum problem is greater than is officially recognised. Half a dozen towns of this size with a total population of about 1,250,000 have decided, in aggregate, to clear nearly 13,000 houses. If this sample were typical of all towns of over 50,000, then the total needs of such towns in respect of slum clearance would be more than 200,000 houses. In fact the exclusion of the largest cities and of towns which have submitted exceptionally ambitious schemes leads to a total figure which is far too low, even if the plans of the six towns are to be taken as adequate. Without questioning this last point but making some allowance for the fact that the known needs of Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield are proportionately greater than those of the six cities, the figure must be increased to at least 300,000. It is quite certain that the number of houses in England and Wales which are beyond hope of reconditioning and should be demolished as soon as it is humanly possible to provide rehousing accommodation cannot be short of half a million. The latest official observation is that we may see demolition proceeding at the rate of 40,000 houses per year.[1]

It is significant that several of the great cities have found it necessary to decide on tentative plans which are stated to cover a very substantial part of the problem, but not to complete it. It is interesting, too, to note that Mr Kent Wright, the town clerk to Stoke Newington Council, suggests that we may expect to see local authorities, in co-operation with the Ministry of Health, concentrating on the problem of slum clearance for the next ten or twenty years. At the present degree of 'concentration' this seems a very fair estimate.

[1] Mr Shakespeare at Darlington, September 12.

The second aspect to be considered is the reconditioning of houses which though not fit for habitation are yet not bad enough for demolition. This includes houses fallen into serious disrepair, those of which the structure is undesirable however they are occupied, and those of which the structure is inapplicable to the use to which it is now put.

This aspect of the problem has been analysed in detail by the Moyne Committee, appointed on March 6:

> To consider and report—
> (*a*) What, if any, further steps are necessary or desirable to secure the maintenance of a proper standard of fitness for human habitation in working-class houses which are neither situate in an area suitable for clearance under Part I of the Housing Act, 1930, nor suitable for demolition under Section 19 of that Act; and
> (*b*) What, if any, further steps are necessary or desirable to promote the supply of houses for the working-classes without public charge, through the agency of public utility societies or other bodies subject to similar limitations operating in particular areas or otherwise.

It was not intended to consider the slums. The Government had put that problem in hand already. Neither was it intended to examine the Government's major premise—that private enterprise could supply new houses in adequate quantities.

The Committee suggests that local authorities shall be empowered to buy out landlords who refuse to recondition houses which are deemed worthy of reconditioning, at a price equal to that paid by the present owner or by a method which will secure equivalent results in cases when the property was otherwise acquired. It is recognised that this is only 'rough justice.' The proposal has occasioned the criticism that justice which is merely rough is a euphemism for injustice. It must be pointed out, however, that owners of property are not to be prevented from reconditioning their houses themselves if they so choose. If an owner does not think that his property is worth reconditioning, he will probably find that others are of the same view, so that the market price will sink. Moreover, in such cases he may think himself fortunate in that the house concerned has not been condemned as unfit, in which case he would get far less for it. The Committee appears to have been impressed by the administrative difficulties attendant on the adoption of a less rough-and-ready method. It is a waste of public money to compensate the rascally type of owner at his old purchase price, even though market price may now be higher, owing to happenings outside his control.

Where local authorities purchase houses for the purpose of reconditioning, the purchase is to be made on behalf of a public utility society where such exists or can readily be formed. It is

to be the duty of public utility societies to represent to the local authority houses which are suitable for reconditioning. For reconditioning work a 100 per cent. advance from public funds is recommended, but no subsidy. Public utility societies are to be supervised by a Central Public Utility Council. Their main task is to be the reconditioning of property and its management after reconditioning has taken place. It is realised that some of the houses which need treatment in this way will be overcrowded, and that structural alterations will necessitate the removal of some families. The task of the societies is extended to cover this aspect of the problem, and it is recommended that they be granted for this purpose a sixty-year subsidy of £5 per house (or £12 for tenements of more than three storeys on expensive sites) and a cheap loan up to 90 per cent. of the cost of building.

It is recognised that public utility societies may not spring up everywhere in order to undertake the tasks designed for them. Where such a society does not exist and cannot readily be formed, it is proposed that the local authority should be empowered to lease the acquired property to House Management Commissioners, who should be independent of the council in matters of detailed administration, though ultimately responsible to it. Where the absence of a public utility society makes it necessary for the local authority to provide accommodation for families displaced from houses which are to be reconditioned, a subsidy smaller than that proposed for public utility societies is recommended, since a contribution from rates should be required.

The Report gives no explicit indication of the opinion of the Committee as to the number of public utility societies which may be expected to arise. The general phraseology of the relative sections, however, seems to indicate that the members held fairly optimistic views. Owing to the fact that public utility societies are compelled on their present small scale to regard themselves in part as charitable organisations, and that the rents which they charge would be still higher if gifts were not forthcoming, frequently, it seems difficult to imagine such a development in their activities as the provisions of the Report make desirable.

There is a danger in the reconditioning principle, against which the Government must guard in framing the legislation expected in the near future. If reconditioning is to be practised extensively there will be a strong tendency towards a lowering of our standards of fitness in relation to the demolition of houses. Temptation will be placed before local authorities to recommend for reconditioning houses which are only fit for demolition. This may not apply, except to the incorrigibly backward authorities, where a whole area of unfit houses is concerned, but it may easily do so where the demolition of individual houses is the proper

course to be taken, or where improvement schemes should be declared.

Reconditioning is an admirable palliative and an essential accompaniment to slum clearance and the provision of new houses. That is all. A great deal of reconditioning work has been carried out in the large provincial cities. But reconditioning has its limits. The Moyne Committee has suggested that it should not be used unless the house will have a 'probable life' of twenty years. It is important that 'probable life' should not be interpreted too generously, and that twenty years be taken as the absolute minimum period in assessing whether or not houses are suitable for reconditioning. Otherwise, in the years to come, there will be a still greater danger of the fact that a house has been reconditioned being held up as a reason against its being demolished. No doubt public utility societies will prove excellent at keeping the houses in good order. For their future peace of mind, however, it will be well for the societies not to be too enthusiastic in undertaking reconditioning work, and, above all, not to permit local authorities to impose upon them by suggesting the reconditioning of houses which are really past it, and which will need continual patching.

It is imperative that the Government should not concentrate its energies exclusively upon slum clearance, and that local authorities should be given means to get rid of overcrowding and should be granted the financial wherewithal to do this, so that the creation of new slums can be avoided. The proposals at present put forward, and the actions taken so far, do not ensure this. Moreover, the absence of a reconditioning subsidy appears likely to produce extremely unfair results. The cost of improvements will have to be met by the tenants in the form of increased rent, and therefore increased rates. Such tenants are likely to feel ill-used in comparing their position with that of people who are to be rehoused under slum-clearance schemes in houses which will in most cases provide better accommodation at subsidised rents. This is especially true in the large cities. The old choice before the tenant was a choice between staying in an unfit centrally situated house and moving to an estate. But now a considerable amount of rehousing on the site is to be performed in respect of clearance schemes. The relative position of the tenant of the semi-slum will therefore be less favourable.

The blessing which the Committee bestows upon property management is the most admirable part of the Report. It is realised that it is in general desirable for women to be employed on this work because they can give assistance to the housewife in a number of ways, as worked out in the Octavia Hill system. The Committee recognised that if their suggestions regarding

property management were carried out there might be a demand for trained property managers which would far exceed the supply. It was ascertained, however, that the supply is being restricted at present owing to the limited demand and that it will be possible to take rapid action if the need for an increased number becomes apparent. Property management has been ignored in the past equally with slum clearance. The inventor of the idea was Miss Octavia Hill, who worked out the principles some sixty years ago. The system is used in London by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in respect of all tenements and cottages erected by them to replace demolished dwellings and in respect of houses in areas awaiting replacement and other working-class property of similar type. It is also used by the Commissioners of Crown Lands on their Cumberland Market estate, and by many public utility societies and private landlords.

At present, however, only eighteen municipalities (including the metropolitan boroughs of Chelsea, Kensington, St Pancras, and Westminster) employ members of the Society of Women Housing Estate Managers. The policy of the bulk of the local authorities of this country has been confined to the provision of large numbers of houses. They have not sought to ensure that the most deserving of their inhabitants obtain the tenancies. Neither have they shown any signs of realising the necessity of giving their tenants help in running their new homes. The secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners has stated that the results of the system have from the first been entirely satisfactory, and that there is substantial saving on repairs.

Slum clearance and rehousing without property management is wasteful both in terms of the opportunities it denies and in terms of public expenditure. The experience of Rotherham in this respect is well known. In 1923 a large transference of people living in a slum area was carried out and the tenants were left to their own devices; the results were naturally chaotic. After four years the Rotherham Council decided to appoint a woman property manager. The houses were put into repair on her advice, the tenants were impressed with their duty to back up the council, and ever since that year the council has had little trouble. Property management consists of considerably more than collecting the rent. The advice of an experienced, sympathetic and tactful manager is sought on problems of housekeeping, infant care, sex and so forth, and the emphasis placed by the Committee upon the need for the adoption of the Octavia Hill system will, it is to be hoped, drive home its necessity.[1]

[1] Choice of Careers Series: No. 4A, *House Property Management for Women* (H.M. Stationery Office, 1d.): gives most of the essential facts about the subject.

There are two further points of importance in respect of which the recommendations of the Committee are likely to be of great value. It was realised that the provisions of the Housing (Rural Workers) Acts were not widely known and that no rapid action under these Acts was likely to be taken while the initiative of applying for the reconditioning subsidy which is payable lay with the owners. The Committee has therefore recommended that local authorities be empowered to acquire rural properties which need reconditioning in order to perform the necessary work themselves. The compensation to be payable in such cases would be determined in the same manner as in urban areas, but the State subsidy payable under the existing Acts would be payable to the local authorities.

The suggestion that the Minister should be enabled to 'short-circuit' a recalcitrant local authority by entrusting a public utility society with its functions in respect of reconditioning may also be helpful, though it must be observed that in areas in which the local authority is really stubborn in its reactionary attitude it is probable that the inhabitants will in general be cast in a similar mould. Default powers of the Minister would of course remain, and the Committee observes that in suitable cases these powers should be exercised.

The third aspect of the problem is the provision of new houses to meet ordinary needs and to relieve overcrowding in houses other than those which are to be demolished or reconditioned. I have called this the problem facing private enterprise, for it is the opinion of the Government that private enterprise should solve it, and legislative action in accordance with this view has already been taken in the Rent and Mortgage Interest Restrictions (Amendment) Act and the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act, both of this year. The former provides for the decontrol of houses of a rateable value exceeding £20 in London and £13 in the provinces. By the same Act the Class C houses have been kept under control for five years. There are some 4,000,000 houses of this type. An excellent provision of the Act gives the landlord power to intervene in cases of extortionate subletting, a big problem in the large cities, especially London.

By the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act all subsidies for new building are withdrawn. Building societies are, however, to be offered a guarantee to encourage them. The purpose of the Act was to enable private enterprise to build houses which could be let at about 10s. per week, inclusive of rates. The Government decided that the subsidy given by the 1924 Act was unnecessary, because it was found that the average cost of houses had decreased so much that the economic rent would be within a few pence of that being charged by local authorities enjoying

the Wheatley subsidy. In July of this year Mr. Shakespe announced that the latest figures showed that the average c of a three-bedroom non-parlour house was £350—*i.e.*, £70 land, drainage, etc., and £280 for the house itself.

The Moyne Committee was not asked to give an opinion the general merits of the question as to whether private ent prise would be adequate to meet ordinary housing needs, and question of whether a subsidy was necessary or desirable v expressly excluded from consideration. It was asked what furth steps were necessary to promote the supply of working-cl houses without public charge. The Committee did not spend great deal of time on this question. Proposals for a Natio Housing Corporation, put forward by Sir Raymond Unwin a others, were rejected. The observation that the formation such a corporation might lead to an increase, rather than a redu tion, in the price of building materials does not appear to hav any grounds of experience or reason behind it, but seems to hav escaped criticism because of the small amount of space given the Report to this question owing to the Committee 'declinin to play the part of undertakers at a premature burial.' If privat enterprise should fail to produce what was wanted, the Committe saw no reason why local authorities should not do the wor instead.

It is worth while to have the facts of the general housin situation before us. The figures given by the Marley Committe relating to the position in July 1931, may be compared with those furnished in the House of Commons on July 6, 1933. There are in England and Wales 1,300,000 class A houses, 2,450,000 class B, and 5,775,000 class C—making a total of 9,525,000. Two years ago the total was 9,050,000. Between the two dates 80,000 class A houses have been decontrolled, and 100,000 built; 100,000 class B houses have been decontrolled, and 200,000 built; 375,000 class C houses have been decontrolled, and 175,000 built. These figures show conclusively the need for a maintenance of control over the class C houses. At the same time they exhibit the danger of the belief that private enterprise will build so many cheap houses over the next five years that control may be allowed to vanish for ever.

The response to the 10*s.* a week idea cannot have been en- couraging to the Government. At a meeting of the Association of West Midland Local Authorities, addressed by Mr. Shakespeare, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, several speakers expressed doubts as to whether private enterprise would be able to get down to such a figure, and 13*s.* 6*d.* to 14*s.* 6*d.* was quoted as a more likely rental to be charged. Mr. Shakespeare's answers to these observations appear curiously contradictory. In

reply to the allusions made to the Wheatley subsidy, he observed that one large town had built nearly 25,000 new houses, but had demolished only about 2000 slum houses, in twelve years. (The reference was presumably to Manchester.) If the Wheatley subsidy had been continued, he said, 2,000,000 houses might have been built; but very few slum-dwellers got a chance of moving to council houses. Later he remarked, 'We cannot justify a subsidy for something which can be accomplished without one.'

A £350 house, with money borrowed at 4 per cent., could be let, with the Wheatley subsidy, for about 7s. inclusive in areas where the rates are about 8s. in the pound. Without the subsidy, other things being equal, the figure would be about 10s., while in areas where the land was more expensive and the rates higher 12s. 6d. would be a normal figure. Indeed, 15s. is a common figure for the inclusive rent charged by local authorities, in areas where the rates are much above 8s., for houses which were built some years back. Local authorities might now be able to let at 10s. inclusive, without subsidy, in low-rated areas. It is impossible to draw comparisons between this figure and that for the rents which have to be charged for houses built when money and materials were dearer.

Private enterprise will not provide an adequate supply of working-class houses suitable for letting. At present building costs are low—they are bound to increase. And money is 'cheap'—it is bound to become dearer. And even under the present state of affairs private enterprise is chary of attempting the provision of working-class houses of the desired rent level. It must be remembered that the average wage is about 50s., probably a little less, and that it is usually taken as a guiding rule that not more than one-sixth should go on rent and rates; this was the average before the war.

It seems probable that the actual expenditure of most working-class families is rather more than one-sixth of their incomes; there are hundreds of thousands of cases, probably millions, where the proportion is in the neighbourhood of 25 per cent. But we may take one-sixth as a reasonable guide. Then 8s. per week inclusive is a reasonable expenditure on rent. (Ignoring the cases where there is more than one wage-earner in the family; this figure is justified, since where this occurs the family will frequently need extra room.) The Ministry is aiming at 10s. This is a somewhat high figure even for those in employment. For the unemployed it is a figure which assures physical deterioration. That, however, raises issues which are not relevant to the general question. It is to be understood that I am considering the lot of the average wage-earner, not of the unemployed, nor of the skilled craftsman.

Further examples may be given illustrating the opinions of 'private enterprise' itself on its ability to produce houses at 10s. per week without subsidy. At a conference at Sheffield on August 24, held 'with a view to concerted action to overcome the housing problem,' the president of the local building trades employers' association explicitly stated that private enterprise would not be able to cater for current needs while the density of houses was twelve per acre. Gainsborough Council summoned a conference in order to get the views of the builders and discovered their intentions. It was adjourned. At the adjourned meeting there were no builders.

The story of Acton is still more pitiful. There were invited to the Acton conference twenty-eight local builders and three other builders, one public utility society, nine building societies and the National Association of Building Societies. Four builders came, one other replied to the invitation. Three building societies came, one of which intimated that it did not intend to advance money under the 1933 Act. Seven councillors arrived out of the thirty-two who had unanimously decided to call the conference. The representatives of private enterprise came to the conclusion that if the houses were built twenty-four to the acre and the roads were cheaper, they might be able to produce houses at 15s. per week.

Private enterprise is interested in building houses for those who wish to buy. Terrible reports of the conditions of some of the speculative houses recently erected in outer London suburbs and elsewhere come to hand. The materials used are of the cheapest possible, the wood is sometimes unseasoned, walls crack within a year or so, doors warp. These houses are disposed of on attractive hire-purchase terms. If they last the fifteen or twenty years over which payments are spread, they will cost something like their present rental equivalent in repairs towards the end of the period. The old slums, consisting of good old houses now let off in tenements, are better than this. Quality is going to be somewhat important if the statement as to the slum problem being measurable in time and cost is to be justified by events. It appears likely that private enterprise will either charge far more than 10s. a week, or build cheap and nasty houses, or not undertake the task at all. If rents in the neighbourhood of 15s. are charged, the houses will not be taken up in large quantities by the average wage-earner. If cheap, rotten houses are built, the slum problem will manifest itself again within twenty years.

The housing situation has been analysed in three sections. It is unnecessary to say anything further about reconditioning, since no legislative action has as yet been taken in this field. In respect of slum clearance the conclusion has been reached that

while the plans submitted by local authorities may provide the Ministry with justification for aiming at the demolition of 200,000 houses in five years and the rehousing of three-quarters of a million people, the urgent needs of England and Wales in respect of slum clearance cannot fall short of half a million houses. Private enterprise has been shown unwilling to supply new houses, and this is not surprising. The 10s. a week at which the Ministry aims may be possible in low-rated areas for non-parlour three-bedroom houses of the cheapest design. But in areas where land is above average value, or rates are above, say, 7s. 6*d.* in the pound, or if the cost of materials or money increases, non-profit-making local authorities would not be able to get down to this figure without a subsidy. How much less, therefore, can the private builder be expected to turn his attention to this work?

The 1930 Act was complementary to the Wheatley Act of six years before. The removal of the latter at a time when it was becoming possible, with its aid, at last to build houses at a rent almost within the reach of the poorest regular wage-earner, appears likely to endanger the limited measure of success which the slum-clearance campaign may achieve.

PHILIP H. MASSEY

MOSCOW'S FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is at the present moment supposed to be scoring one diplomatic success after another. M. Litvinov is actually proclaimed to have been the only person who achieved something definite at the World Economic Conference. And at a superficial glance these 'triumphs' are by no means inconsiderable. First of all there is a frantic 'romance' with France, although its quality belongs definitely to the category of 'love for sale.' In a smaller way there is a similar situation in the Soviets' relations with Poland. Spain has suddenly granted them recognition *de jure* and *de facto* (which seems a redundancy, since the first surely implies the second), and there can be no doubt that American recognition is not far removed. On the other side of the balance-sheet there is, of course, Japan, whose contemptuous treatment the Soviets accept with abject servility. And then there is Germany, with whom, at the time of writing, relations are somewhat strained—not for the first time, but perhaps in a more serious way than ever before. Yet it would be wrong to read any degree of finality into the present phase of German-Bolshevist relations: the last chapter has by no means been reached.

The truth of the matter is that in order to understand the actual international position of the Soviet Government, or the latest orientation of their foreign policy, certain fundamental considerations have to be borne in mind. First and foremost it is essential to realise the duality of Bolshevist foreign policy. It is composed of two entirely separate and mutually antagonistic elements, and the assumption that one has finally triumphed over the other is not warranted by the facts. On the one hand there is the revolutionary aspect: the object of the Soviet Government is, and always has been, the bringing about of a world revolution, the destruction of capitalism, and the creation of communism throughout the world. That is what might be called the *Comintern* aspect—*i.e.*, the province of the Third International's activities. On the other hand there is the ordinary, routine, day-to-day foreign policy, dictated by certain practical considerations. These considerations arise not so much out of

the genuine requirements of the Russian people as out of the immediate difficulties of a dictatorship that wishes to maintain itself in power. The internal condition of Russia is the principal factor determining this aspect of the Soviets' foreign policy, which might be termed the *Narcomindel* aspect—*i.e.*, the province of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs.

It will be obvious that it is impossible even for the Soviet Government to concentrate on both aspects of its foreign policy at the same time, and therefore there have always been considerable fluctuations. And whichever of the two aspects from time to time predominated, it must needs have been to the detriment of the other. Lenin was enough of a realist to bequeath to his followers the principle of undisguised and unlimited opportunism in foreign as well as in domestic affairs. While never renouncing the fundamental aim of world revolution, 'friendly' political and economic intercourse with the rest of the world should be both desirable and permissible, no matter what compromise it implied. It did not matter what concessions the Soviet Government made to the capitalist mentality, for it should never consider itself bound or in any way restricted by any undertakings given or any contracts, pacts, or promises signed. In fairness to the Bolsheviks it must be stated that they have never made a secret of this attitude towards their own obligations—in fact they have openly and cynically proclaimed it time and again. Therefore it is difficult to sympathise with any foreigners, Governments or private individuals, who complain of Bolshevist dishonesty or lack of moral scruples: they have all received sufficient warning from the Soviet Government itself. Thus the attitude of the Soviets towards the Governments of the rest of the world is quite clear. 'We want to destroy you, but meanwhile we will take from you all that you can give—subject to terms, of course. No compromise is too heavy for us, and as long as we consider it opportune we will keep our bargain.' That is more or less what they say to the world, and as a guiding principle it is clear and outspoken.

What, on the other hand, has been, or is, the attitude of foreign countries towards the Soviet Government? With a few notable exceptions, it can be summed up as follows: first there was ignorant hostility; then came a period of friendly curiosity; and the last or present phase is that of greedy futility. Foreign Governments were determined to believe that which they wanted to believe, even if all evidence or all reason pointed to the contrary. They would not even learn from each other's experience, and one after the other they proceeded to find out for themselves—with more or less the same results. In several previous articles which have appeared in this Review I have explained how the

Russian policy of most Governments was dictated by conside
tions which had nothing to do with Russia proper. The pres
rapprochement between France and the Soviet Government c
only be appreciated in this light.

Among the leading nations of the world one country alo
has stood out as having a definite, consistent, and logical poli
towards Soviet Russia, a policy which, furthermore, remain
unaltered from the advent of the Bolsheviks to power until t
beginning of this year. That country is Germany, and the poli
towards Russia is perhaps the only point on which all Germa
have always agreed whatever their political allegiance. Not eve
the Social-Democrats, by far the most decent though impotent
all German political parties, had the courage to alter anything i
that sinister game which is called the Germano-Soviet relation
The origin of this game dates back to the time of General Luder
dorff's co-operation with Lenin during the war. The German
have helped the Bolsheviks not only to seize power but to main
tain themselves for all these years. Without their help, technical
financial and political, this would have been impossible. Th
Germano-Soviet military and economic alliance, which has now
lasted over fifteen years, forms one of the most curious chapters
in modern history. Every kind of indignity has been committed
and accepted by both partners of this peculiar alliance, neither of
whom could afford to let it go. The Soviets have 'bumped off'
several German diplomats, they have openly financed and directed
the German Communist Party, they have imprisoned and tried
German citizens and indulged in many other 'monkey tricks,' as
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald once described their practices. The
Germans have swallowed it all. On the other hand, Soviet
diplomatic and commercial institutions in Germany have been
raided, Germany has talked to the Bolsheviks in a tone which
no self-respecting Government would ever accept from another,
and the Soviets have put up with it. But all these little conflicts
have been merely insignificant episodes in the big international
game on which the two Governments were jointly engaged.

To Germany Soviet Russia was not only a most important
economic 'hinterland'; it was also a trump card in the game of
international diplomacy, the chief means of circumventing, or
even destroying, the Treaty of Versailles. All the chancelleries
of Europe have been for years in full possession of the fundamental
facts about the close co-operation between the German General
Staff and the Soviet Government, the work of Reichswehr
instructors in Russia, the manufacturing of war materials for
Germany in the country of 'Socialism in construction,' and the
smuggling of this military equipment into Germany under false
bills of lading. Here, again, warning voices were not lacking

An able collection of some of the relevant data was presented by Mr. Cecil F. Melville in his book *The Russian Face of Germany*, which was never contradicted. But nothing happened. The era of greedy futility was already in full swing. The Treaty of Rapallo made Germany and Soviet Russia allies in the struggle against the Peace Treaties, and ever since the Soviets have remained an obedient tool in the hands of the anti-Versailles group—first Germany, and later Italy, Turkey, Hungary, and Austria. The very word 'Versailles' in the Soviet Press became synonymous with imperialism and reaction; France was the principal enemy, and Karl Radek even went so far as to threaten the French with a Red army on the Rhine!

In signing the Treaty of Rapallo the Germans were acting in the true spirit of *revanche*, yet they also thought that they were laying the foundations of a new colony stretching from Poland to Vladivostok. The Bolsheviks accepted willingly the idea of destroying the Treaty of Versailles, but they hoped that instead of becoming the slaves of Germany they would become, through the Communists, her masters. Both countries staked a great deal on this alliance, and neither got complete satisfaction. Germany's colonising aspirations were no more realised than the Soviets' revolutionary plans in Germany. The road from Rapallo to Paris and Warsaw has taken eleven years. During that period the Soviets made friends with the two principal Fascist dictators—Mussolini and Mustapha Kemal. Even Amanullah, the Shah of Persia, and Admiral Horthy suddenly aroused feelings of sympathy and friendship in the breasts of the Bolshevist leaders. It is, indeed, extraordinary how well they could get on, and still do, with all the most reactionary Governments in the world, and how antagonistic they have always felt towards the few remaining democracies. This realism of Soviet diplomacy is in curious contradiction to the official social and political revolutionary ideology of Moscow.

But recent developments in the Soviets' foreign policy have produced even more striking consequences. Hitler's advent to power in Germany not unnaturally provoked an almost panicky reshuffling in international relations. For the first time since 1918 the threat of a new war became a reality. But the Hitlerisation of Germany is by no means the only factor determining this international readjustment. Owing to the long duration of the world economic crisis old conflicts between various countries have been reopened, and new ones are constantly being created. A great regrouping of countries is going on, and its complicated character may be judged from the fact that within the revisionist bloc Germany suddenly turns against Austria, and Italy against Germany over the Austrian question; while on the other side

France has experienced a certain amount of trouble with t Little Entente. And all this is dominated by the realisation the fact that Germany's military aggressiveness is only temporar held in check by the instinct of self-preservation.

The position of the Soviet Government in this process regrouping is interesting. At no time has the cynical opportunis of the Bolsheviks revealed itself in a more glaring fashion tha in their recent German policy. While during the early stage of Rapallo the 'practical' policy dominated and Mosco encouraged Berlin to carry out the industrialisation programm of the Five-Year Plan, during the later years the *Comintern* policy was being applied on an ever-increasing scale. It is a undeniable fact that the German Communist Party, entirely directed and financed by Moscow, helped the Hitlerites and Hugenberg to overthrow the Government of republican coalition. For years a mad propaganda campaign on a scale of which only the Moscow demagogues are capable was carried on against parliamentary government in Germany against the Social-Democratic Party. Everything was done to weaken and discredit this party, which was thus faced by enemies on both flanks and proved incapable of coping with either. German reaction, on the other hand, used the Communist Party as a bogy, and the German Communists lent themselves to this shameful game of destroying the Weimar Republic under the direct orders of Moscow. The occasional street fights between Nazis and Communists cannot conceal the fact that the instructions issued to the German Communist Party by Radek or Ruth Fischer and their consorts prepared the betrayal of the republic to Hitler and Goering and that they were one of the main causes of the fantastic paralysis of the German masses at the decisive moment.

Having thus helped Hitler by their anti-democratic policy, the Bolsheviks suddenly took fright when they first saw Goering in action. But they were soon reassured by the new rulers of Germany that there would be no change in the 'traditionally friendly relations' between the two countries, and that, in spite of the intention of exterminating the Communists at home, Hitler was quite prepared to carry on the alliance with Communist Russia as his predecessors had done. He even arranged for the extension of credit facilities granted by the German banks to the Bolsheviks, and, to save Communist Russia from defaulting, one of the first actions of this anti-Communist crusader was to put 250,000,000 marks at their disposal!

To most Liberals, Radicals or Socialists in the 'capitalist' countries the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics has always appeared as a great pillar of support against threats of Fascist revolution. Even those who did not much approve of Bolshevist

methods were prepared to accept Stalin's dictatorship for that very reason. Some optimists actually went so far as to expect that after the outbreak of Hitlerism Soviet Russia would become the nucleus of an anti-Fascist *bloc*. But Soviet Russia did nothing of the sort. At the very moment when Germany was morally ostracised by the comity of nations Moscow chose to break the ring of Germany's isolation. It would, of course, have been idle to expect Stalin to mobilise his Red army against Hitler's Brown troops. Nobody could have asked for that. But the Soviet Government had many opportunities of using its influence with the Germans in favour of the working classes there. It did nothing. It did not even intervene on behalf of the Communists. It betrayed them morally and politically, and left them to be physically exterminated by Goering and his consorts. More than that, Moscow actually signed a 'pact of friendship' with the representatives of a *régime* that is torturing and murdering 'Marxist' workmen.

It is important to realise all this in order to appreciate the fact that if to-day relations between Germany and Soviet Russia are strained, this is by no means because the leader of the Third International and the creator of the Third Reich find their political *credo* incompatible with friendly relations between their two countries. If the Rapallo era has come to a close, there are other reasons than purely ideological differences between Communist Russia and Fascist Germany. Not Hitlerism as such, but the economical, financial, and political international weakening of Germany—due partly to the world crisis and partly to the Hitler revolution—is compelling Moscow once again to adjust its foreign policy. The internal situation in Russia makes it imperative for the Soviets to look for new and stronger support in Europe than present-day Germany can offer. More than ever the Soviet Government is dependent on the support of capitalist countries in order to maintain itself in power. There is not much more to be got out of Germany. As it is, the Soviets owe Germany something like a milliard gold marks and can hardly hope for more. In the past, of course, obtaining credit facilities from the Germans was easy; they were given for political as well as for economic reasons. They were considered as a kind of subsidy to the unemployed, because they enabled industry to accept Russian orders. (Incidentally, most of the money lent did not belong to Germany at all, but was borrowed by her from England or America.) All this has now come to an end. Economically Germany is no longer interesting to the Soviets. But the Bolsheviks are too careful to turn away completely, and emphasise in their Press that nothing has really changed in their attitude towards foreign countries. In the wider sense this is, of course,

perfectly true. Nevertheless, for the time being Soviet foreig policy has in fact turned from the anti-Versailles to the Versaill group in a perfectly cynical fashion.

Readers of the Soviet Press must rub their eyes when the compare its present references to France, Poland, and Rumani on the one hand, and Germany on the other, with those of las year. All the mud that was then being flung at the 'Wester internationalists' is now reserved for Germany, while France an the Little Entente are paid tribute after tribute. What with th visit of M. Herriot and that of M. Cot's flying armada, there hav been plenty of opportunities for throwing bouquets at France And meanwhile the *Pravda* and the *Völkischer Beobachter* ar abusing each other in the jargon of the gutter. The secret of thi miraculous change is not hard to find. So long as Hitler wa concentrating his activities on exterminating Marxists in Germany, so long as Goering was destroying thousands of innocent workmen, the Soviets did not mind a bit and even proclaimed themselves friends of the Third Reich and underlined the solidarity of their interests. But the moment the war danger became manifest as a logical result of Hitler's activities the Soviets hastened to lay stress on the 'antagonism of interests' between Germany and the Soviet Republic.

Karl Radek, their usual mouthpiece on such occasions, published an article in the *Pravda* of May 10 which can be considered an official declaration of this change of policy.

> The motto of treaty revision [he wrote] is a motto for altering the world to the detriment of one imperialistic camp in favour of another. The peace which would be established instead of Versailles by an opposite victorious coalition [what he means is Germany, of course] would be equally a peace of prisons, chains and groaning for the masses

And at Rapallo the Bolsheviks had undertaken to fight against Versailles side by side with Germany!

Opportunism is the guiding principle of Soviet policy, and therefore it does not matter if you proclaim or do to-day the very opposite of what you said or did yesterday. But Radek is a clever man and a realist. He therefore hits the nail on the head when he says:

> The International proletariat *cannot* side with those imperialistic forces that in the conflagration of a new war wish to arrange a new partition of the world.

This is a curious anticipation of what Stalin said (also in the *Pravda*) in commenting on Hugenberg's notorious memorandum in which the latter openly expressed his desire to take possession of some Russian territories.

The German Government has shown that its only hope is military adventure. We must say to these Fascist buffoons that there is a limit to every kind of quixotism. We will not put up with these jokes any more.

Hugenberg's London memorandum was thus an ideal pretext to break off or suspend Rapallo and to start an open quarrel. But, in spite of all this, it is hard to believe in the lasting conflict between Germany and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Relations may never return to the Rapallo footing, but the two Governments know too much about each other and have too many interests in common to be able to afford a permanent break.

Meanwhile, however, the Versailles group—France, Poland, and the Little Entente—are doing all they can to lure Moscow into their camp, not forgetting that this welcome newcomer would bring all the war material originally prepared for Germany. It is absurd to talk of the restoration of the old Franco-Russian alliance; neither of these countries is in a frame of mind that would make such a thing possible. But as a commercialised love transaction it may be fraught with opportunities. The only hitch is that at the present moment both countries talk a great deal about sentiment, and have not yet agreed to a price. France seems reluctant to grant credits or to offer State guarantees, as most of the other countries do or did. And the Soviet makes these things a preliminary condition to any services it may render.

With Poland the new 'friendship' is far more advanced, and the Little Entente has suddenly recognized in Russia the great Slav country destined to lead its brothers. The arrival of official representatives of the Little Entente in Moscow can no longer be far removed. America will also follow suit, partly out of commercial and partly out of political (anti-Japanese) considerations. Litvinov will go on signing pacts of friendship and non-aggression—first because the Soviet Government wants peace and stability at any price, and secondly because it does not mean anything. As to relations with Great Britain, my prediction that the quarrel over the Moscow trials would only be an episode has come true. The embargo is lifted and a new British Ambassador has been appointed; the era of good feeling can continue. There is little or nothing that need be said here about the new agreement between Italy and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Friendly relations between the two countries have existed since 1924, and this is merely an official formula proclaiming an established fact. The important point is that Italy shall try to mediate between Berlin and Moscow. But the outcome of the tension that exists at the present moment between Germany and the Union of

Soviet Socialist Republics will depend on the real intentions o
Hitler's Germany rather than on Rome, so that if any actio
is expected from the Duce the scope of his influence (as i
Germany's conflict with Austria) will depend on the value Her
Hitler places on Signor Mussolini's friendship.

The Russo-Japanese problem deserves separate treatment. All that need be said here is that the panic-stricken capitulation of the Soviet Government before Japanese militarism is certainly not due to the Soviets' professed love of freedom, but to their internal weakness. Japan knows full well that Soviet Russia is not in a position to carry on any kind of war (except on its own civil population); it knows the havoc and destruction brought about by the General Line and the Five-Year Plan failure. That is why Japan can do with the Bolsheviks exactly what it pleases and why their position in the Far East is so helpless. They have not even the resources of their subversive revolutionary activities at the time when they could best use them and want them most. Lack of money and the temporary predominance of the *Narcomindel* policy are responsible for the fact that, just as the world is shattered to its very foundations, instead of dealing it a final blow Soviet Russia is compelled to go about signing pacts of non-aggression and doing its utmost to stabilise conditions.

The so-called 'triumphs' of Soviet diplomacy are, in fact, a sign of terrible internal weakness. And the dramatic abandonment of Germany for the more promising 'friendship' with France or Poland shows not so much that the Soviet Government has given up its fundamental aim of world revolution and interference in the affairs of other countries, but that it is scared of war and of its own economic difficulties. It is not difficult to promise non-interference or non-aggression with a population that is starving and millions of peasants that are in open revolt. The real difficulty is how to improve the domestic situation. If foreign capitalists once again save the Bolsheviks and give them a new lease of life, that will be, indeed, a triumph for Soviet diplomacy. In the light of past experience there is no reason to suppose that they will not. And if the Bolsheviks are bolstered up again, their foreign policy may take yet another turn. But if the present 'triumphs' remain meaningless scraps of paper, then the recent adjustment in the Soviets' relations with foreign Powers is only one more sign of imminent bankruptcy.

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK.

THE LIVE-STOCK CRISIS

In March of last year Lord Astor pointed out, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*,[1] that the live-stock industry was the most important of all the branches of farming. He asserted that our live-stock was worth £200,000,000, or fifteen times the value of wheat, which the Government were then preparing to subsidise. He also stated that the value of its meat products in 1925 amounted to £103,970,000, representing 40 per cent. of our total production of foodstuffs, a proportion which is probably true to-day, as the industry has expanded. In spite, then, of the appalling slump in prices and deducting the value of bacon pigs, the production of meat still remains the most important branch of English farming.

The Government, however, rightly or wrongly, determined to tackle the wheat problem first and to deal with the others—meat, bacon, and milk—by a series of schemes for organising the home market, while they subsequently decided to regulate the inrush of foreign meat supplies by means of quotas. Whether this method of encouraging wheat-growing is the cheapest that could be devised from the standpoint of the community may be a debatable matter, but we farmers cannot look a gift-horse in the mouth, and there is no doubt that the wheat scheme has been worked in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion, as well as in an economical one as far as administrative expenses go. As I shall have occasion to refer to the scheme later, I give here a few details. The wheat Act specified 10s. per cwt. (45s. a quarter) as the standard price. The sum paid to each registered producer as deficiency payment is the difference between 'the ascertained average price,' as worked out by the Wheat Commission, of home-grown wheat at farm obtained by registered growers in 1932–33. This year the average price comes out at 24s. a quarter. Interim payments have been made on wheat sold earlier in the current year, and final payments were made on September 21. The amount paid in by the millers has been over £4,750,000; the administrative cost has been just under 3*d*. a quarter. The Government certainly deserve every credit for the efficient working of the scheme.

[1] 'Wheat.'

Unfortunately, as indicated by Lord Astor, the wheat quota deals with a small proportion (only about 6 per cent.) of our total food production, while any benefit derived from the wheat quota last year was more than offset by the appalling losses the barley growers suffered from a bad harvest and from the extra penny on beer, which induced the brewers to buy the bulk of their barley abroad. English barley was in fact largely unsaleable for malting purposes. In 1931–32 I sold over 200 quarters of ordinary malting barley at prices from 40s. to 36s. a quarter. Last year I sold only 30 quarters at 30s., the rest of the crop going for grinding barley, and these experiences are typical of the great majority of barley growers. This year, owing to a good harvest and the 'gentlemen's agreement' between the Chancellor and the brewers, our prospects are brighter.

But if the prospects of the barley growers have improved, the same cannot be said for the far more numerous farmers interested in live-stock. Ever since the Government came into power there has been, in spite of temporary rallies, a terrible drop in the prices of fat and store cattle, while the value of sheep, especially store sheep, has also suffered a catastrophic decline. In one year alone store sheep fell from 53 points above to 10 points below pre-war prices, or over 40 per cent. in value. Much was expected of the Ottawa Conference; but, in spite of the often reiterated formula that in the home market the British farmer should come first, the Dominions farmer second, and the foreigner third, nothing substantial was effected. The tariffs, which have saved horticulture and the fruit and vegetable producers and at least alleviated the position of the potato grower, were ruled out on the ground that tariffs had utterly failed to decrease the influx of Irish agricultural products, which is not altogether true. Thus for the first three months of 1933, according to the official figures of the Board of Trade, all imports from Ireland, except butter and hams, were actually less than in 1932. There was a decrease of nearly 10,000 cwt. in bacon and of over 10,000 cwt. in pork. Pigs were less by 50,000, lambs by 17,000, and cattle by 40,000. It never seems to have occurred to the Government that, thanks to the tariff, they were receiving very large sums to compensate the Revenue for losses incurred under the Irish Land Act, and that if these sums had not been ear-marked for that purpose they could have been utilised to subsidise the English farmer without costing the consumer, on the Government's own showing, a penny piece—a point to which I will return later.

After Ottawa had practically failed to effect anything, matters simply went from bad to worse, and last November a real crisis arose. It at last became clear to the Government—a point which was only too painfully obvious to all concerned with the industry

—that some means of assistance was necessary in the interim to save the cattle, sheep, and pig industry until the marketing schemes to which the Government were in principle committed were brought into operation. A new Minister of Agriculture was appointed, of a very different calibre from his predecessor, and one who, we farmers believe, has really the interests of farming at heart. A series of 'gentlemen's agreements' was entered into with the object of curtailing the influx of foreign beef, mutton, and bacon. Chilled beef was to be reduced by 10 per cent., frozen beef and mutton by 20 per cent. As regards mutton, there was an improvement for a time; but in respect of beef the Minister was especially unfortunate. The foreign importers so regulated the flow of their supplies that they sent a good deal below their quota in the period before Christmas, and then flooded the Christmas market to such an extent that the price of the best sides of English beef, which were expected to make 8d. a lb. wholesale, fell to 5d., and many farmers who had spent a good deal on cake and feeding-stuffs to get their bullocks out at Christmas were half ruined. The Ministry therefore made a new arrangement, and in place of the level 10 per cent. reduction agreed upon for each quarter arranged to reduce the quota to 5 per cent. for the second quarter of the year, with a view to increasing the reduction to 15 per cent. in the last quarter and thus preventing another Christmas fiasco. This was generously accepted by the Argentine importers, as the autumn (which is their spring) is the most difficult time for them to maintain adequate supplies. Apparently the Government were unaware that many Norfolk farmers sell a large proportion of their box-fed cattle in April, May, and June. The consequence was that bullocks, already bought as stores, before the quota was started, at prices regulated by the sale price of fat bullocks at the time, lost something like £5 to £6 a head compared with the prices of the year before. Matters were no doubt rendered worse through certain countries profiting by a loophole in the agreement and importing during the first half-year a large quantity of edible beef offals. But the net result of it all is that the Norfolk farmers alone are supposed to have lost £50,000. Even those who sold their fat beasts in the first quarter of the year made at least £2 to £3 a head less than the year before when prices were already unremunerative. The fact is that, in spite of the 10 per cent. reduction, the quota was fixed too high at the start. The reason now given is that the English people are eating less beef to-day, which is probably true; but surely this is a matter which should have been known to the Intelligence Department of the Board of Agriculture before the quota was fixed at all, and a greater reduction in the amount of beef to be admitted should have been arranged for when the agreement was made.

But if the juggling with the quota proved disastrous to the farmers who were late in getting out their box-fed cattle, it h been still more so to the graziers in Norfolk and the Midland The chairman of the Leicester Chamber of Agriculture, writi in July to *The Times*, stated that

> At Leicester cattle market many fat cattle were returned unsold, the being no bid whatever for them, and on Wednesday, June 28, 90 per cen were disposed of from 17s. to 35s. a live cwt., showing a return of 4d. t 6½d. a lb. dead weight. These returns show a very considerable loss t both breeder and feeder. Our losses last season were fully £3 an acre, i 1931 over £2 an acre.

He added that the result would be bankruptcy to hundreds o graziers, that land would be unlettable and would have 'to be ranched,' and that two-thirds of the labourers would be turned off. Many hundreds of acres had been let for 1s. 6d. to 10s. an acre, or less than the cost of shepherding and incidental labour expenses. Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, writing later to the same paper, drew an even gloomier picture. A similar fate has befallen large tracts of marsh land round Acle, in Norfolk, which formerly let for £2 an acre and which now no one will take. At the same time the owners have to pay heavy water rates for pumping. The drought has also made the situation worse, as there is practically little or no grass feed left. Time after time one reads in the market reports 'Grass cattle not wanted.' A large farmer told a friend of mine he had 500 cattle to get rid of by Michaelmas and was responsible for 20000 more, and he simply did not know what would happen. Recently one of the first judges of cattle in Norfolk, and indeed in all England, died. He was a genius in his way, and months after selling a bullock could recognise it in a yard with others. At one time he was worth £120,000. His estate will not probably realise £10,000. If such an outstanding business man could not stand up against the times, how can the rank and file hope to? Store bullocks have suffered a similar slump. In Carmarthenshire this year between May and June they dropped from £13 to £8 or £9, and similar shrinkages in value have been reported elsewhere.

Sheep have in the last two years suffered an even more vertiginous drop. In fact, at the time of the November crisis fat sheep reached the low index number of 17, but have since rallied somewhat, though prices are again sagging. In 1931 about 5000 sheep and lambs realised at one of our local sales over £14,000; the next year an only slightly smaller number made under £6000! And this is more or less typical of the whole country. The price of lambs at the opening sales this year showed a slight improvement. While in 1931 I gave 62s. apiece for 200 lambs and last year I paid 25s. apiece, this year I have paid

26s. 6d., the quality being the same in each case. But even this small improvement does not seem to have been maintained.

The conclusion of the so-called 'Black Pacts' with Denmark, the Argentine, etc., have not rendered the task of the Minister of Agriculture easier. The mere announcement of the Danish pact caused an all-round fall in pork and bacon prices, which up to that point had been rising. In Birmingham the day the pact was announced the price of pigs fell 2s to 2s. 6d. a score, and many pigs were left unsold. In spite of the powers given to the Ministry under the Limitation of Imports Act, the whole industry is still in the doldrums. Recently there was a scare over a possible shortage of bacon, owing to the date for the pig marketing scheme having to be postponed, and in response to the bacon merchants' outcry the Danish quota had suddenly to be increased by 10,000 cwt. The *Investors' Review*, which, as a free-trade journal, cannot be accused of partiality, was particularly severe on the Government. 'A straightforward duty,' it said, 'would at least bring in a substantial revenue, but the insane quota system has all the disadvantages of protection without any compensating benefit.' Without going so far, we farmers may, I think, be pardoned for considering that this second gift-horse is a very difficult thing to work, and also, to judge by results, very uncertain in its effects.

The attitude of the bulk of the agricultural community was, in fact, very well put by *The Times* last June, which, after speaking of the misgivings of the farmers as to the efficacy of the Government's agricultural policy, said:

As yet the fruits of reorganisation seem to be as far from realisation as ever. Market prices, which are the criterion, have fallen further since the New Year and show little signs of rising

(which is still true), and it added that in the farmers' opinion 'an immediate rise in prices is needed to avoid a further crop of bankruptcies.'

If figures are, for those who can read them, the most eloquent form which facts can assume, then probably nothing more eloquently illustrates the ineffectiveness up to date of the quota than the official figures for the first half of 1933. Thus, for chilled beef, while the decrease for the period January to March 1933 was 205,000 cwt., for the period April to June it was only 600. Frozen beef was actually higher for the two quarters by 92,000 cwt. and 214,000 cwt. respectively. Frozen mutton was also up for the first quarter by 165,000 cwt., but down for the second by 191,000 cwt., showing a small decrease of about 26,000 cwt. on the half-year, or less than 0·7 per cent. ! We therefore arrive at the astounding fact that, taking together for

the first six months of 1933 the imports of beef and mutton, (total amount (9,344,000 cwt.) was actually higher than the to amount (9,315,000 cwt.) for the same period of 1932, and t after seven months' trial of the quota counting from December I will only add that these figures are taken from the Mar Report edited by the Ministry.

It is true that the latest returns, those for the eight mont ending August 31, are slightly better. There is a small decrea in chilled and frozen beef, and a larger one in frozen mutto making a total decrease on the 12,786,567 cwt. for the eig months of 1932 of 168,965 cwt., or about 1·3 per cent. If, however, th Board of Trade figures are taken, not only for chilled and froze meat, but also for fresh meat, canned, essences, etc., the tot imports of beef and mutton are actually about 16,000 cwt. highe than those of the first eight months of 1932.

In the light of these figures, the incredulity of the averag farmer as to the value of the quota is at least comprehensible. On the other hand, it is only fair to add that the Minister o Agriculture, who does not always seem to have had a free hand, is evidently making serious efforts to grapple with the problem, and, as an unfortunate producer, one can only hope that he may be more successful than in the past.

I now pass to the question of a marketing scheme for meat, the other remedy that the Government propose to adopt for setting the live-stock industry on its feet. In this, as in other cases, like the bacon and milk schemes, a draft scheme has in the first instance to be submitted by the producers. Last year such a scheme was drawn up by the National Farmers' Union, adopted by fifty-two counties, and sent in to the Ministry. It is now before the Meat Organisation Commission. The following, I hope, is an adequate analysis of its contents.

The preamble rightly assumes that the scheme should be national and so include Scotland and Northern Ireland. It should be national, compulsory, and involve governmental control to prevent dumping, such control to be effected by a quota supplemented by tariffs. The utmost use of the existing machinery of sale and distribution is to be made in order to regulate supplies with a view to avoid gluts and shortages, the ultimate aim being the regulation of the sale of all home-killed meat. There is to be a central commission working through local area committees who will control supplies and demands, the adjustment of supplies between areas being left to the central commission. Close collaboration with local auctioneers is proposed, who will act as area managers and use their staff for collection of information as to supply and demand. The scheme itself proposes that the Government shall, for a definite period, fix a

quota representing the proportion of meat and meat products from home sources. It is to be variable but capable of ensuring that the wholesale price levels shall not be less than the average price for the five years preceding 1931. Quotas are to be fixed for each importing country. A Live-stock and Dead-meat Commission is to be established for regulating the marketing of all home-produced supplies for killing.

The Commission is to consist of a majority of producers with representatives of auctioneers, dealers, butchers, and abattoirs. All buyers and sellers of fat stock or dead meat are to be registered, no dealing by any unregistered person being allowed. Among the aims and objects of the Commission, besides those already mentioned, are—(1) the fixing of a levy on all stock sold, to defray expenses, the regulation of prices, and provision of sales by grading; (2) the payment to vendors of unsold stock the upset price for the grade of stock concerned, and the subsequent sale of such stock on behalf of the Commission; (3) the exploration of an expansion of the system of sale on a dead-weight basis through abattoirs. Other important matters are the right of the Commission to appoint an adequate staff, to demand from all registered persons information on existing supplies or those available or wanted or likely to be wanted. The Commission will have the further right to decide to what market or abattoirs animals shall be sent, while leaving, where possible, the choice of markets to the vendor. They are also through the area committees to provide for the grading of all fat stock and for its sale after grading, an upset price being fixed for all grades at which the bidding is to be begun. Cattle are to be sold by live weight, sheep, lambs, and calves by estimated dead weight, pigs by estimated live or dead weight. All sheep and lambs are to be sold per head, as these are generally sold in fives, the auctioneer's work will be multiplied five-fold. All stock sent to market or direct to the butcher is to be notified at once to the Commission. The duty of setting up canning factories for the cheaper classes of meat is also enjoined on the Commission.

Other suggested regulations deal with the appointment of graders, one to represent the producers and the other the butchers, with an umpire in case of disagreement; the fixing of a certain time by the area committee before the date of sale for the producer to send in exact details of the cattle he proposes to send. If the proposed supplies are in excess of prospective demand, a ballot is to be taken to decide which stock are to be withheld, such stock to have a preference at the next sale. The fixing of a price level for the various grades is to take into account the cost of production. The order in which stock is to be sold is to be determined by ballot.

One's first impression after analysing the proposals, whic contain several excellent features, is the thoroughness wit which the details have been elaborated. At the same time, one struck by the high cost of administration necessitated by th creation of a veritable host of officials and the extraordinar complexity of the whole scheme, which seems in several way likely to prove very difficult to work. For instance, one doubt if there will be really time to grade every animal individually (sheep included) before the sale, unless they arrive at a very early hour indeed. An expert in live-stock with great experience o grading during the war was frankly incredulous. Again, the length of notice to be given by an intending vendor is not stated, a week would scarcely be long enough for the functioning of the proposed machinery for debarring surplus supplies, or diverting them to other markets. While, if a more extended notice were necessary, the farmer would find it increasingly difficult to name a precise date for sending his cattle to market. In times of drought, for example, much depends on when the drought will break and an adequate supply of fresh grass reappear. An unexpected spell of hot weather, again, may cause a sudden falling off in the demand too late to debar the farmer's cattle from market. Moreover, the precise time at which a farmer disposes of his stock, and especially his sheep, is largely determined by his food supplies. He may suddenly be confronted by an embargo due to a prospective glut just when he has got nothing left to feed them on. It will take considerable time for the area commis- sioners to learn how to regulate the supplies. Even the disposal of the surplus stock left on their hands, which is sure to occur in the early days, will be no easy job. Where are they going to dispose of them ?

Apparently the only choice open to the Commission is to send them to other markets, which in many cases will mean a loss of weight and condition, especially if the nearer markets may have already made up their weekly quota. There are other difficulties, such as the fixing of price levels, which I have not the room to discuss here, but the scheme as it stands seems to me quite unworkable. Indeed, it is very significant in this connexion that, though it was sent in to the Ministry a year ago, it has not so far been accepted. The only way to make the scheme a success seems to me to begin with the creation of adequate abattoirs in the large centres to which the surplus cattle could be sent. This would also probably entail the creation of cold-storage buildings. It would dispense with the necessity of the meticulous care with which the committees under the scheme would have to regulate the number at each market, if it did not dispense with it altogether. It is just because the bacon factory is an abattoir, a cold storage.

and a sales department in one that I believe the bacon marketing scheme will be a success. It is worth noting that the Norfolk Farmers' Union, apart from their objection to the scheme being too costly and too cumbersome, rejected it owing to the absence of the preliminary provision of abattoirs. But even if abattoirs and cold storage accommodation are made the *point de départ* of the scheme, such buildings require a considerable time to erect, while the scheme itself will need considerable recasting and remodelling. Judging by the length of time the milk marketing scheme has taken to knock into shape and to put into execution, it would need at least two years, and probably more, to bring the scheme to fruition.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, the position of the live-stock farmers is nothing less than deplorable, and some immediate remedy is necessary. The quota has so far failed adequately to raise prices, and still less to stabilise them; tariffs are ruled out for the moment. Is there any other alternative? A possible answer is supplied by the proposals put forward by a certain number of graziers in Northamptonshire, including one of the biggest in the county. These people have been rendered desperate by the losses already alluded to, and are supported by the land-owners of the grass lands, equally menaced by the collapse of grazing. They have speedily succeeded in enlisting the support of local wholesalers, retailers, and auctioneers; that is to say, of representatives of the entire meat industry as far as beef and mutton are concerned—a very important point. Pork so far has not been included in the scheme, which, as Sir Arthur Hazelrigg has pointed out in *The Times*, has met with extensive support in the neighbouring counties of Leicestershire and Rutland, and more recently in Norfolk. It was presented on July 9 to the Meat Reorganisation Committee presided over by Lord Bingley, who said 'it was by far the best scheme that had been submitted to his committee.'

The scheme is largely modelled on the plan of the wheat quota. There is to be a Meat Commission comprising representatives of producers, wholesalers, retailers, auctioneers, and consumers with a neutral chairman. A duty of 1*d.* per lb. on beef and mutton is to be collected off the meat importers, just as the wheat levy is collected off the millers. Being, therefore, a tax collected within the country, it appears to fall outside the scope of the Ottawa and Argentine Agreements. Even supposing, however, it should be decided that it does not, it should not be impossible to negotiate with the parties concerned, as, indeed, the Government is already doing with respect to dairy produce from New Zealand, to which they have sent out a special envoy. What is possible for milk should be possible for meat. The 1*d.*

per lb. is not likely either to affect the consumer, as the cold storage is for the moment full of unsold meats—a point which seems likely to neutralise, for the time at least, the Minister's laudable attempt to raise prices. Personally I am not certain whether the levy of 1d. per lb. will provide the requisite amount (8s. a cwt., live weight) to make up the 'deficiency payment' to 48s. a cwt.—as proposed by the scheme. The imports of chilled and frozen beef for 1933 are estimated at 11,0838,121 cwt., which would produce a sum of £5,174,486. The imports of frozen mutton are estimated at 7,051,588 cwt., which would produce £3,290,741. The average number of animals slaughtered off English and Welsh farms for the five years 1927–32 is estimated by the Board of Agriculture at—cattle, 1,366,000, and lambs, 6,778,000. But even if the levy on beef is insufficient to raise the standard price to 48s., as in fact the scheme proposes, it might, like the wheat levy, be increased. Even if left at the lower figure, it would represent a substantial relief to the farmer. It is estimated that the levy on fat sheep would produce about 10s. a head. Forty shillings per cwt. is assumed as the average price for the year of prime cattle—i.e. 45s. per cwt. for first-class stall-fed cattle from December to May, and 35s. per cwt. for first-class grass cattle for the rest of the year. But it would probably be wiser to fix the price for cattle and sheep in relation to the annual average price of prime cattle and first-grade sheep, for which a basis already exists in the returns published weekly by the Government of prices ruling in the principal home markets. The scheme probably needs some modification, but, as far as one can see, none of the required alterations are very difficult to make or likely to render the scheme less easy to work. On the other hand, the advantages of the scheme are numerous. Even if its execution required negotiation with the Dominions and the Argentine, it would not take a tithe of the time that a marketing scheme would take to put into operation. It would dispense with the creation of a vast horde of officials such as the milk scheme entails, which has already been estimated by some experts at 2½d. to 3d. a gallon, all of which expense has to be borne by the producer. It would afford immediate relief to the graziers and bullock fatteners, while the sense of security which stabilised prices inspires will enable them, as the Rural Reconstruction Association has shown, to devote all their energies to increased production. Again, the scheme would supersede the quotas, which have hitherto proved themselves so uncertain in their working. It should prove acceptable to the auctioneers, and still more to the butchers, as it leaves their business untouched, while, judging by the smooth working of the wheat quota, it should prove simple, effective, and efficient.

Moreover, the speedy adoption of the scheme would mitigate the grave danger with which the milk scheme is threatened by the influx of the cheese makers and by a large number of farmers giving up grazing and stock fattening and rushing into milk as a last resort. The production of meat and milk respectively has been evolved by an age-long system of natural selection, in which soil and climate have played the leading part. This rush of live-stock producers into another branch of the industry cannot fail to upset the balance between one branch of the industry and another, as may be seen by the rush of farmers into the vegetable-growing business last year. And finally, as has been pointed out, the meat producers represent the most important branch in farming, and to set them on their feet will go a long way to establishing the whole industry on a stable basis.

It only remains to be seen whether the Government have sufficient 'intestinal fortitude,' to use Lord Astor's striking phrase, to adopt a scheme that, directly or indirectly, will benefit the whole industry. If they reject it, what immediate steps do they propose to take to save the most important branch of agriculture from widespread bankruptcy? For something must be done, and done right speedily. To confine themselves to their long-term policies of a quota that so far has failed to function effectively, or of an efficient marketing scheme which at present does not exist and will need at least two or three years to evolve and to put into operation, must inevitably condemn large tracts of England and Wales to be denuded in the near future of their rural population and to be reduced to the level of American ranches or Australian sheep runs.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

STANDS SCIENCE WHERE SHE DID?

THE 1933 meetings of the British Association held last month at Leicester formed a convenient halting-place for men of science to look back upon ground definitely won and to survey further territory upon which an attack may be expected imminently. Already they have struck their tents, and are again moving towards the enemy ranks. The attack is being made along the whole line, from the very small to the exceedingly great. But it is at the extremities that the big battalions are concentrated, and reconnoitring parties are daily bringing more and more information both of the structure of the atom and of the nature of the universe as a whole.

Science thus offers us a kind of Platonic Dyad of the Great and Small, but it is not wholly undetermined. Taking the smaller end first, we may now be fairly confident that there exist four fundamental particles out of which the whole material universe is compacted. There may be others as yet undiscovered, but of these four we may now be quite certain. There is the negative electron, discovered in 1897 by Sir J. J. Thomson, which bears, or rather is, a negative charge of electricity. Secondly there is the proton, discovered in 1911 by Lord Rutherford, which is positively charged and has a mass about 1840 times that of the negative electron. It was thought for a long time that these were the only building bricks in Nature, that out of them in suitable numbers and combinations the atoms of all the ninety-two elements could be formed. The model atom was a miniature solar system with a central nucleus consisting of protons and embedded electrons with a number of electrons circulating in the manner of planets. The number of orbital electrons was such that their electric charges would just cancel out the resultant positive charge on the nucleus, the whole atom being in a state of electrical equilibrium. This theory was worked out for every element, including two that had not then been discovered, from hydrogen with one circulating electron to uranium with ninety-two. It was proved that the orbital electrons were arranged in groups, and the theory beautifully explained many spectroscopic phenomena and such properties as the conductivity of metals.

The theory appeared to be so perfect that the goal of physical

research seemed in sight. But theoretical minds were not content to accept the proton and negative electron simply as brute facts. They asked: Why not an elementary particle without any charge at all? Why not an electron with a positive charge? Why not a proton with a negative charge? Moreover, a theory elaborated by Professor Dirac, which had won the admiration of the whole scientific world by the ease with which it accounted for several 'brute facts,' seemed to demand the existence of positive electrons. What the theoretical mind demanded has at last been found by the empiricist. No negative proton has yet been discovered, but the existence of an uncharged elementary particle, or neutron, and of a positively charged electron, or positron, has now been placed beyond question. The isolation of the former was the work of Bothe in Germany, Curie and Joliot in Paris, and Dr. Chadwick at Cambridge; that of the latter was achieved by Anderson in the United States and Mr P. M. S. Blackett and Dr. Occhialini at Cambridge, and in the last few weeks M. Jean Thibaud, of Paris, has confirmed their work by a new method. It was suggested that the neutron was composed of a proton and negative electron, but the view now generally held is that the neutron is *sui generis*. The mass of the neutron is certainly not far removed from that of the proton. It is believed that the neutron plays no small part in the constitution of atomic nuclei. The positive electron, on the other hand, does not appear to form part of the nuclear structure. Positive electrons seem to be generated as twins with negative electrons near, but not in, the nucleus during atomic collisions. A reason has to be given why neutrons and positive electrons are so rare in Nature. In the case of positive electrons, the answer was given by Professor Dirac when as yet they were undiscovered; he showed that almost as soon as they are formed they must be destroyed. But they live long enough for their tracks to be photographed by Mr Blackett.

Now that so much is known about the ultimate structure of matter, the dream of the transmutation of the elements has been realised. The history of alchemy affords not a little justification to the Hegelian belief that history is a process of affirmation, denial and synthesis. Many of the best minds of the Middle Ages favoured the idea that other metals could be transmuted into gold, an idea most elaborately presented in the *Summa Perfectionis* of Geber. St. Albertus Magnus did not disbelieve it, though he characteristically thought that gold so produced was different from gold won from the earth. The 'experimentis of alconomye,' of which Piers Plowman spoke in the next century were universally practised, and faith in them survived even the upheaval of the Renaissance and Reformation. The immortal

Sir Isaac Newton believed in transmutation, though there is evidence that as Master of the Mint he produced gold by a means other than were customary. But the tide was turning. The Hon. Robert Boyle initiated an age of sceptical chemists, and Edward Gibbon could write with that superciliousness which no one else has ever approached:

> Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchymy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry.

That, however, was not the end of the story. Deeper philosophy, and greater experience, have brought back from exile the idea of transmutation banished by Gibbon. Towards the end of the nineteenth century it was found that certain elements were actually being transformed into other elements without man's aid; in fact, man could do nothing to accelerate or even hinder the process. They were the radioactive elements, whose atoms were very heavy and complicated, and therefore unstable, with a tendency to break up into simpler atoms. In this way lead was left behind when uranium disintegrated. Man could only watch the process, but it furnished him with the means by which he himself could transmute one element into another. For radioactive substances emitted alpha-particles, or helium nuclei, at enormous velocities, and these could be used as projectiles to bombard matter in the hope of transmuting it. The hope was realised; thus when Lord Rutherford fired alpha-particles into nitrogen a form of oxygen was obtained. This was not a disintegration of matter, as in radioactivity, but a building up of atoms, the oxygen atom being heavier than the nitrogen.

But there was still a weakness in this process—man had no control over the source of his projectiles. Another step forward was taken last year by Dr Cockcroft and Dr. Walton when protons obtained by the passage of electricity through hydrogen were fired at a lithium target. Sometimes, apparently, a lithium nucleus would capture a proton and would split up into two helium nuclei. The process, which was wholly under the control of man, has subsequently been extended to other elements, and alchemy may now be said to be a well-organised science. The newly-discovered neutrons have also proved themselves excellent projectiles for transmuting matter by bombardment. (It should perhaps be pointed out, in view of popular beliefs to the contrary, that the 'splitting of the atom' holds out no immediate hope of a new source of power. It is true that when a single atom is transformed, more energy is obtained than is put into it; but only a small fraction of the projectiles fired into atoms

are successful in making hits on nuclei, and on the whole far more energy is put into the process than is obtained out of it.)

A few more comparisons between the mediæval alchemists and the modern physicists may be not inapposite. Mediæval alchemy was guided by the principle that underlying all the different substances was a *prima materia*, the specific differences being due to the addition to this *prima materia* of different sets of qualities. The problem of transmutation was therefore a problem of removing one set of qualities and substituting another. At the beginning of the last century Prout suggested that hydrogen was the basis of all matter. That has been proved to be not precisely true, but all forms of matter are made up of protons and electrons, with a sprinkling of neutrons, and hydrogen is the simplest of those forms. Transmutation has therefore become a problem of rearranging protons and electrons. This is not fundamentally different from the mediæval idea. Moreover, by a happy inspiration the mediæval alchemists were obsessed with the idea that gold could be obtained by somehow treating mercury with sulphur—a happy inspiration, for we now know mercury to be next after gold in the periodic table of the elements—i.e., to have just one more orbital electron. Finally, it is worth noting the part that England has played both in alchemy and in the modern way of transmutation. Robert of Chester, Roger of Hereford and Richard of Wendover have their successors in Lord Rutherford, Dr. Cockcroft, and Dr. Walton.

So much for the present state of microscopic physics. A convenient bridge to the macroscopic world is provided by the cosmic rays; they were the means by which the positive electron was discovered, and on one theory they are the cause of the expansion of the universe. They were called cosmic rays because they appeared to come from all directions in outer space; but men of science now confess they know far less about cosmic rays than they formerly thought they did, and in view of doubts about their cosmic nature some workers prefer to talk about 'the penetrating radiation.' Of its penetrating nature there can be no two opinions. The rays were first discovered about thirty years ago when a physicist found that an electroscope round which he had piled lead sufficiently thick to shield it from all known forms of radiation was nevertheless discharged. Since then a vigorous attack on the problem of their nature has been made, an attack which has increased in intensity of recent years and is now one of the most fascinating of scientific pursuits.

It is no armchair or laboratory task. The first essential is a knowledge of the intensity of cosmic rays at as many times and places as possible. Accordingly a great variety of observations

has been made. Professor Regener, of Switzerland, cle
sharing Gray's faith that

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,

has measured the intensity of cosmic radiation 750 feet below
surface of Lake Constance; and he has sent up balloons w
self-recording instruments to a height of 17½ miles. Profes
Piccard, of Belgium, has himself made two personal ascents ir
the stratosphere at great risk to his life. Professor Compton,
the United States, has organised expeditions to eighty-or
stations all over the world at heights from sea level to 20,000 fee
Professor Kolhörster has gone down into a Prussian salt mine an
brought back evidence of cosmic rays, four times as hard as th
most penetrating discovered by Professor Regener, which ar
capable of maintaining the electric charge of the earth.

But the mystery of the cosmic rays is still unsolved. A few
years ago it was confidently thought that cosmic rays were of the
same nature as light, only with very much shorter wave-length.
They were placed at the lower end of the gamut of radiation
which was thought to run—wireless waves, heat waves, infra-red
rays, light, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, gamma rays and cosmic
rays. On this basis several novel theories to account for their
origin were proposed. Sir James Jeans thought they were the
product of the complete transformation of matter into energy
('annihilation'). Professor Millikan thought they were liberated
when helium was formed out of hydrogen somewhere in space.
The Bishop of Birmingham thought it not wholly improbable
that mixed up with the cosmic rays were messages from beings
on other planets in a more advanced state of development than
ourselves.

Since then physicists have become less confident of the nature
of cosmic rays. Most investigators now think they are not of a
wave nature, but consist of electrified particles, possibly electrons.
That takes away the ground from under those who would see in
cosmic radiation the birth-cry or death-rattle of an atom, or
an interstellar broadcasting service. If cosmic radiation does
consist of electrified particles, it will be attracted towards the
earth's magnetic poles, and it becomes important to decide by
experiment whether that is so. Professor Compton's expeditions
do show that the intensity of cosmic radiation is greater in
temperate than in tropical latitudes. The result is not wholly
decisive, but what we know as cosmic radiation is almost certainly
a mixture. Apart from the primary cosmic rays there are the
secondary rays formed when the primary rays strike the earth's
atmosphere. Cosmic radiation may consist not only of many rays
of different intensity, but may include corpuscular and wave

parts. The radiation, it may be added, appears to be nearly constant in time at any one place, being the same by night as by day. The sun can hardly be its origin.

Another reason for the attractiveness of the theory of cosmic rays is the comparative rarity of the rays on the earth's surface. But when they are detected they make their presence felt by their extraordinary penetrating power. On account of this power they make good projectiles for bombarding atomic nuclei. Mr. Blackett and Dr. Occhialini were using them to bombard copper when they obtained [illegible] them several positive electrons. But though the rays are comparatively rare upon the earth, they are probably very important in the universe taken as a whole. That is because the matter in the universe is aggregated into lumps at great distances apart, but the cosmic rays appear to be spread out all over space. Hence their total effect is likely to be very great.

This line of argument gives plausibility to the cosmological speculations of the Abbé Lemaître, a Belgian priest who has recently joined the staff of the Catholic University at Washington. The Abbé Lemaître believes that the whole universe began as a single atom, a few [illegible] in diameter, [illegible] for all the nuclei of all the atoms in the universe to be packed closely together. This primeval atom possessed a tendency to disintegrate and finally did so with violence, sending forth streams of cosmic rays and showers of particles. This pressure caused the universe to expand, and it is still expanding. Observational evidence of this expansion is thought to be provided by the spiral nebulae. We ourselves live in a spiral nebula called the Milky Way, and there are many similar nebulae, only smaller ones for the most part, scattered about in space. When the light from these distant nebulae is split up by a spectroscope into its component colours, the colours are shifted towards the red end of the spectrum compared with the standard position. The most natural interpretation of this shift is that the spiral nebulae are receding from us; it corresponds precisely with the fall in the note of an engine's whistle as it passes an observer. The velocity of recession can be measured by this means as well as detected, and is found to be proportional to the nebula's distance. A nebula whose light takes 2 million years to reach the earth gives a velocity of 344 miles a second; one whose light takes 150 million years on the journey gives a velocity of 15,000 miles a second. Of course, the shift to the red may be interpreted in other ways, but that is how it would be interpreted normally. Sir Arthur Eddington observed at Leicester that the Lick Observatory speaks of radial velocities in general, but cautiously used the term 'apparent radial velocities.'

for the spiral nebulæ; that, he said, reminded him of t clergyman who said he would arrive (D.V.) on Friday, and Saturday in any case. It should be noted, however, that i of energy by light in its passage through space would accou for the shift to the red; but such an explanation would entirely *ad hoc*.

The Abbé Lemaître's is but one of several theories of t expanding universe. It may seem that there is an obvious sc contradiction in the notion of the universe expanding. If expands, it must be into something, which *ex hypothesi* is in th universe. But when physicists talk of the expanding univer they mean the material universe consisting of the galaxies and th space in which they are contained, not strictly the sum of a things. In this sense an expansion of the universe is certainl possible. Such explanation will remove most of the parado associated in the popular mind with astronomical theory. Whe in a recent paper Professor de Sitter, to give another example spoke of the stars being older than the universe, he did not mea by the beginning of the universe what most people understand by that term, but the minimum of a certain quantity entering int his theory. At Leicester he explained this paradox by the analogy of the Californian trees, which are much older than California.

Having admitted the idea of a universe changing in size, many types of change are theoretically possible. The universe can expand continually, it can contract until it shrinks to a minimum size, or it can go through alternating periods of expansion and contraction. The different versions of the expanding universe theory can best be examined historically.

The roots of the theory go as far back as 1916, when Professor Einstein had just published his general theory of relativity. In that theory space and time were on an equal footing, and the space-time universe was supposed to be infinite in every direction. But Professor Einstein quickly became dissatisfied with the universe, chiefly, it would seem, because he did not understand what happened to his equations at infinity, and in 1917 he introduced the notion of a universe that was finite but unbounded—*i.e.*, a universe with a finite volume that could be measured in cubic miles. This universe was supposed to be full of uniformly diffused matter. It had many peculiar properties. A ray of light, for instance, would return to the point from which it set out unless deviated by some means from its natural path. The reader of Emerson's *Uriel* may recall a prophetic anticipation of this Einstein universe:

> Line in nature is not found,
> Unit and universe are round;
> In vain produced all rays return.

Our actual universe, of course, is not like the Einstein universe, because matter is aggregated into stars and nebulæ, and not spread homogeneously through space. Professor de Sitter capped Dr. Einstein's theory with a world empty of matter. The actual universe would, of course, be intermediate between the worlds of Einstein and de Sitter. The interest of Professor de Sitter's theory for us is that any particles introduced into it would tend to run away from an observer stationed at the origin; and the light from distant objects would give a spectrum shift towards the red. In a sense, therefore, the notion of an expanding universe is to be found in Professor de Sitter's theory.

But it was not till 1922 that the theory as strictly understood was founded. A. Friedmann then pointed out that the Einstein universe was unstable, so that if once disturbed it must go on expanding or contracting. Although he published his proof in one of the best-known German scientific periodicals, it fell completely unnoticed. Independently the Abbé Lemaître was developing a similar theory, and in 1927 he published his results, only to find that they also were unnoticed. But in 1930 the ground was better prepared, chiefly owing to the growing evidence for the recessive motions of the nebulæ. Sir Arthur Eddington expressed the wish that a certain mathematical result had been worked out; Lemaître, who had previously been a pupil of his, wrote to say he had already obtained it. From that moment the theory of the expanding universe leapt into prominence. Sir Arthur Eddington has himself been no mean contributor to it. Although most men of science do not believe he has completely justified his particular form of the theory, all are forced to admire it by its extraordinary elegance and power. He obtains by pure theory a value for the expansion of the universe which does not differ so very much from the observed value of the recession of the nebulæ. In the course of the working he obtains a quadratic equation whose roots are in the ratio 1846 to 1, which is the ratio of the mass of the proton to that of the electron. And he is able to prove that on his theory the total number of particles in the universe is 10^{79} (ten followed by seventy-nine noughts).

Dr McVittie and Dr. McCrea have done some valuable nvestigation of the effect of condensation in the matter filling he Einstein universe. But the most original contribution to he theory recently has been that of Professor Milne, of Oxford. t first it seemed to knock the bottom out of theories of expanding pace, because Professor Milne explained the recession of the ebulæ by using ordinary kinematics and Euclidean space. onsider a number of billiard balls moving on an indefinitely rge table. If any point be taken on the table, there comes a

time when all the balls will seem to be moving away from [the point]. Some will always have been moving away; others will first come near the point and then pass away; but eventually at a late time all will appear to be moving outwards, and the fastest ones will naturally be farthest away. Professor Milne thus seems to have hit on an absurdly simple explanation of the recession of the nebulæ, the only difficulty being that it requires them to have had their great velocities from all time. Most of us like to think of all the stars being formed out of a diffuse mass. But Professor Milne has elaborated his theory to a full [extent], in which very strange things happen. In his universe, observers in uniform relative motion observe identical world-pictures. The observable volume of the universe is finite, but it has no age and no radius—only an age and a radius when a particular observer is specified at a particular event or experiences. What we call 'creation' in the past of any particular observer reappears on the confines of the universe as the region where, however, the particles become invisible through travelling with the speed of light. It is all passing strange.

Such in broad outline are some of the problems the physicists of to-day are trying to solve. They will be solved only by the closest co-operation of experimenter and theorist, of theoretician and empiricist. The way in which fact and theory are intertwined was well shown by a paper read at Leicester by Dayton Miller. Given on the last day, and unheralded on the original programme, it has not secured the publicity it deserves. As is well known, the Theory of Relativity is based ultimately on the Michelson–Morley experiment of 1887. Dr. Miller showed that even Michelson and Morley did not get the complete null result assumed by the Theory of Relativity. Miller and Morley have repeated the experiment since, and have always obtained a positive effect, which appears to vary with the time of day. Unless some explanation is forthcoming, the Theory of Relativity will need considerable modification in the light of these experiments. At Leicester Lord Rutherford declared that the facts are all-important, and theory must always take its place. Sir Arthur Eddington seemed to suggest that if the facts do not agree with the theory, it is the facts that are wrong. Lord Rutherford is not so obviously right as at first glance, for facts are generally discovered only under the guidance of some theory. But we may rest assured that if the great but entrancing problems of modern physics are to be solved, it will be by the perfect union of fact and theory, and that alone.

IVOR THOMAS.

JAMES THE SECOND

A Revaluation

On October 14 (O.S.), 1633, the boy who was subsequently to become James II. and VII. was born at St. James's Palace, the second son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and he was created Duke of York and Albany shortly after his christening by Archbishop Laud. Few monarchs have been so bitterly attacked by historians, and even now, when justice is at last being done to the other members of the Stuart family, it is but rarely that a good word is said for James II. The admirers of his brother Charles, who are legion in these latter days, can hardly find words strong enough to express their disapproval of the man who destroyed his heritage in less than four years; while those who appreciate the sterling qualities which might well have made his son one of the best of English monarchs are equally ready to blacken the character of the father whose folly prevented his succession to the throne. Within the last few months yet another antagonist, in the person of Mr. Winston Churchill, has entered the lists against him, and the brilliant pen of that statesman has depicted the unhappy king as the very type of unimaginative leader whom a Churchill finds it impossible to follow. Defenders he has had but few, and none of them, save Mr. Hilaire Belloc, of the first rank. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that for the general public James II. should still be the narrow-minded bigot, the enemy of the civil and religious liberties of the English people, that the Whigs proclaimed him two and a half centuries ago.

The tercentenary of James's birth would appear to be a not inopportune moment to consider the evidence for and against him, and to endeavour once for all to give him his rightful place in history. The facts of his career are undisputed, but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the correct interpretation has never yet been put upon them. In spite of the centuries which have elapsed since the Revolution, the passions which that event aroused have hitherto prevented a just estimate of the monarch who lost his throne as the result. Perhaps one reason for this is that James had the misfortune to become implicated in Irish

politics, and, like many another Englishman both before since, he was unable to escape unscathed from the ordeal.

In common with his brothers and sisters, he had a stor youth. On the outbreak of the Civil War he was placed by father at Oxford for greater safety, and he was captured there the rebels in 1646. His captors imprisoned him, together w the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth, in the place of birth, St. James's Palace; but after two years he succeeded making his escape to Holland, and from there he joined his mot in Paris. During the Commonwealth he served as a soldi First of all, he went through four campaigns in the French arr under Turenne, who conceived a high opinion of him. After t peace between England and France, which obliged him to lea the French service, he entered that of Spain, and fought brave for the Spaniards against Cromwell's forces at the Battle of tl Dunes in 1658. On the eve of the Restoration two years lat James was appointed by Philip IV. to be High Admiral of Spai with a command in the expedition that was being prepared for ti reconquest of Portugal. When the monarchy was restored i England the Duke of York was appointed Lord High Admira and as such he commanded the British Fleet in the victory ove the Dutch off Lowestoft in 1665. In this action he remained o deck for eighteen hours exposed to such heavy fire that more thar one man was killed by his side.

These facts are important in view of the accusations which Mr. Winston Churchill has brought against James in respect of the wreck of the *Gloucester*, in which the latter was sailing from Scotland to London in 1682. Mr. Churchill produces a hitherto unpublished document to show that the great loss of life when the ship sank was due to the obstinacy and callousness of James, who had himself rowed away in safety with his priests and dogs. What Mr. Churchill does not explain is that the document in question is a letter written sixty years after the event by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who at this period was under great Whig pressure, describing what her husband told her at the time of the disaster. On the other side are the official report of the captain, Sir John Berry; the eye-witness accounts of Lords Dartmouth and Peterborough; and the memoirs of the wife of James, Mary of Modena, whose recollection of what her husband told her is at least entitled to an equal hearing with what John said to Sarah. Pepys was in a yacht close at hand, and he wrote in a letter to Hewer that the Duke of York went off in a boat 'with none but Mr. Churchill.' Of course Bishop Burnet is at the bottom of this misrepresentation, as of so many others, and for this reason one may perhaps be permitted to quote a remark of Miss Agnes Strickland in her account of the affair.

The Duke's boat held but six persons besides the rowers, including himself. The first person he admitted was his favourite Churchill,—no priest, certainly; and if Burnet meant to classify him among the dogs, he forgot that gratitude and fidelity are inherent virtues of the canine race.

Until James came to the throne, no charge of cowardice or vacillation can, *pace* Mr. Winston Churchill, be laid to his account. At the time of the Popish Plot and of the struggle over the Exclusion Bill he never lost his head, and his attitude was absolutely correct. It is true that once having joined the Church of Rome he refused to leave it, but even those of us who are not of that communion can hardly blame him for such devotion to principle. On the other hand, his short reign seems completely to have broken his nerve, and his conduct after the landing of William of Orange was pusillanimous in the extreme. The first resolution to advance against the invader was unquestionably the right one, and would almost certainly have given him the victory; but the man who had charged the famous *tercios* of Spain, and the redoubtable Ironsides of Cromwell, abandoned the campaign when he had already got as far as Salisbury, because his nose had begun to bleed. Shortly afterwards, on his return to London after his first attempt at flight, he was entreated by Dundee to stay and fight it out, but he flatly refused, with the remark, 'You know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings.' Finally he fled with such precipitance from the battle-field of the Boyne as to earn the reproaches of no less a Jacobite than the Duchess of Tyrconnel.

The explanation of these apparent inconsistencies would seem to lie in his training during his most impressionable years. In exile he had been a soldier, and during the first decade of the Restoration he had been a sailor—that is to say, he was quite unfitted to understand the extremely complicated politics of the period. Furthermore, like the vast majority of soldiers and sailors in civil life, James proved to be a bad judge of character, and the two men whom he principally trusted—namely, Sunderland and Churchill—both turned out traitors. The effort to solve problems with which his upbringing had not fitted him to cope appears to have affected the King's nervous system to such an extent that the moment things began to go wrong he fell into a panic. A recent example of the same development of character occurred in the case of General Primo de Rivera, who became increasingly more bewildered as he found himself obliged to deal with questions which were beyond him. He got into deeper and deeper water, losing his nerve in the process, so that by 1929 he was completely nonplussed even by the problems that he could have taken in his stride six years before. It was the same with James II. The man who braved the Dutch fire off Lowestoft ran like a raw recruit

or wrong, he always went straight to the point, and he was consequently easily outmanœuvred. A notable example of this was his Irish expedition. He went to Ireland on what he believed would prove to be the journey to Whitehall. The King of France and the Irish themselves had no desire that he should be anything else than King of Ireland, and in view of this conflict of aims the campaign was doomed from the beginning. Had Dundee been reinforced, William would never have dared to leave England, and James could have taken his army over to Scotland as soon as he was master of Ireland. In his earlier years he would almost certainly have adopted this course, but by 1689 his nerve was almost completely broken, and during the whole time that he was in Ireland he never displayed any gifts of leadership, being the mere plaything of the factions by whom he was surrounded. It is one of the tragedies of Irish history that James, who was of the religion of one section of Irishmen and of the race of the other, did nothing to effect a permanent understanding. Instead, he created a situation which is to no inconsiderable extent responsible for the present condition of Ireland, though he was not the only Englishman who has found that country to be the grave of his reputation.

That the faults of James have had more attention from historians than his virtues cannot be denied, and the reason is not far to seek. His cause received so much support that more than half a century after he had lost the throne his grandson came within an ace of recovering it, and thus it was a matter of life and death for the Whig oligarchs to denigrate his memory. He was depicted as a veritable ogre, and the adherents of the Hanoverian *régime* never tired of denouncing the terrible state of affairs which was supposed to have existed while he was on the throne, as may be seen in *Tom Jones*. The last monarch of a fallen dynasty is always treated in this manner, and writers under the Tudors so blackened the character of Richard III. that to this very day we do not know what manner of man he really was. More recent writers have been content to rely for their information upon the contemporaries of James, with the result that in the ordinary text-book he was invariably represented as a tyrant who wanted to impose on his subjects the rule of the Pope, and to abolish Parliament. In these latter days the old belief has been somewhat modified, either because it is now fashionable to be polite to Papists, or because we have less confidence in the parliamentary system. Of recent writers only Mr. Winston Churchill has taken the old Whig standpoint, and the little value that need be attached to his accusations has already been demonstrated.

What brought about the downfall of James was his attempt to secure toleration, which was interpreted by his enemies as a

circuitous method of securing the return of England to the Church of Rome. His objects were two: The first was to repeal those provisions, such as the Test Act, which prevented anyone from holding a post, civil or military, or voting in Parliament, unless he took communion as a member of the Church of England and swore an oath denying transubstantiation. The second was to raise the numbers of the standing army from 5000 to 15,000 in order to free the Crown from its dependence upon the Whig magnates—*i.e.*, the *nouveaux riches* of the Reformation, who controlled the militia. It is difficult to estimate the number of people who would have benefited by toleration, but the Roman Catholics have been reckoned at a seventh of the total population in this reign, and to them must be added the Dissenters. The proposed increase in the strength of the army is in no way remarkable when the state of Europe and the danger of an attempt on the part of the Whig exiles in Holland are taken into account. James, however, was always unlucky; for this was the very moment that Louis XIV. chose to repeal the Edict of Nantes, and to harry the Huguenots with his dragoons. In these circumstances it was only natural that the Whigs should get a ready hearing for the story that James wanted an army to enable him to treat English Protestants in the same way that his cousin was treating their French co-religionists. This belief was in no way lessened by the arrival of Huguenot refugees in considerable numbers.

The atmosphere was thus very heavily charged with suspicion before James even began to put his schemes into execution, and it was obvious that to carry them through would require no inconsiderable amount of that quality which the King so conspicuously lacked—namely, tact. Had James proceeded slowly all might still have been well, but he acted in a most precipitate manner, and, what was worse, he made some extremely bad appointments. Sclater, Curate of Putney, for example, who proved to be a cleric of a very undeserving type, was allowed to keep his emoluments after conversion to Rome on condition of paying a substitute. This was a definite allocation of Church money away from the Establishment for the benefit of an arrant rogue. Still worse was the appointment of a convert to be Dean of Christ Church, for the latter is not only the head of a college, but is also a high ecclesiastical dignitary of the Church of England. The interference with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was in due course followed by the trial of the seven bishops for refusing to read the Edict of Toleration, and this had the effect of making the Anglican episcopate really popular for the first and last time in its existence.

The cause of religious freedom may or may not have been an

impracticable ideal in the closing years of the seventeenth century, but these blunders, so reminiscent of those of Mary Tudor, rendered it inevitable that James should fail. He never realised that if you want to persuade the English people to agree to a change, you must first of all convince them that no change is intended. On the other hand, the critics of James, both contemporary and modern, have made the wildest charges against him; possibly in the case of the former to excuse their own treachery towards the monarch to whom they had sworn allegiance. In this matter Mr. Winston Churchill naturally did not wish to be outdone, and he has not hesitated to state that James was acting in the interests of France. How this can be reconciled with the King's blunt refusal to accept the assistance of Louis it is not easy to see, but John Churchill's behaviour in the autumn of 1688 is difficult to defend, and his apologist and descendant is too old a warrior not to be aware that in such circumstances attack is the best strategy. Let it be frankly admitted that the Government of James was tactless and weak, even if its objects were highly commendable, but to say that it was tyrannical or unpatriotic is absurd. The King's attitude towards Oxford, to quote but one example, was the height of folly, but no one lost his life because of it. When, in 1715, that city was suspected of an intention to participate in the revolt against the new *régime*, it was occupied by cavalry, and there was martial law. Had James acted in the autumn of 1688 in the way in which the Whig Administration did twenty-seven years later, he might have been more justly accused of tyranny, but the expedition of William would have met with the same fate as that of Monmouth.

The chief reason for the failure of James was not, however, his lack of tact, but his haste, though the latter was to no inconsiderable extent responsible for the former. Nevertheless, his motives are intelligible. He was fifty-one years of age when he ascended the throne, and as he was already the only surviving child of Charles I. he had no reason to suppose that he had long to live. His heirs were his daughters, Mary and Anne, and as both were strong Protestants, married to Protestant husbands, there was little chance of their doing anything for his co-religionists, though he had no suspicion that they were cast for the parts of Goneril and Regan. It thus seemed to him that what he had to do must be done quickly. Had James known in 1685 that he had another sixteen years of life before him, and that he would be succeeded by his son, he might have proceeded more gradually, and so have achieved his aim. It must be confessed that this assumption is problematical, for it has been shown that James was too straightforward to be a successful politician, and,

unlike his father, he never learnt that to get the better of his opponents dissimulation was essential.

In endeavouring to arrive at an accurate estimate of the place of James II. in British history his work for the Navy must not be forgotten. The Stuarts have never received anything approaching fair play for their naval policy. Charles I., in spite of most inadequate financial resources, commissioned between forty and fifty ships and so laid the foundations of the fleet of which Blake, in the days of the Protectorate, made such excellent use. The death of Cromwell ushered in a period of disorder, and, far from being the mistress of the seas, the British Navy was quite unable to protect from Spanish attack the ships that brought coal from Newcastle to London. All this time the Navy was not regarded as a permanent professional force in the modern sense, for the old idea was firmly fixed in the public mind that the ships should be laid up in time of peace. When a crisis came they were to be fitted out, and the crews gathered haphazard from any likely quarter, even then, the craft directly armed by the Government put to sea mixed up with those which had been obtained from private sources. As Charles I. had discovered to his cost, there was considerable opposition to any alteration in this system, and those who, like Hampden, had a rooted objection to paying for the upkeep of a professional force took the line that what had been good enough to defeat the Spanish Armada was good enough for them in the next century—a comfortable doctrine, typically English, and one that enabled the country squire to justify his refusal to pay ship money (a most revolutionary attitude for him to adopt) on the ground that he was a good Conservative, and that it was the King who was a Radical.

On May 23, 1660, James hoisted his flag as Lord High Admiral, and from that moment he set about the reorganisation of the Navy, a task in which he was soon to have the invaluable co-operation of Samuel Pepys. First of all he created a class of permanent paid officers, who were on the strength both in peace and in war. Then he instituted the rank of midshipman, though this was not their original title. The name was first of all applied to certain petty officers, and the young men who, after May 1661, were given places in each ship that put to sea were termed 'Volunteers,' and later 'King's Letter Boys.' They had the pay of midshipmen, and so in course of time the term was attached, by custom, to them alone. In this connexion it may be pointed out that James was in no way opposed to promotion from the lower deck. Finally, he re-equipped the arsenals in the Thames and at Portsmouth. Nor did his interest in, or enthusiasm for, the Navy ever flag, and although his last hope of regaining his throne was lost when the French fleet was defeated at La Hogue, he could not conceal his

admiration for the British sailors on that occasion. In the Instructions which he left for his son occur the words, 'Preserve the Mastery of the Sea, for without that England cannot be safe.' Such being the case, it is only fitting that there is going to be a celebration at Admiralty House of the tercentenary of his birth.

Enough has been said to show that James was not the monster of iniquity that the triumphant Whigs, for party or personal reasons, have depicted him; but he was not the man to ascend the throne of England in 1685. Charles II. had dealt his successor a hand that should have enabled him to take every trick, and the tragedy of James was that he did not know how to play it. The Whigs were certain to make at least one attempt to retrieve their defeat in the last years of the previous reign, and they did so in a way that should, and would, have immeasurably strengthened his position, had he not committed the irreparable blunder of putting Monmouth to death. If ever a man was the victim of his character that man was James II. None of the more serious charges that were once brought against him can be proved, and his mistakes were due to the limitations of his intellect. Of all English monarchs he was probably the most loyal to his friends, but he never obtained any credit for his loyalty either with them or with posterity. With his subjects as a whole he did not attain the popularity of his brother, for he lacked those very qualities which induce the public to forgive their possessor a multitude of sins. Yet his aim, religious toleration, was a noble one, and in his pursuit of it he was in advance of his age. Unhappily, he committed so many mistakes in his attempt to put it into practice that he raised widespread suspicion as to his motives. In later life his nerve gave way at the critical moment, and he became one of those timid but obstinate people who are the despair of their friends and the delight of their enemies. In spite of all this, it must be remembered to his credit that he never ceased (just as more than one of his bitterest traducers never began) to be a patriotic Englishman; and though he was always quite willing to avail himself of foreign support in his efforts to regain his throne, like his son and grandson he refused to sacrifice any material English interest in return. The verdict must be that he was right in his object, but wrong in the means he employed to achieve it. He reigned too late to restore the supremacy of the Roman Church in these islands, and too early to establish religious toleration, so that, given his character, his ultimate failure was inevitable.

CHARLES PETRIE.

THE REAL BAUDELAIRE

Miss Enid Starkie's recently published study of Baudelaire [1] introduces itself with claims which, if they are true, would make of it a book of the highest importance. It professes to be 'the first reasonably complete work on Baudelaire in any language'; to derive substance and authority, not only from sources hitherto available, but from 'numerous unpublished documents which have not been used even in France'; and to effect a 'complete reversal' of what it calls 'the Baudelaire legend'—as if there were only one legend associated with Baudelaire, or only one body of facts to which that word can be applied. Unfortunately, these claims call for so much qualification that they are left with no serious value. There are other even 'reasonably' complete works on Baudelaire, in the sense that they touch with tolerable fulness upon the more important aspects of his life and work; and some of them treat certain of these aspects more extensively than Miss Starkie has done, and with greater felicity of insight. For instance, one might mention M. Ernest Raynaud's book and that of M. Robert Vivier, which deal much more satisfactorily than Miss Starkie's with various aspects of the poet's life and work. The 'numerous unpublished documents' turn out to be hardly anything at all; they are merely a series of notes having to do with Baudelaire's applications to the Government for financial aid, and those written by Baudelaire himself were published nearly two years ago.

As for the exploding of the 'Baudelaire legend,' Miss Starkie is not very convincing here. Perhaps there are certain elements of legend in the current conception of Baudelaire, but Miss Starkie does not make us feel that she has located and disposed of any such, or that she has accomplished anything in the way of rehabilitation. All that she does, in effect, is to develop again, in a much more prolix fashion, the theorem advanced by M. Gonzague de Reynold in his study of Baudelaire which appeared some thirteen years ago; and M. Raynaud, too (among others), has tried to bring proofs to the support of the same theorem.

To put the matter briefly, Miss Starkie holds that the perverse, sadistic, satanic, decadent, and otherwise corrupt Baudelaire did

[1] *Baudelaire*; Gollancz, 18s. net.

not exist; or that if he were such a man, it was only at the beginning of his literary career, and for a comparatively short space of time. After this period of youthful error, which probably was largely a matter of parade, he became a nice, good, worthy man; on the whole, his life is now an edifying progress towards 'humility,' 'pious resignation,' 'acquiescence in suffering as a "saving" force,' 'peace and renunciation in religion,' and the 'sweet blessedness of "final harmony."' All this, I think, is very wide of the mark, and all it does is to substitute one legend for another. It excessively simplifies Baudelaire's character and development, which were in a very high degree complex; and it ignores or misinterprets a large amount of evidence that points to far different conclusions. This is the chief charge I would make against Miss Starkie: over-simplification of Baudelaire as a man and as an artist, and a failure to get at the real facts of his development. If his work—all his work, that is, including his letters—is studied in chronological order, it will be manifest that it is precisely the opposite of Miss Starkie's theory that is true. Seen as a whole, his progress is not towards humility, resignation, peace, harmony, but increasingly towards revolt, real satanism, despair, and absolute pessimism.

An overwhelming array of evidence might be adduced to substantiate this statement, but I will content myself with mentioning the few following facts. The letters of his last four or five years are for the most part those of a man who is fast losing, or has already lost, all faith and all hope. The prose-poem *Enivrez-vous*, which is an unqualified apologia for any form of intoxication as affording the only escape from the martyrdom imposed by Time, is one of the poet's latest compositions, and was first published in 1864. Two other prose-poems, *Les Tentations* and *Le Joueur généreux*, belonging to 1863 and 1864 respectively, are devoted to the greater glory of Satan.

In the prose-poem *Le Tir et le Cimetière*, one of the last things he ever wrote, he proclaims that '*tout est néant excepté la Mort*,' and Death more than anything else was the chief preoccupation of his final years, the only resource that was left to him. He even makes a sort of mysticism of Death, and develops it in a series of poems. Among these is *Le Voyage*, one of his latest pieces, to which he attached great importance himself. As Miss Starkie well says, it may be regarded as a fitting climax to his work. But she has not noticed that it is far from bearing out her thesis that in the end Baudelaire attained harmony and peace, in religion or elsewhere. For here we have all the elements of Baudelaire's pessimism brought together and powerfully driven home within the compass of a single poem. This poem sets forth the complete bankruptcy of human existence for such a nature as

Baudelaire's, and in the face of this bankruptcy there is but one thing to which he can turn, and that is death. The fever of despair burns his brain, and he would plunge into the remotest depths of the gulf, be it heaven or hell; it matters not to him whether salvation or damnation await him, so long as he can push forward to something *New*.

Because Miss Starkie is at the mercy of her thesis in this matter, and shuts her eyes to evidence to the contrary, and refuses to take Baudelaire's work as it really is, she is led to make very serious mistakes with regard to the chronological order of the poems, and hence with regard to his technical advance, to his progress as an artist. For example, the two poems of revolt, *Abel et Caïn* and *Les Litanies de Satan*, were published for the first time in 1857, and there is absolutely no evidence that they were written in the poet's youth; yet Miss Starkie refuses to assign them to a later period, where, she says, they would 'strike a discordant note.' Discordant with what, pray? With nothing but Miss Starkie's theory. According to her, they seem to belong to a 'pathetically young stage' of his development. At that rate, to the same 'pathetically young stage' must belong the two prose-poems I have mentioned above, *Les Tentations* and *Le Joueur généreux*, which contain practically identical sentiments. Yet even Miss Starkie cannot dispute that they belong to the last few years of the poet's life. Again, according to Miss Starkie, *Le Léthé*, because it does not fit into her scheme, can 'without hesitation be placed among the poems "definitively [*sic*] of youthful inspiration"', and yet there is not an atom of evidence to support this. Miss Starkie, and practically all the numerous critics who have undertaken to write on Baudelaire, have been misguided by a certain statement by Prarond, one of the friends of Baudelaire's youth. Eugène Crépet, when preparing his *Charles Baudelaire, Œuvres posthumes, etc.*, appealed to Prarond (among others) for information concerning the poet's activities in those early years. In reply, Prarond said, *inter alia*, that a certain number of the poems published in *Les Fleurs du Mal* (fifteen in all, out of 151 in the third and last edition) had been brought to his notice by Baudelaire before the end of 1843; this has been seized on by Miss Starkie and all the other commentators as a piece of gospel that needs no investigation, and it has led them sadly astray. Thus, to quote two or three examples of a depressingly large number, M. Raynaud asserts that Baudelaire was 'in full possession of his genius' at the age of twenty, and that the poems of *Les Fleurs du Mal* were composed almost entirely between the years 1840 and 1845—in other words, that Baudelaire had begun to write them at the age of nineteen, and had virtually brought them to completion by the age of twenty-four! Baudelaire,

continues M. Raynaud, developing this amazing legend (one of those that really do need exploding), came to the end of his poetical tether, lost the better part of his genius, in 1845; he had given all there was in him to give; he had arrived at his apogee, further ascent was impossible, he could not even maintain himself at this high altitude, and all he could do now was to decline. Even M. Robert Vivier, who is usually much more *avisé*, here follows like a lamb the wild lead of M. Raynaud, whose word he takes as being final and conclusive. And Miss Starkie, 'with no hesitation,' rushes in where so many others regarded as authorities have not been afraid to tread. By her, too, on this point of the poet's æsthetic progress, Prarond's words (especially as construed and filled out by others) are taken as being final and sacrosanct, and as standing in no need of any critical examination. She constantly drags in his name, and uses it to clinch her most desperate conclusions. 'Prarond says that the greater part of *Les Fleurs du Mal* were composed by 1844', 'it seems safe to accept the testimony of Prarond'; and we might fill up a whole page with these exemplary declarations of faith in the unimpeachable testimony of Prarond—who, in reality, said nothing of the sort. What Prarond does say is that he and his friends had heard before 1844 certain pieces having the same *titles* as some of the poems which appeared in *Les Fleurs du Mal*; and he concludes his testimony by saying that Baudelaire was constantly engaged in correcting and reshaping his poems up to the time of their appearance in volume form—a statement that has evidently escaped the attention of all those critics who have taken his name in vain. The whole crux and essence of the matter lies there. The titles remain the same, but the actual poems have been constantly rehandled, revised and rewritten; and, relying not only on strong presumptions, but on the best evidence possible, we may be sure that in practically all cases they have been metamorphosed, and have become, in effect, completely new poems. The far-reaching alterations (available for inspection) undergone by *Le Vin des Chiffonniers* and *La Mort des Artistes* are a good example of this. Moreover, on this matter we have Baudelaire's own categorical testimony, which it would seem that Miss Starkie and all her predecessors know nothing of. In his correspondence he not infrequently makes it clear that he is refashioning what poems he has preserved, and this refashioning went so far that the old poems disappeared altogether and new ones took their place. Thus, in the letter to Vigny accompanying the presentation copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, Baudelaire says that *all* the old poems have been transformed; and he speaks of the 'new' poems of the collection. So that little, if anything at all, is left of the glorious poems of the golden days before the bankruptcy of 1845.

There is another important point that has received very inadequate, if any, attention from those who have essayed to deal with Baudelaire as an artist. This is his æsthetic thinking, his philosophy of art, as distinct from his technique, his practice and achievement as a working poet; the two things, of course, are not unconnected, and the former to a certain extent reacted upon and conditioned the latter, but they may be viewed in separation, for they developed, on the whole, independently; and in any case Baudelaire was far from realising in his poems all the ideals that he formulated in his philosophy.

On this subject, as on the others upon which we have touched, there exists no small amount of imperfect appreciation, misconception and error, arising chiefly from a failure to take due account of all the available evidence, and especially of what Baudelaire himself actually said and meant in this connexion over the whole body of his writings, and not only in this or that separate or detached section of them. In this matter (as in that of the history of the genesis and the evolution of *Les Fleurs du Mal*) the most serious and the most common mistake lies in considering Baudelaire's work as being uniform and homogeneous throughout, and as presenting no considerable variations from first to last. Thus M. Jacques Crépet, who is the greatest living authority on *Baudelairiana*, and to whom we owe the best edition (with copious commentaries) of the poet's productions, tells us that certain of Baudelaire's postulates in one of his critical articles is in flagrant contradiction with the principles upon which *the whole* of his æsthetic is based', and this pronouncement may be taken to be typical of even the more competent of the numerous essays in criticism dealing with this side of Baudelaire's activity. The truth is that in Baudelaire's æsthetic thinking, no less than in his career as a practising artist, there are stages of growth and development—although these cannot always be regarded as increments of progress, as, on the whole, can those which distinguish his accomplishments as a poet; and more than this—and more important, if only because it has not been duly observed by his critics—the elements of his thought, so far from being harmonious or correspondent, are often in the highest degree incompatible and discordant. In general, they may be grouped into two irreconcilably opposed classes, representing a woeful dichotomy in Baudelaire's nature, that constantly operated with vitiating effects upon his whole work: on the one hand we have the complete artist, the man who accepted fully and happily the religion of beauty, with all its implications and consequences, and worked to establish it in its furthest rights and powers; and on the other hand, the complete anti-artist, who distrusted and traduced beauty, and viewed it as something radically wrong, as one of the

manifestations of Evil. As we have said, these two forces in Baudelaire's personality constitute a dichotomy: they are not successive, they are co-existent, and may be seen running parallel one to the other throughout the greater part of his work.

While still a very young man, at the age of twenty-four and twenty-five (when according to the general run of biographers he was a flamboyant and out-and-out Bohemian), he manifested a somewhat ominous lack of sympathy towards certain of the attitudes and claims of people who were exclusively artists. In three pieces of art criticism written in these years we find an amazing defence and laudation of the *épicier* or the *bourgeois*, and a deprecation of the contempt in which the latter was held by the artist. All that Baudelaire here says has the appearance of the most despicable sycophancy, and we should like to believe that it was written with the tongue in the cheek, that it was simply a playing at irony on Baudelaire's part. But, unfortunately, nothing warrants our taking it otherwise than at its face value: these really were Baudelaire's ideas at this time.

This curious enthusiasm, however, did not persist long after 1846, and a year or two later we find Baudelaire wasting his time in the service of a movement that was anything but friendly to the *bourgeois* and his world. But this does not mean that he passed over to the company of the artists whom he had thus rather insolently taken upon himself to shepherd into what he conceived to be better ways. For this movement had very little or nothing at all to do with Beauty, although it had attracted the active sympathy of certain real but for the time being misguided artists, such as Leconte de Lisle. It was the movement of militant Democracy, and we now see Baudelaire gesticulating and making a lot of noise (but doing nothing else) in the society of ragamuffinly disturbers of the public peace; he misapplied his futile energies to this unsavoury cause, and cut a pitiably ridiculous figure in the short-lived revolution of '48. We find him still at the mercy of this deplorable infatuation three years later. Being no longer able to brandish a nugatory rifle in the street, as he had done in '48, he had taken to making an almost worse fool of himself with Art as a weapon. He would degrade Art from its proper station, and enlist or impress it into ancillary or menial activity in the august and sacred cause of Democracy, which he salutes as a religion destined to redeem the world. He talks visionary nonsense about what he calls '*le goût infini de la République*'; lending attentive ear to the confused rumours of the age, he distinguishes 'cries of infinite encouragement,' and finds other signs that a better time is coming; the breasts of men are heaving, not only with terrible curses, but also with profound sighs of hope, he announces with prophetical solemnity, and hesitating before no crudities of

commonplace rhetoric, for when he falls to thinking like a democrat he usually cannot help writing like one. And poetry, he declares, must take account of all this, its function is to gather up and give further utterance to all these sighs and cries; for poetry carries within itself the divine character of something Utopian. Art for art's sake, excluding as it does all moral considerations, is a 'puerile' ideal, and it can only issue in sterility. It is a 'flagrant contravention of the genius of humanity,' and 'in the name of higher principles constituting universal life, we should not hesitate to condemn it as a heresy.' Its devotees are people who have made a 'satanic pact' with the instrument of their art (here we have one of the first appearances of the idea, which was to obsess Baudelaire more and more in his worse moments, that literature and art in general is part of the operation of diabolical forces in the world). 'The best poet is he who "sets himself in permanent contact with the men of his time," and "exchanges with them thoughts and feelings" which he "renders into a language sufficiently [!] correct." This poet, placed at a point on the circumference of humanity, sends back in more melodious vibrations the thought which has been transmitted to him from the rest of his fellows.' Dilettantism, '*voluptuosisme*,' with their thousand devices and secrets of artistic cunning' (a description which, ironically enough, is not altogether inapplicable to not a little of Baudelaire's own work), is as nothing when measured against the achievement of a poet of this sort. Such a poet is Dupont (the noteless poeticule who is the subject of the greater part of the article upon which we are drawing), and another illustrious exemplar of this class of supreme artists is Barbier. When Barbier appeared, it did not matter that he was frequently awkward and pleonastic, that his rhymes were weak, that his sentences were grammatically unfinished he proclaimed the holiness of the insurrection of 1830, he sang of the woes of England and Ireland the question was henceforth settled there can be no divorce between art and morality, between art and the useful (This is not a gloss on Baudelaire's thought—it is what he actually said himself.)

Early in the following year, 1852, in a wildly rabid diatribe entitled *L'École Païenne*, he returned to the attack against the conception of art for art's sake. In this astonishing article, Baudelaire sternly upbraids those who are bent on discovering rhythms and forms in Nature; he protests energetically against what he considers the exorbitant love of form—*le goût immodéré de la forme*—, which he thinks is bound to lead to monstrous disorders; he hates the 'mad passion for art,' which in his eyes is a chancre corrupting all the rest of life. He gives a perfectly ludicrous picture of a person brought up exclusively in the

religion of beauty; such a person, he says, will begin to misbehave himself while still a child, and at the age of twelve he will take unmentionable liberties with his nurse; he will pass through life insensible to the laborious occupations of his fellows—he will always be thinking of the beauties of the plastic, a poison which gives Baudelaire the shivers; he will make himself and others unhappy, and, if exceptional ability in crime or in art does not raise him above the level of the vulgar, he will come to a bad end. This virulent and disconcerting anathema might have been written by one of the more distempered of the Fathers. This attitude is all the more remarkable, not only because it is in piquant contrast with much of Baudelaire's own artistic performance (and conduct in general) up to this time as well as in the future, but also because he had for some years past been an enthusiastic admirer of Poe, the chief articles of whose æsthetic philosophy were a direct negation of the ideas enunciated by Baudelaire in these tracts, which would have rejoiced the heart of Matthew Arnold.

For the next few years Baudelaire was intermittently engaged on a work in which he progressed, or rather lapsed, further along the same unfortunate lines. This disquisition, entitled *De l'Essence du Rire*, constitutes his contribution to the philosophy of the comic, and it has never received the attention it deserves. Here it is not beauty, or the cultivation of beauty for its own sake, that is the object of Baudelaire's assault; he is here, however, doing his best to make laughter and all that derives from it seem shameful and wicked, and so it is, in effect, the other half of the world of æsthetic that he is seeking to bring into contempt. He essays to analyse the comic spirit, to lay bare its true meaning and significance, and he concludes that it is a 'monstrous phenomenon,' that it is 'satanic' or 'diabolical' in its origin, and that it is one of the 'damnable elements' in the nature of man.

Baudelaire had *De l'Essence du Rire* published a second (and perhaps a third) time in 1857, a few months after the appearance of the first edition of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, so that evidently he (or rather a part of him) looked upon it at this relatively late date as still conveying what he really thought in this matter of the comic. But already a few years before, in 1852, a change for the better had begun to manifest itself in his attitude towards those other questions upon which he had preached with such intransigent severity, and this change seems to promise a complete reversal of his æsthetic values in general, in so far as they are the expression of the anti-artist in him. These new and corrective ideas of Baudelaire are set forth in the first of his studies of the personality and work of Poe. Here we see Baudelaire beginning quite definitely to renounce and even condemn the conception of poetry as

something primarily utilitarian whose function it is to transmit things that are strictly extrinsic to its true nature. He now alludes to humanitarian and reforming poets with very little respect, and almost with sarcastic rudeness. Poetry, he says, proceeding to the heart of the matter, may be useful indirectly, but to endeavour to make it directly useful is to fall into that grievous error which is 'the great heresy of modern times.' We have certain primordial faculties, which are quite distinct from one another and fulfil altogether different functions. One of these aboriginal faculties has to do with beauty, and with nothing but beauty; it has its own particular aims, and its own particular means of realising them. Poetry is the product of this faculty; it is addressed to the sense of beauty, and to the sense of beauty alone. To subject it to the criteria which are properly applicable only to the other faculties and their creations is to wrong it.

Baudelaire gave further and more emphatic statement to these principles in another study of Poe, which appeared five years later; here he insisted in particular that truth no less than morality is an altogether different thing from beauty. He no longer summons poetry to keep in pedestrian step with philosophy, science and other disciplines; on the contrary, he declares that it cannot be assimilated to science or morality except under sure pain of failure or death. Poetry should remain fully independent, and its one aim should be nothing but itself—nothing but the creation of beauty, that is.

All this is no more than a paraphrase—and in part a literal translation—of the central article of Poe's æsthetic creed, as formulated in the latter's essay on *The Poetic Principle*. The fact that there is no trace of these ideas in any of Baudelaire's earlier writings would seem to indicate that, although he first discovered Poe in 1846, it was only towards 1852 that he became acquainted with *The Poetic Principle*; for it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that he would have remained insensitive to it had he come across it at any time before that date. We may observe, in passing, that this salutary doctrine was practically all that Baudelaire received from Poe, although there is a widely-spread belief that he was indebted for very much more to the American author, whose capacity and influence are absurdly overrated by the greater number of those who write on Baudelaire. M. Paul Valéry, for instance, who looks upon Poe as a providential genius, a Saviour in the history of European letters, imagines that to him is due almost all that is valuable or interesting in the artistic and intellectual make-up of Baudelaire. It would be easy to prove that this supposition, now well-nigh established as official in France, is simply an extravaganza of preposterous error, based upon an ignorance of the cardinal forces at work in French litera-

ture over the greater part of the nineteenth century. And even as regards this particular doctrine there was no need to go to Poe; Baudelaire, had he been an ordinarily well-read man, might have found it presented more fully and more forcibly elsewhere; in Kant's *Third Critique*, for example, to mention only one of the fairly numerous sources that lay more ready to hand.

A further instance of the change in Baudelaire's values is furnished by an article published in 1861 on the subject of Barbier, whose poetry he had extolled for its moral virtues or intentions ten years before. He once more inculcates the truth that poetry is independent and self-sufficient, and that its worth is not to be estimated in terms of anything external to itself.

Here Baudelaire breaks sharply with a considerable amount of Romantic doctrine, and indeed with the greater part of the aesthetic theory that had been almost universally accepted and acted upon in all previous stages of literary history; and he points the way to those achievements in purer poetry that were to be the distinctive work of the rest of the century in France.

This article on Barbier well measures the distance Baudelaire had traversed in these ten years between 1851 and 1861, and it will be allowed that this distance is immense. In the meantime too he had revised and reversed his opinion of the *bourgeois*, and to this extent at least had made an *amende honorable* to the artists for the insulting homilies to which he had subjected them. Thus, in his *Salon of 1859*, he speaks of the low and mean soul, the *vilaine âme*, of the *bourgeois*, and he denounces it as the enemy of all art. The *bourgeois* is now a *caput mortuum*, a hyperborean brute, an eternal *Esquimau*, who can understand nothing of the ways of beauty. All the thunders and lightnings of the world, all visions seen on the road to Damascus, could not enlighten his crass mind.

Baudelaire's change of front with respect to the *bourgeois* was in part due to his unfortunate conversion to the most illusory of the chimæras of democracy, which ranged him on the side of those who were most opposed to the middle-class order and its ways. Æsthetically (as well as otherwise) there was no gain in this transference of allegiance, for there was simply a passage from one error to another, and the second was perhaps worse than the first. Still, something bad had been got rid of, and it was not improbable that what had taken its place would in its turn be dropped. And indeed Baudelaire got over democracy too, and his recovery was complete by 1857 at the latest. In a collection of private papers, written towards 1862, he tersely indicates, by hints rather than by developed statement, what he thinks of the major articles of the democratic creed. He is especially intolerant of the specious catch-word *The Rights of*

Man, and of what he considers the monstrously absurd institution of universal suffrage. Not only his common-sense, but his intellectual disdain as a dandy or a man of a superior sense of values, who would make an art of life, is outraged at the thought of appealing to the people. How, he asks, could such a man go to the people except to tell them the low opinion he has of them? Only three classes of men, he says further, are of any account and deserving of respect—those who know, those who kill, and those who dedicate their lives to the creation of beauty. His final opinion with regard to democracy is summed up in a letter to Manet written in 1865: referring to Hugo's humanitarianism, he spits forth the savage phrase *Je me fous du genre humain*. The language is not fit for the drawing-room, but it has the advantage of not mincing matters.

Baudelaire never retracted any of these later judgments respecting the *bourgeois*, democracy, and the independence of poetry and of all forms of beauty. Yet, as we have said, there were two antagonistic sides to his nature, that never altogether ceased to come into collision. He never attained full æsthetic health and serenity. One of his profoundest and most inextirpable convictions (a relic, no doubt, of Catholic doctrine as he had received it) was that all natural things are radically corrupt, and this more than anything else introduced a disturbing factor into his life. So far from being corrected or modified, it was deepened with time. It helped him in his recovery from democracy, for democracy implies a belief in natural man, at least as viewed in the gross. But it operated with the most unfortunate effect upon his development as an artist. It leads him at last, in 1861, to the amazing conclusion that 'all literature derives from sin.' In case this enormous pronouncement should be taken as a *boutade*, Baudelaire adds: 'I speak with all seriousness.' There was no revision of *this* belief at any subsequent date: it persists in him, an unsettling and devitalising force, right to the end. Still, he had put behind him a large amount of encumbering error, and this left him much freer to think and dream and work as an artist.

We now come to what is most important of all, his own more particular positive contributions to æsthetic theory within the ground that he had so well cleared. He had said what poetry (and most other art) is not and what it should not attempt to do. What, in his view, are its special powers and resources, and to what end would he have it direct them?

Perhaps the best known of Baudelaire's contributions to æsthetic philosophy is that which has to do with the Theory of Correspondences. This theory is not an original creation of Baudelaire's; it had a long history extending over many centuries, and it was much in the air in France in the first half of the

nineteenth century; Baudelaire refers to it as formulated in the works of Swedenborg and other mystics, and in those of Hoffmann; and he doubtless made its acquaintance in several other writers. In its simplest form this theory teaches that there is a correspondence or analogy between all things in the universe, and that because of this relationship any one thing, if duly appreciated, calls up some other thing or things. Thus in the sensible world there is a reciprocal analogy between colours and sounds and perfumes (for example), so that any given colour has its corresponding sound and perfume, any given perfume has its corresponding sound and colour, and so on. This latter elementary application of the theory is frequently mentioned by Baudelaire, and it is usually the only one of which his critics appear to know when they refer to the matter. 'The immense keyboard of correspondences,' 'the instigations of immense universal analogy,' he insists on its importance in big, enthusiastic phrases. The theory applies not only to sensations coming from brute nature, but to those belonging to the several arts; thus for Baudelaire certain harmonies of colour in a painting by Delacroix are the analogue of a musical harmony of Weber, and Baudelaire means us to understand that he actually did experience the effects of the music through the colour.

This process of mutual and complementary suggestion not only enlarges and makes more exquisite the world of physical sensation, it extends and enriches the world of ideas, and it multiplies the avenues of approach to this world. For every sensation has its content of relevant thought—at least, to a person of finely organised sensibilities, Baudelaire would maintain. He talks ecstatically of the wonderful hours when, without having recourse to opium, one partakes of a veritable festival of the mind, when the senses, more attentive than they ordinarily are, experience sensations more prolonged in their reverberations; when the sky is of a more transparent blue, and recedes into a greater depth of infinity, when all sounds have a musical note, when colours speak, and when perfumes come to us charged with a world of ideas. Even taste, usually reckoned the lowest of the senses, has this further significance for Baudelaire, and gives him access to what is supra-sensible and intellectual. According to him, foods differ from one another (apart from their useful or nutritive properties) only in the *ideas* which they reveal to the tongue.

To justify the theory of correspondences, Baudelaire holds the view that the universe is from the beginning a complex and indivisible totality, and that things have always been expressed in terms of reciprocal analogy. He elsewhere applies the same idea to explain the existence of the same myth in different parts of the earth. The great myths exist everywhere, for what is

eternal and universal is independent of all geographical differences, and has no need to be acclimatised here or there; the supreme Fashioner of things is the most cosmopolitan of all beings.

In the work of real poets, pursues Baudelaire, extending the same line of reasoning, metaphors and similes and epithets are never capricious, they are mathematically exact, they are the only ones that will suit in the circumstances; for they are drawn from the inexhaustible storehouse of universal analogy, and it is impossible to draw them from elsewhere, their validity, therefore, is guaranteed. This being so, the poet is the most sovranly intelligent of all men, and it is not too much to say that he is intelligence *par excellence*; and that the imagination, which is the distinguishing and special faculty of the poet, is the most scientific of all faculties, for it alone apprehends and understands that system of correspondences in which is made manifest the original generating principle, the intimate structure and design of the universe.

Baudelaire more than once returns to this idea that not only are things in the physical world correspondent to the intellectual world of this life, but that they have their analogy in a transcendental or supernatural world, and that we are thus provided with a means of access to this most ultimate of all worlds. He speaks of certain fine days of the spirit, when Nature, appreciated by nerves that are ultra-sensitive, reveals things that can only be called supernatural. Even the most ordinary or commonplace objects, seen in these exceptional spiritual states, act on the mind in this way; they suddenly show forth the full depth of life, they are symbols of things that lie beyond. The earth and its sights, then, is a rough draft, a correspondence of heaven, and what is revealed of the transcendental world in this existence, and our aspiration after it, is a proof of our immortality, and it is the surest of all proofs.

All this being granted, it follows that the poet is a man dealing with tremendous forces. Baudelaire reverts more than once to this view that the poet does not create at random or haphazard, but that in virtue of some innate faculty he has a knowledge of universal and eternal values, and that it is in terms of these latter that he works. In the full sense of the term, he is a magician, dealing, through the present, with things that lie beyond the present. In the Word there is something *sacred*, which forbids us to use it as if it were a game of chance. To handle language with real competence, with real knowledge, is to engage in an act of creation that is a species of sorcery.

Baudelaire here applies to the metaphysics of poetry an idea that has always lain behind the practice of magic in its more advanced stages, although he himself was perhaps not aware of

this; and he here anticipates one of the principal ideas of later so-called (and largely miscalled) Symbolism as presented by Mallarmé in his more esoteric pages; in particular, Baudelaire suggests that in poetry, properly conceived and practised, there lies a whole religion. In this, and practically in this alone, is to be ascribed any originality to Baudelaire in the matter of the Theory of Correspondences. A work dealing fully with his own poetry would consider what applications he made of the theory therein, and would show that on the whole these applications are extremely disappointing, considering the ambitious reach of the theory as enunciated by him. According to him the chief faculty of the poet is imagination, which he was at great pains to distinguish from all forms of sentiment (*la sensibilité du cœur*, he held, was dangerous, as it acted as a disturbing force on the æsthetic judgment; whereas in *la sensibilité de l'imagination* resides the discriminating power known as taste, as well as all else that is most valuable in poetry). Imagination, he thought, is the particular faculty which enables the poet to appreciate universal analogy, and thus admits him to another world. It is this faculty which discovers the 'moral sense' and other significance of sounds, colours, perfumes and contours. It decomposes all creation, and with materials grouped and ordered according to laws that lie hidden in the most profound depths of the soul, it creates a new world, it gives the sensation of novelty. That is why true art is always strange, even bizarre, and arouses a sense of wonder in us. *Le beau est toujours bizarre. Le beau est toujours étonnant.* To be thus is the true characteristic, the differential, of the beautiful.

Once again Baudelaire anticipates the later Symbolists; he insists on a quality that belongs in some measure to all real poetry, but which the Symbolists were to seek to secure in the fullest measure possible, making it principal and constant in any poetic work—not being content to have it merely as something subordinate, accidental and intermittent.

Baudelaire here takes a very important step forward, and comes near to saying that art is a veritable creation, and not merely a perception, or a reproduction of things seen or glimpsed. He goes further along this line when he attacks Nature as appraised by the Romantics and the great majority of people in general. Here his notions concerning the sinfulness of natural things, which led him so sadly astray elsewhere, was of positive service; it confirmed quite other instincts in him that were conducting him to new and revolutionary views on art. When asked to contribute some verses on Nature to a certain publication, he flatly refused. 'I am absolutely incapable of being moved by vegetables, and my soul revolts against this strange religion of

Nature, which must always be shocking to a man of mind.' He goes on to say that he can never believe that plants are inhabited by divine forces; and even if they were, he adds, he would still consider his own soul superior to that of 'sanctified vegetables.' As early as 1846 he had approvingly cited Heine's declaration that as an artist he was above Nature, for, Heine explains, the artist cannot find in Nature all the types of which he is in need; the best of them are in his own soul. Baudelaire adopts this idea and expands it in his *Salon of 1859*, where he says that Nature is simply a dictionary, a storehouse of images; that it is not enough to make a copy of these images—they must be digested and transformed by the imagination. A landscape is not beautiful in itself, he proceeds, but only in virtue of the percipient; its beauty comes from the feeling or idea introduced into it by the artist—in other words, simply from what the artist adds to it. And he attacks most of the modern landscape-painters as working in complete ignorance of this principle. As early as 1846, again, he had stated this point of view with even more provocative trenchancy; in especial, he had said that the artist should even adopt an attitude of protest against Nature, and do violence to it if necessary. The important thing is that he should penetrate Nature with his own personality.

Here Baudelaire departs quite definitely from Platonic values, which are partly implied in the Theory of Correspondences. This constitutes a notable service, for criticism (and art itself) has suffered from these values (as commonly understood) more perhaps than from any others. Later he goes further still, declaring that Nature is a positively bad guide for the artist, who must ever be occupied in correcting and improving it. This leads Baudelaire to value not simply the artistic, but also what is usually described as the artificial. Hence his apologia for the art of the toilet as practised by the majority of women; this apologia is fully meant, although, like so many other of Baudelaire's sincere pronouncements, it is ordinarily taken to be an attempt at disconcerting paradox. No less sincere is his complaint that Nature has no imagination, and his desire for a richer variety of aesthetic effects than those she provides; for a change, he would like to see rivers that were yellow-gold, trees that were blue, and meadows that were red.

Here Baudelaire preconises that distortion or reshaping of Nature which is the chief element of technique in creation of the hallucinatory kind; this hallucinatory art was much loved by the Symbolists, but of course it was practised by a number of other artists in the earlier part of the century. And, in general, Baudelaire here in his evaluation of Nature further clears the way for the advance of art to better things. This weakening of respect for

Nature (which is largely a different thing from the *anti-naturisme* of the seventeenth century: that was more a matter of indifference than hostility to Nature) is one of the most vital forces in the æsthetic life of the nineteenth century, and it has been active in a very interesting way in the present century, particularly in the domain of pictorial work. It is chiefly important as helping to drive home the truth that art is essentially a creative, as opposed to a merely representational or reproductive, process.

Baudelaire is usually presented, in text-books and elsewhere, as being a plastic poet, as a lover and a practitioner of effects that are clear-cut and well-defined, of forms that are sculptural rather than musical. On the whole, this is the contrary of the truth, for Baudelaire had a fondness for what is obscure and fugitive, and here again he anticipated the more distinctive work of the later Symbolists. In one of his poems Baudelaire speaks of himself as having, like Goya, a passion for effects that are obscure and uncertain:

> Insatiablement avide
> De l'obscur et de l'incertain . . .

And often in his work in verse he aims at and secures effects of this kind. And again, in one section of his private papers he says, 'I have found the definition of the Beautiful, of my Beautiful'; and there is a note of joy in the exclamation, as though he had attained at last something after which he had groped for years. His Beautiful is something ardent or ecstatic, and at the same time sad, something rather vague, not too clear-cut, not strictly defined, that leaves the way open for conjecture. This is a good definition of the best that Baudelaire succeeded in accomplishing as a poet, and it might be a definition of the more characteristic work of Rimbaud and Mallarmé.

The æsthetic principles or desiderata of Baudelaire in his maturity receive concentrated expression in *L'Invitation au Voyage* and *La Chambre double*, two of his prose-poems. In the former he speaks of his desire to see countries that he has never visited, and particularly countries that lie beyond all human voyaging. In the land of his election everything satisfies the most exigent of his standards. There, disorder, disturbance, the shock of the unexpected, have no place; happiness is married to quietude, and life in the fulness of its opulence is sweet to breathe. The hours are more slow in their passage, and are more richly charged with thought, and they announce beatitude. The stuffs and panellings of the poet's house are adorned with paintings as calm and profound as the artists' souls who made them. The articles of furniture are vast, unusual and bizarre, and are provided with intricate and secret springs, as if they were subtly civilised spirits. The mirrors, the metal-work, the plate and the china-

ware combine into a soundless and mysterious symphony; and from all the corners of the room, from the folds of the hangings, issues a strange perfume that might be the soul of the apartment. Nature, here, of course, is properly corrected and modified by the dream of the artist; she is recast and given a greater beauty than her own. The poet has created his incomparable, his impossible flower; it is his proud claim that he has his black tulip, his blue dahlia. Even the cooking is poetical; it is copious and rich, and yet it stirs the soul. . . . In *La Chambre double*, published five years later (in 1862), Baudelaire returns to the theme of his ideal room. The room and its appurtenances are now less material, more spiritually fine and tenuous, and its beauty is altogether more elusive. In it the soul takes a bath of idleness, and is enwrapped with an aroma of regret and desire. There is something pinkish, blue and crepuscular about it all, it has the quality of a dream of voluptuous delight experienced in a time of eclipse. The pieces of furniture are longer than usual, and seem prostrate with languor; they appear to be endowed with somnambulistic force, and to be lost in a dream. There is no artistic abomination on the walls; everything here is pure unanalysed vision or dream, compared to which positive art, which fixes and limits and defines, is a blasphemy, and everywhere is an exquisite obscurity, interfused with just enough light to bring the whole into a perfect harmony.

But the happiest and the most complete expression of Baudelaire's ideals and powers is found in the apocalyptic poem in which he conceives himself as a painter proud of his genius. He has banished the 'irregular vegetable' from his vast tableau, and delights in gigantic reaches of marble and metal and water. There is a towering Babel of stairways and arcades, making a palace that rises into infinity; it is full of fountains and cascades plunging into sheenless gold, and heavy sheets of cataract fall like crystal curtains against huge walls of metal. The slumbering ponds, into which naiads, taller than human, gaze, are surrounded, not with trees, but with colonnades. Blue sheets of water, between rosy-pink and green quays, stretch out to the confines of the universe; immense ice-floes float by; great Ganges-like rivers, running silent and nonchalant in the firmament, empty themselves into chasms of diamond; while a mastered ocean passes obedient through a tunnel of gems; everything, even the masses of black, seem polished and rainbow-like, the moving waters are enchased in a glory of transparent light, but there is no star, no trace of a sun, not even on the horizon's edge; an inner fire of personality lights up all these things. And over the shifting wonder of it all there hangs a terrible silence of eternity. . . .

RANDOLPH HUGHES.

MR. WELLS' APOCALYPSE[1]

Dr. Whitehead in his *Science and the Modern World* has said 'The seventeenth century discovered Discovery.' A couple o[f] years before Dr. Whitehead published his book W. B. Yeats ha[d] remarked: 'Discovery was discovered by the Academy.' W[e] need not dispute as to which of these original thinkers first made this discovery or which of the datum lines is the more basic. I[f] Plato's Academy made the discovery of discovery, it certainly had to be made afresh by the seventeenth century. The importance of this remark lies less in what it reveals about the past than in what it tells us about the present. Significant as it is that such flood-marks in the rise of thought in the past should be perceptible what is of even greater significance is that it is our age which has become capable of perceiving them. More important than the date at which thinkers began to make a routine of discovery is the date at which thinkers of the next epoch took the next step by realising clearly the strange double nature of discovery itself. These quotations reveal the fact that our age has discovered that discovery itself is a creative act, and that in understanding and mastering the outer world the human mind has itself gone through three stages of growth, three revolutions, and it is in that third great revolution of human thought that we are partaking to-day.

This revolution is so profound, and yet because of its immediacy so difficult for us to grasp, that it helps us to realise the process if we glance back at the stages which have led up to our present condition. In the first stage men made casual finds. We may compare this with the food-gathering, pre-agricultural stage. They knew a find when they saw it, but they did not know how to track and hunt it, and if they knew how to dig it up they did not know how to make it yield. In the second stage, the stage which Greek intelligence opened, men began to organise the search fo[r] finds; they even went further and made experiments and forecasts to catch discoveries. They sowed carefully gathered and sifted observations and reaped laws, methods, and techniques. This stage is comparable with the discovery of agriculture. But

[1] *The Shape of Things to Come*, by H. G. Wells. Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.

there is a third stage beyond this, which we have reached to-day, a stage more different from stage 2 than it was from stage 1. This is the stage when men cease to be empirical and begin to understand not only what they are doing, but how and why it works. This is the epoch when men are able not only to analyse outer Nature, but to understand why and how they do it, when they begin to analyse and understand themselves. Discovery, which till then had been an art, can now at length become itself a science. To use again the analogy of agriculture, this is comparable to the revolution when food made synthetically in the laboratory will take the place of food grown. It is clear that the revolution which lies between making food and growing food is greater than that which lies between growing food and gathering it. The judgments with which this essay opened are profoundly symptomatic because they indicate in a phrase what thinkers about modern science are coming to realise—that its sudden advance to-day reveals a sudden advance in man's knowledge of his own mind and the way whereby it apprehends and discovers the universe. Such a discovery is a revolution because in a moment it transforms not only our outlook on the present, but our expectations about the future.

This becomes evident if we glance at the dawn of the second epoch of discovery. Bacon is its acknowledged master. It is true he had said 'I reject the syllogism,' and had showed that discovery must depend on continual observing, sifting and ordering of facts; and it is significant to note that in his *Atlantis* he makes the first scientific Utopia, and in his Fellows of Salomon's House the first scheme for making discovery deliberate and constant. But Bacon himself, because of the intense clarity of his mind, reveals exactly the sharp line where that illumination ceased and beyond which the mental process of discovery remained as dark to him as to Plato's contemporaries or predecessors. He did not, could not, realise that a change had come over the human mind and that if that change was to be made permanent it must itself be grasped and understood. The mind must turn upon and study itself. With all his power—greater, no doubt, in quantity than that of any single mind to-day—he still belongs to the older order, that is to say, the gap which separates his mind from the self-analytic mind of to-day is vaster than that which separates him from Plato or Solon. He assumes that other ages did not make discoveries simply because authority forbade it or because they were too lazy. It does not enter his mind that a difference of quality distinguished his mind from theirs. That discovery for him is nothing but a simple process of noting down phenomena is clear from his description of the Orders of researchers who make up Salomon's House. You had only to make observations,

analyse, sort and arrange. Then, behold, natural laws, new powers, and endless discoveries would flow out. The system was as simple, and the description as inadequate, as the machine whereby Swift describes the Laputans creating works of literature, by putting in words and letters at random and getting out volumes of philosophy.

All through the modern age discovery has therefore been as precarious as during the short Hellenic period when it first appeared. For observing outer facts, analysing and ordering them, is, we now see, only one side of science, as sifted, cleaned and graded sand is only one ingredient of cement. The other side is the human mind that orders these and puts them—up to the present so unconsciously that men did not realise that their minds were doing it for them—into fruitful associations. Bacon, and his successors until to-day, did not understand that, and therefore there could be no assurance that discovery might not give out as it had given out before—as periods of creative activity have given out again and again. When art flourishes it seems that making an artist is no more difficult than we to-day think to be the making of a researcher. You sent a student to a famous *atelier* just as to-day you send a science student to a famous laboratory, and, granted an equal industry in both, one produced works of art as the other now produces discoveries. Indeed, in America there were, prior to the slump, not a few research laboratories equipped with teak and porcelain, bronze and platinum, and certified young men, yet on these amply adorned and attended altars the authentic Shekinah refused to descend. To-day really modern minds are realising that science and discovery have themselves been works of art, creative achievements of mind, and that unless we can view our minds with the detachment with which we view outer nature, and analyse them with the clearness with which we analyse external phenomena and understand their laws, we shall not be able to assure ourselves that we understand their present power to produce discoveries and guarantee, therefore, that discovery itself shall not fail. In short, we have suddenly realised that the mind is not so much a perfectly polished mirror as a very sharp nose—that the successful researcher has always had a flair with which he scents and tracks finds through the otherwise trackless forest of phenomena, and in consequence the next great programme of research is to explore, dissect, and understand that mysterious olfactory centre.

Yet this discovery, because it is so fundamental—this revolution in our outlook because it is so complete—has gravely upset not only our understanding of the present (for until we have a psychology at least equal to our physics we cannot make sure the technique of discovery), but also our expectation of the future.

We cannot be certain that our minds will continue to apprehend as they have apprehended. We cannot be sure that the epoch of natural law—the conception of a universe which leaves you alone to do as you please provided you know its simple, automatic laws—will not give way to some more radical conception. The anthropomorphic outlook was banished by the mechanistic conception. That in its turn may be banished by some other cosmology. For already we know that the mechanistic conception not only is too simple, but also that it is in its way just as much an interpretation and selection of the facts as was the earlier explanation. Neither can be final. Both depend on unconscious mental selection. Both, therefore, are liable to give way to more elaborate cosmological constructions as soon as the human mind in and for its growth requires to frame them. All that we can hope to do is by observation of the mind to realise when it is about to undergo another of these radical enlargements of apprehension and so to provide that the sudden expansion, the moral earthquake, will not shake down in ruin the conventions of our lives. The very surface discoveries of science, in physics, have deranged our industries. The profounder changes in psychology derange our morals.

This change in our notions about discovery has therefore brought us for the present to a new state of ignorance, and among other things which must be temporarily lost until we get again our mental bearings is the interesting art of forecasting. This will be a real loss, for from such 'apocalyptic hopes' our age has drawn no little comfort when contemporary science has failed to yield all the benefits and inspirations which we confidently expected of it yesterday. The unreflective, unself-conscious simplicity of the scientist until to-day, his *naïf* belief that he at last and alone saw the universe as it actually is (and that any doubt of that, far less any alternative rendering, was superstition or metaphysical fooling), allowed him to believe not only that he saw all that there was to see in the present, but also that because he could see it steadily and whole he could foresee the future. In pre-scientific ages men had said the future will be even as the past. They did not concern themselves with forecasting because they did not believe they could change their surroundings or their fate. During the mechanistic period of science, which is closing to-day, men believed that the future would go on continuously yielding more and more effective results. And they knew in the main what those results would be. They would not be qualitatively different. They would yield only a vast quantitative increase of all the things men had always wanted. To plot the future you had therefore only to 'extrapolate'—to draw out the present lines of discovery and research into the future and so see

to what degree of power and comfort and enjoyment humanity would be brought.

No man has done more to make this the faith, hope, and happiness of mankind than has H. G. Wells. When forty years ago he began to construct this distinctive scientific Utopianism he found such forecasts immature, tentative and vague. Those behind cried forward and those in front cried back. Morris was a Socialist, but his *News from Nowhere* told of a revived mediævalism with the inspiration of mediævalism (religion) left out—a shell without the nacre-secreting mollusc. At the other extreme Jules Verne saw science being used, always for childish private ends, whether by the super-submarine of Captain Nemo for the pettiness of romantic revenge, by the 'atomic physicist' of the pirates of 'Backup' for loot, or by the 'Clipper of the Clouds' for aimless wanderings. Wells gave scientific speculation clear outline and vivid colour. He linked up scientific finds into a whole of consistent social consequences and presented us with a future which was, both from the point of view of physical science credible and from the social aspect ethically coherent and to many attractive. But 'nothing fails like success,' the final and sad wisdom of the sad Dean of St Paul's. Not only was it probably impossible for Wells to have achieved so much (he has written sixty-five volumes —many, such as *The Science of Life*, very large and thorough) and won so great a public—*The Outline of History* was read by more people than have ever read a new book before—if he himself was not the summing up of an epoch, if he did not stand at the moment when the unreflective methods of science were about to undergo a revolution; but it may also be that the very effectiveness of his presentation, the powers of his peculiar genius, by giving a coherent picture of the present and the future, themselves helped to precipitate the revolution which threatens him with elimination. Because he believed in science so strongly and had such creative imagination he may have helped to bring on the next epoch of science, and, though his works as a novelist and a creator of character may last to delight many generations, his prophecies and scientific forecasts may become nothing but speculations explored by such curious examiners into the history of ideas as study the Rosicrucians and the alchemists. Whether this is true or not, it is clear that the phase of 'extrapolation,' the sure and certain hope that scientific progress would go straight ahead and the parallel straight lines of its advance never meet, overlap or collide, is rapidly disappearing and must soon be gone.

It is the realisation of this fact that makes the reading of Mr. Wells' latest book, *The Shape of Things to Come*, unusually interesting. For in it we see how the author has lived right through the crisis in modern thought—noting, reacting, making his

deduced reckonings and calculating his land-fall all the time. We see in his huge life's output perhaps the most vivid illustration of this the most unsettling fact in all our unsettled lives—that whereas in all previous ages at least several generations lived within the span of one culture, now more than one culture may be lived through by a single generation. *The Shape of Things to Come* is half diary of the last thirty years and half prophecy—made as plain and ordinary as the diary—of the next 2000 years. Indeed, reading straight on, so well is the effect of historical narrative kept up that the reader hardly notices when he passes from yesterday to to-morrow. There are the same references to authorities and diarists as there are in the first half, and it is with something of the same shock that an antiquarian realises that part of a façade which he took to be original is really a clever restoration, that the sociological treatises and economic works, which thickly adorn the later pages, as they do the earlier, are realised to be all fakes. The picture, however, which is built up is the same original Wellsian picture. Mr Wells sticks to his guns in shooting at the future, and after all he has no reason to doubt them. No man has prophesied so much and made so many hits. Unfortunately, as we have seen, the penalty of such rightness is to be eliminated. From the beginning in the long-ago 'nineties, when men were hardly aware that art for art's sake was about to be pushed aside by science for man's sake, he began prophesying that man's powers would grow out of all expectation. They have grown. At first Mr. Wells was undoubtedly safe in not aiming too high; it was hard enough to get people to believe in the most modest extrapolation of their present scientific equipment.

As Professor J. B. S. Haldane pointed out as far back as 1923 in his *Dædalus, or The Future of Science*, Mr. Wells in his 1902 *Anticipations* dared foretell that heavier-than-air flying machines would be used, at least in war, by 1950. That was as much as he dared tell the dawning century about its future and not be branded a charlatan. Yet it is obvious that, shooting ahead, Mr Wells' fancy was certainly firing well behind that particular bird. What his caution and his wish to be considered a reliable forecaster kept him from realising was that the discoveries that he foresaw would not stay still—each golden egg neatly laid awaiting the smelters. These eggs hatch themselves and out of them come some phoenixes and some basilisks, but all heavy layers and all capable of giving rise to broods of still more disconcerting creatures still more fertile and stronger on the wing. So it is that this prophet has suffered the opposite fate of Jonah, for by his very success, by the fact that the future he foretold has come even more true than he dared say, he has put himself out of business—he has lived to find himself too fully fulfilled. Had he

been more often wrong in the beginning there might be a few more guesses left him for the future, a few more clear and open lines to be followed up. As it is, he has been right; the world has become as fabulously inventive as he warned us it would; and we laughed and read him as a fairy tale. Indeed, so vast has been the change, and so menacing the further changes set in motion, that he and we may rather sigh and say with that other remarkably accurate forecaster the prophet Balaam, 'Who shall live when God doeth these things?' We are lost in a maze of possibilities and do not know our way out. For, to turn to another Semitic story, what has happened to scientific forecasting is what happened to Ali Baba's door. In both cases where the breakers-through were to press was at first quite clear. The one door had on it a plain white cross. But now all the doors appear marked and we are just as much at a loss as to which leads to the future as if they all had no marks. And further, as we peer ahead, the unsettling doubt rises in our minds, Are they *real* crosses we see on all the doors, or are we 'projecting' them? Are we, like people who have looked too long at the sun, seeing the mark wherever we look? Certainly if we look to-day across the course of invention no one can be sure what dark horse, what absurd and unnoticed outsider, will not suddenly rush ahead like a nightmare, dash across the steady gallop of all the known entrants, and not only outpace them all but head off the whole field so that it will never turn up at the winning-post. Inventions have this power of cutting out each other. The history of discoveries is littered with ingenious devices which were rendered obsolete, undercut and cast aside long before they had developed, because a more radical discovery supplanted them.

So, though Mr Wells' invention is probably as great as ever it was, he is embarrassed by the very riches which are now rightly his. This his latest book would be important if only for the signs it shows of this and for the manner in which he tries to struggle against the walls of the tunnel of the future falling in on him and so shutting off his view, or, perhaps we might say, the way in which he tries to prevent from vanishing away those clear rails which he taught us stretch out into the future. And without them, how are we to find our way across the waste to Utopia? So he has to be impatient with too fertile invention, knowing that now the danger is, not inability to believe wonders, but that even deeper scepticism, that final scepticism which realises that absolutely anything may happen. He therefore chides Michael Arlen's *Man's Mortality* for 'unbounded' belief in the possibilities of invention and 'preposterous' exaggeration. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* is 'an alarmist fantasy,' and Olaf Stapleton's epic *Last and First Men* does not even get a mention. It is a real

danger, this, that speculation will flood the market and men lose, by sheer surfeit of possibilities, all interest in the future. 'Scepticism has to present a hard face to greedy superstition,' he makes his *persona-in-chief* say at the beginning of this chronicle. It is rueful to say that the diamonds of scientific finds have to be hoarded, or they will swamp the market and men lose all interest in discovery.

The sobriety of the book is then deliberate. We learn that the next 200 years discover how to make new trees and new animals, but not even then by the present method of radiation with weak gamma-rays, but by using a powder made by a certain Pabst which has certain radioactive qualities. There are aeroplanes, but no stratosphere rocket-planes. There are roads still constructed of that rubber-glass which the Wells of the 'nineties made to make the fortune of the Sleeper, who woke, in consequence, to find himself financial owner of the world. There are super-submarines (but very faintly seen) grubbing up wealth from the Atlantic floor. Some inheritable types of disease have been bred out, but eugenics are kept as 'negative' as the most orthodox could wish. For it is sociology and politics that this Wells—now almost qualified to be a Shavian ancient—thinks really matter, and he is not going to have our attention during sermon time running off after fairy stories and asking for romances when we should be attending to the moral. Certainly this book deserves, and in the noblest sense, the title 'sermon.' It is not to amuse, but to instruct and to warn us, that it is written.

Almost as soon as the time-machine carries us over the frontier from past to future it swoops, and by 1940 we are down again in a very nasty war. Mr Wells will not, however, creep our flesh any more than he will sicken us with scientific lollypop powers. The war will be very nasty, dirty, mean and exhausting, but, as the Hebrew prophets used always to conclude after the worst of threats, 'a remnant shall be saved.' Indeed, we learn that the war will kill so few, comparatively speaking, that it will not even get down the population to the level to which Mr Wells has long considered it should be pruned. So—and this is the one stroke in the book in the grand old manner—'maculated fever,' issuing from a baboon in the London Zoo, wipes out half the human race. Thereafter things creep up again. A skeleton air service, having resumed world air communications, holds a World Conference as early as 1965 at, of all the unhealthy places, Basra—a conference of technicians just to make their world-wide flying arrangements. 'Technicians unite!' They issue an 'air dollar'—its recipe is given so precisely that it is evidently for use. By 1978 (second Basra Conference) they definitely assume world power. There is a clear and ample description of their faith. It

those 'possible worlds' about which Professor Haldane has written?

But, then, such speculation breaks the smooth tunnel that points good scientists, who have become socially conscious, through sane money, air dollars and air power and world committees, to a humanity which has ceased to ask what life is for and why mind appeared. The roof breaks through: the stars appear hanging far above it enigmatically. The old questions rise: Can a man serve humanity as it must be served, without fanatic dogma, with endless patience, understanding, selflessness and charity, unless he knows that it is not to end with a lot of super-healthy animals put out to grass until the night cuts them off? Does not the future point, quite as much if science continues to advance as if civilisation is to hold together, to some discovery which will reveal the super-field of which our individual consciousnesses are only waves on its deep? Yet how, at present, can we make out of these psychological elements those vivid fully materialised romances which are rightly called Wellsian? Modern physics has had to abandon all models and all images of the facts with which it deals. It is bound to do so, because it is feeling its way out into a universe which our present senses have never experienced and for which, therefore, they can give us no words or pictures. Is not the Utopianism which was based on the elder physics being driven, by this change in its foundation, itself to become immaterial? It does grow increasingly certain as science advances that there lies in front of it a future more wonderful than any material phrase, any symbol taken from our past experience, can render. But, to requote Mr Wells' final quotation, 'Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the mind of man.'

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PARTIES IN CONFERENCE

The first week of October was marked by two political conferences of considerable interest, the one of the Labour Party at Hastings and the other of the Conservative Party at Birmingham. It would be an easy matter to condemn the proceedings at both on the ground that the delegates neither of the one party nor of the other appeared to appreciate the real political problems confronting our country to-day. But such criticism would be in some measure unjust, since a party conference necessarily concerns itself mainly with matters directly affecting the interests of the party, and must relegate to a second place those of the nation. In both cases it is manifest that the greater part of the available time was occupied by more or less veiled attacks on the leaders of the respective parties by individuals who, it is not unfair to suggest, are of opinion that they themselves are better fitted to lead. As an observer not attached to any party in politics, I have long wondered why all parties continue to observe an annual festival devoted to the washing of dirty linen in public, a kind of Saturnalia at which disappointed office-seekers give vent to their

hurt feelings *coram populo*. The proceedings at Birmingham a Hastings have but deepened my wonder.

The persistent attacks on the Conservative leader wou appear to be directed against him because it is patent tha although he does not say so, he is of opinion that even a part leader should not go back on his word. No student of contemporary politics can be ignorant of the fact that the Prime Ministe continues to hold office only because Mr. Baldwin consider himself bound in honour to make it possible for him to do so. When, in 1931, the Conservatives captured the ship, their leade undertook to spare the life of the captain and to allow him to pace the quarter-deck in full uniform for the duration of the voyage unless he expressed a desire to be put ashore at some intermediat port. Public opinion acquiesced and quickly assimilated the idea of having simultaneously a Prime Minister *de jure* and a Prime Minister *de facto*. We pride ourselves, and doubtless with good reason, upon our great capacity for constitutional improvisation. In the case at issue the crisis demanded the immediate initiation of the double-premier system, which was promptly introduced and appears to work successfully and without friction. One navigates the ship, and the other acknowledges the salutes.

But the success of the system demands a degree of good faith unusual in political life, and men who have pursued office from party to party for more than a quarter of a century are apt to become a trifle careless about such intangible and unprofitable abstractions. Their zeal for the nation's happiness, to be secured only by their own continuance in positions of power and emolument, has so frequently involved the sacrifice of their persona love of loyalty that they keenly resent their leader's refusal to make a similar offering on the altar of his country. In the page of this Review I wrote in January 1932:

> Nor is it beyond the bounds of possibility that Mr. Stanley Baldwin's obvious prejudice in favour of the observance of the loyalties which ar involved in the idea of a 'National' Government may prove his undoing.

The Birmingham party conference was the scene of severa attempts to tip the leader over the rail into the sea. It failed a all similar attempts have failed before, and as all similar attempt will probably fail in the future. For the Conservative Party cannot justly be judged by its local associations—for which boo the gods be thanked—and, even if every local caucus betrayed the leader of the party, it is possible that the rank and file migh make their voices heard in very peremptory fashion.

The great majority of Conservative members of the House o Commons are loyal because they know that the chief, perhaps the only, asset of their party is its leader. They know full well that

in spite of all that has been said and written on the subject, the electorate has but small interest in the main items of the party programme and acquiesces in, rather than approves of, the fiscal changes which have been effected during the last two years. The predominant feeling in the country is, as it has always been, Whiggism, or the dislike of State interference. Modern Toryism, as exemplified by Mr. Elliot's Five-Year Plan for agriculture, with its ultimate inevitable collectivisation of the farms, is too closely allied to Socialism to attract our nation, or indeed any part of it except those who hope to get jobs or to make money out of trade restrictions and subsidies. A very lively fear of the loss of liberty is combined with a deep-seated instinct that the leader of the party will in the end renounce any policy which, as the Tory policy now threatens to do, conduces to political corruption. Briefly, Mr Baldwin is trusted, and no other prominent politician is regarded with anything but doubt.

Furthermore, at a time when the Liberal Party is held in that well-merited contempt which all must feel toward a party which has abandoned every one of its principles in a vain hunt for votes, true Liberalism is in the ascendant, and Mr. Baldwin appears to be one of the very few politicians who realise that Liberalism and Conservatism, when once complete democracy is in being, need not be in conflict, since the latter creed is but the coping-stone of the former.

If the reader suspects paradox in what has been written above, let him consider what are really the essential principles of the two political sects. For my part, I understand Conservatism to be the belief that the Constitution which happens to exist should be preserved, because no progress can arise from changing systems of government, and any system will work satisfactorily if it is controlled by the right people. In short, the Conservative believes that the pig makes the sty. The Liberal, on the other hand, believing that the sty makes the pig, for long devoted his efforts to the changing of Constitutions, being convinced that universal happiness must result from universal suffrage. But, in its English form, Liberalism also involves a keen appreciation of the fact that democracies perish by their own corruption, and that putrefaction can be prevented only by divorcing the political from the economic life of the nation. Experience has tended to show that it is impossible to conserve a democratic Constitution if the State interferes in commerce and industry, because sepsis is then inevitable, and bodies such as the Empire Industries Association and the National Union of Manufacturers begin to influence politics, thus rendering impracticable the Conservative ideal of government by those who are fit to govern.

Our Constitution, as it now exists, is fully democratic. So one

part of the task of the Liberal Party is completed. But the party itself is dead, foully murdered by its leaders, and it is for Conservatism to preserve our Constitution by improving the personnel of Parliament. To achieve this it is, as I believe, necessary that the Conservative Party should pursue a policy which takes into account the disintegrating effect of mixing politics with industry and commerce. In other words, it must pick up the valuable baggage which the Liberal Party abandoned in its flight into the desert. To combine the practical common-sense of Liberalism with Conservative idealism, and thus to preserve the democratic Constitution now in being, is a task which, apparently, can be achieved only by Mr. Baldwin.

How arduous that task will be is shown by the proceedings at the Birmingham conference, where further proof was evident that some members of the party, who for one reason or another no longer occupy positions of prominence, are ready to split it rather than to remain in obscurity. By this I do not mean to impute blame to them, since it is now well known that in many cases the reaction to a lack of appreciation by others is a hyper-appreciation of themselves. This inferiority complex is particularly prevalent among men and women in public life, but becomes pathological only in extreme instances. When, for example, all three parties in the State successively have witnessed, manifestly without regret, the secession from their ranks of a rising politician, his inferiority complex may become so acute as to ulcerate in the form of a personal bodyguard and a fury of self-advertisement.

Oscillations between two parties, when practised to a degree which may not unreasonably be considered excessive, particularly in the absence of a portfolio, predisposes to infection, though of a milder type. The patient is in constant terror that the Empire is being betrayed by whatever Ministers are in office when he is not. So insistent is this hallucination that, in the process of saving the country by disrupting the party to which he happens to belong at any given moment, he is prepared to expose the nation to the irreparable disaster of another Socialist Administration. Phrases such as 'Imperial heritage' or 'British supremacy' become as common in his speeches as in the prospectuses of fraudulent company promoters. Proconsular residence in sub-tropical climates is apt to give rise to similar symptoms.

The political world is singularly charitable in its spoken judgments, and it is rarely indeed that a man's political past, however lurid, is allowed to prejudice his political future. But the inferiority complex originates in the subconscious mind, and the latter is affected to a far greater extent by an unspoken and instinctive contempt on the part of others than by any open

criticism. The victim of the complex desperately endeavours to suppress the doubt of his own merit which constantly percolates from the unconscious into the conscious, and the struggle tends to induce a frantic desire to dominate and to occupy positions which are conventionally regarded as important. It is, for this reason, unjust to condemn pushfulness, self-advertisement, and personal ambition, however disastrous to the commonwealth they may be. For they are but the outward sign of an unhealthy diffidence and modesty, so deeply rooted in the subconscious mind as to be entirely invisible until psycho-analysis has brought them to light.

Lord Lloyd and Sir S. Cripps should, therefore, utilise the period before the next party conferences in making a real effort to cultivate self-confidence. If they do not succeed in doing so they will almost certainly try to become dictators, and may thus cause much discomfort not only to themselves, but to other people also; and that would be a pity. The inferiority complex is a distressing thing, but it is curable, and it should certainly be eradicated. When liberated from this obsession they will regain a sense of perspective, enabling them to appreciate the respective magnitudes of themselves and of the men who are painfully dragging the country out of the slough of troubles in which the present Prime Minister and his colleagues submerged it three years ago.

The main question at issue at Birmingham was whether Mr. Baldwin shall continue to lead the Conservative Party along a course which will enable real Liberals, who form the bulk of the electorate, to join with it in warding off Socialism with its inevitable evolution into dictatorship of one sort or another. The votes of the delegates showed that there is a great deal of disloyalty in the local Conservative associations, though not enough seriously to threaten the position of the leader. It is well, as I have already suggested, to bear in mind the composition of many of these local bodies, which are too often manned by persons of very much lower intelligence than that of the average Conservative elector, and of which the officials are in some instances practically self-elected. Apparently, however, Mr Churchill's endeavours to break up the party, by making use of the grave anxiety which all thinking men feel in regard to the future of India, have failed. He made his appeal to the younger Conservative members, but did not succeed in attracting them, probably because they took the trouble to refer to his past political record. He has succeeded in inducing a certain number of members to be disloyal to their leader. But the quantity, though small, greatly surpasses the quality.

Lord Lloyd's outburst on the subject of national defence was

of course, altogether belated, but will probably be useful to t
Government, in carrying out the next stage of its armament
policy, by rousing public opinion. In the matter of defence the
has been a large measure of continuity of policy since 1921. A
about that date it was recognised that circumstances forced us
to take very grave risks and to base all our plans upon the doubt-
ful assumption that we should not be involved in war for at least
ten years. In view of events on the Continent during that
period, it is manifest that this policy was a very dangerous one,
and many of us with great difficulty restrained ourselves from
publicly calling attention to our defenceless condition and to the
apparent neglect of our rulers to deal with the matter. But the
event has shown that the advisers of successive Governments
made no mistake in their calculations, and we are now in a
position to take the steps necessary to secure a reasonable degree
of safety, unembarrassed by broken promises of disarmament
and unhampered by obsolete material. Meanwhile public
opinion has gradually emancipated itself from the cant of
Geneva, and our people begin to realise that war is inevitable if
all pacific nations disarm while all aggressive nations arm—which
is all that has been achieved as the result of interminable con-
ferences. So the time has arrived for acting upon our knowledge
that peace in Europe is impossible unless we have adequate
armed forces.

I have endeavoured to extract, from the proceedings of the
Conservative Party conference, subject-matter of sufficient im-
portance to merit consideration, and it must be admitted that
it has been difficult to do so. The petty squabbles of a party
and the attempts of those who have not got office to embar-
rass the leader whom they regard (and I hope that they are
not mistaken) as responsible for their disappointment are not
edifying. Nor are they a matter of national importance as a
general rule. But, in the present instance, the consequences of
the success of these attempts would be so disastrous that party
intrigue becomes a very serious matter. If Mr Baldwin were
ostracised—and it would be for the same reason as that which
induced the intelligent Athenian to cast his vote against Aristides
—the Conservative Party would quickly disintegrate, the coalition
Government would fall, and a general election would probably be
followed by a Socialist Administration.

The possible developments outlined above lend a certain
amount of interest to the proceedings of the Labour Party
conference at Hastings. But again the reader would do well to
remember that, just as it is unfair to estimate the intelligence of
Conservative voters by that of their delegates, so, too, it would be
a gross injustice to the average manual worker if one were to

regard him as adequately represented, either in character or intelligence, by delegates of the Labour Party. The latter, it must be remembered, triumphantly carried a resolution at Hastings to the effect that, in their Utopia, incompetence is to be no bar to the highest administrative positions. A life-long acquaintance with miners and other manual workers convinces me that such nonsense would appeal only to an infinitesimal minority of them. Nor would any large number of them indorse Sir S. Cripps' plans for general chaos and starvation, though their delegates were only prevented from doing so by clever tactical work on the part of the trade union leaders.

The chief feature of the Hastings conference was Sir S. Cripps' inferiority complex, which has assumed such enormous dimensions that it caused him to demand the abolition of all authority except his own, and the surrender to him of all bank balances and capital resources now in private ownership. The pathetic side of such a case is to be found in the fact that the victim of the complex can persuade himself to believe that, if he were to have in his power the liberty, the wealth, and the lives of men whose opinions of himself are not favourable, he would be able to compel them to alter those opinions. Yet nothing is more unlikely, and it is also to be observed that the opinions in question are probably slightly less unfavourable than the object of them believes them to be. For it is a recognised privilege of the legal profession that members of the Bar are entirely exempt from criticism in regard to their political activities and associations. But it is true that the capitalists of this country do not appreciate Sir S. Cripps; nor do they subscribe to his estimate of himself. Hence the capitalists must be obliterated, and the political power of the trade unions is to be utilised in order to enable him to dominate where he has manifestly failed to please or to impress.

But, unfortunately, the trade union leaders do not show any real enthusiasm in this matter. They have not been unobservant of affairs on the Continent, and are wondering whether 'Socialism in our time' can ever mean anything except 'Fascism in our time.' They also perceive that confiscation of capital is equivalent to destruction of capital. Nationalisation of the banks is, of course, a synonym for confiscation of bank balances. For it is obvious that depositors will not leave those balances in the banks merely in order that the Cripps dynasty may use them to buy popularity. So, before the founder-apparent of that dynasty abolishes the Crown and the House of Lords and transfers the powers of the House of Commons to himself, he must place an embargo on the withdrawal of balances. How this can be effected it is difficult to see. No doubt he has already designed a practicable method whereby he may prevent bank deposits from

evaporating while he is carrying out the constitutional changes mentioned above. But he has failed to appreciate the fact that any such embargo completely destroys the value of the amounts in question. For the avowed and sole object of socialisation of credit is to raise the standard of living of those who vote for Socialist candidates by enabling them to spend more than they earn. Capital has no value apart from its earning capacity, and when it is hypothecated for the purpose of spending, it automatically becomes worthless and is, indeed, no longer capital.

It is for this reason that, as Lenin admitted, Socialism and democracy are incompatible. If a majority of voters put into office a Socialist Government, it is obvious that a majority of the people wish for the dissipation of capital. Hence a Socialist Government is always forced to deprive the people of political power as soon as the capital fund of the nation has become seriously depleted by the doles which are the bait held before the electorate to induce it to give office to the Socialists. The economic and political organisation of the nation then inevitably becomes oligarchic. If the clique which has thus usurped power is composed of honest and able men, it is possible that a certain degree of strictly regulated material security may be enjoyed for a time by the enslaved masses. But, in order to maintain their dominion, the oligarchs are compelled to suppress any man among their subjects who shows enterprise, originality, or a desire for freedom. Sir S. Cripps and Mr. Wise, deeming themselves both honest and able, appear to be desperately striving to insure that they shall be the oligarchs of the British Kremlin, instead of the leaders of the trade unions, who have done all the work and found all the money for the destruction of capitalism and democracy.

Recent history, however, seems to show that this process, by which Socialist politicians become super-capitalists, is subject to modification in practice. In Russia events proceeded exactly in accord with theory. But in other European countries another factor came into operation. When Socialist administration in due course produced economic chaos and brought universal starvation very near, so that people were willing to barter liberty for bread, other candidates for power came into the arena. If these were more unscrupulous, better armed, more brutal, and more courageous than their Socialist rivals, the latter were inevitably forced to hand over the spoils to them. And so it would be with us. For Socialism is invariably the prelude to the jungle, and we have in England people with sharper teeth and longer claws than those possessed by Sir S. Cripps and Mr. Wise. In the Socialist Utopia that man rules who is quickest with his gun, and anyone who does not wish to be a slave would do well to practise shooting

through the hip-pocket, if we are to have Socialism in our time. But some consolation may be found in the thought that this generation, if British politics follow the same course of evolution as those of most Continental nations, may yet enjoy the spectacle of Sir S. Cripps, Mr. Churchill, Sir O. Mosley, Lord Lloyd, and other candidates for dictatorship stalking one another among the trees of Kensington Gardens.

My attempt in this essay to distil a clear spirit from the muddy small-beer of the party conferences has, up to this point, produced nothing but vinegar, and the reader is doubtless not surprised at this result. For he will probably agree that such conferences are unlikely to prove any more beneficial than the international peace and disarmament palavers which have so often brought the nations to the brink of war. The policy of a party should be framed by its leader and should then be submitted to local associations for careful study and private discussion with a view to approval, modification, or rejection. Then we should no longer be witnesses of the petty malice, selfish ambition, and disloyalty which come to light at these conferences more than anywhere else. Our position as a nation is far too critical and far too important to the rest of the world to allow us to treat political questions with anything but an earnest consideration impossible in such an atmosphere. So perhaps I may be excused if, before laying down my pen, I leave party politics on one side and endeavour to tell the reader what in my opinion, and in the opinion of men much wiser than I am, is the task before our country to-day.

The whole civilised world appears to be slipping down into chaos, and men wonder whether the human race, having passed its zenith, has begun to travel the long descent which brings it to the beast again. Throughout Europe, America, and the Far East the individual spirit is becoming submerged in the spirit of the herd, and the mass mind is taking the place of the individual mind. Bolshevism is thus rapidly but silently conquering the world, and the Roman Church, which many people imagined would stem the invasion, has failed to do so. If I am not in error in supposing progress to be the apotheosis of the individual, then this world-wide development of mass-psychology is nothing more than reversion, and reversion deliberately induced by men for the furtherance of their own ambition and greed. One nation after another has become obsessed with the fear of economic insecurity, and has come to believe that man lives by bread alone. Freedom, they say, is a small matter compared with a full belly; let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. The risks of liberty are too great, so it must go. Thus it would appear that man, having climbed through weary ages to the very

threshold of Olympus, strives no more and, like the heathen, has no hope.

It would not be untrue to say that our nation has resisted, better than any other, the infection of this world-sickness and world-weariness. But even in England there is danger that we may succumb to the spirit of the age, and be reduced ultimately to the mental and spiritual stagnation of the beehive by a policy of planning, organising, and co-ordinating every human activity. Hitherto we have preserved our sanity more successfully than other nations. But already it is becoming manifest that common-sense, political experience, and a traditional code of conduct of which we are justifiably proud cannot save us from ultimate descent into the abyss, unless some motive for action, transcending any which we now feel, can be found and can make men count life but a small thing in comparison with the attainment of the ideal. To put the matter bluntly, civilisation is dying because it has no faith. There is evidence that in England we dimly recognise that basic cause of our troubles. The tremendous spate of weird cults which has descended on us since the war is symptomatic of the fact that the people are longing for the vision lacking which they perish. On all sides we hear this demand for a religion, and it is most insistent from our young people, our scientists, our leaders in industry, and our soldiers. The rising generation seems, as it were, on the tip-toe of expectation. It feels that something is about to happen, something of immense importance, and something good.

In politics the dry bones are stirring, and many feel that the preservation even of our political institutions demands from us a degree of self-sacrifice which can never arise from anything but a lively faith in an immortality to be attained only by complete self-suppression. If we cannot produce men who will gladly give up wealth, ambition, and everything which the world desires, in order that they may serve the people by being their rulers, then democracy will perish in our country as it has done in so many others. For my part I am full of hope, which is strong enough to survive even when I read the reports of party conferences or pass in the street a swaggering youth in a black shirt. The new generation will see the dawn when, out of the welter of superstition and irrationalism of the present day, there will arise in our own country a faith so compelling that it will induce philosophers to become kings, so that at last cities will cease from evil—yes, and the human race, as I believe.

AUSTIN HOPKINSON.

HISTORY FROM THE LOOM

A MONTHLY SURVEY OF WORLD AFFAIRS

THE poker-game of reciprocal hypocrisies, yclept the Disarmament Conference, came to a sensationally abrupt termination. Germany suddenly stood up and overturned the table. It does not automatically follow that the players will immediately pull a gun and shoot the matter out. All parties have good reason to avoid so precipitate an action. Nevertheless, the dramatic news of the withdrawal of Germany, not only from the Conference, but from the League of Nations and all its works, smote the world at large with a considerably greater shock than did the tidings of Serajevo. The popular instinct, still highly charged with memories of the last catastrophe, is quick to sense the possibility of war. The popular instinct is in this case premature. But, for good or ill, an epoch is at an end, the epoch which in all its complexities derived from overwhelming victory in 1918. Germany has proclaimed herself again a first-class Power, the Treaty of Versailles implicitly, and if necessary defiantly, torn up. It is an immense event. France, with the scars of the *furor Teutonicus* yet hideously visible at an hour's motor-run from Paris, believes desperately that almost her existence depends upon holding Germany permanently in that impotence which Versailles prescribed. For fifteen years she has sat, uneasily enough, on Germany's head. Now Germany has sprung back from control, announcing to the world that she is no longer to be regarded as the penitent criminal of the last war, that she has equal rights with every other nation. It is the culmination of fifteen years of patient, skilful and often cynically dishonest manoeuvres and persistent national resolve, under whatever Protean metamorphoses of political form best suited the exigencies of the moment, to evade the consequences of defeat and ultimately to annihilate the verdict of the fatidic 11th of November. But more was at play than this. This is more than an incident in the eternal feud between France and Germany. It must be remembered that Hitlerite Germany is conscious of having

unforgivably offended an international Power ubiquitously behind the scenes.

Stripped of camouflage, the events leading up to the crisis at Geneva are these. Whereas for years past it has been an open secret that Germany has been accumulating, in Russia and in the Fatherland, illicit stocks of arms and munitions, until the advent of Hitler there was a tacit accord not to make a fuss about it but gradually and pacifically to facilitate a limited German resurgence seen in any case to be inevitable. Theoretically, a chastened democratically republican Germany could be placated into becoming a good neighbour; the Treaty of Locarno was built upon that thesis. Moreover, unknown to the French people, there were obscure relations between the Grand Orient Freemasons of the French *gauche* and their German masonic brethren prominent in the Weimar Republic; it is alleged, for example, that at a masonic meeting in Berlin at the beginning of 1928, at which Herr Stresemann, master of the Lodge Friedrich der Grosse, and M. Herriot, president of the Grande Loge de France, were present, the latter undertook in the name of the whole of French Freemasonry (far more powerful than the ordinary Englishman suspects) to prepare the earlier and unconditional evacuation of the Rhineland which eventually occurred. In this connexion one may note that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was one of the original pillars of the German-Jew Second International which interwove with the German Social-Democratic Party. More importantly, Great Britain traditionally dislikes any European hegemony, and in principle welcomed a moderately strong and contentedly pacific Germany that would act as a counterpoise to France. In the days of the Weimar Republic Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the British Foreign Office believed that some concession to the German demands for equality of armaments, and at least partial revision of the Treaty of Versailles, were urgently necessary to fortify that at least superficially manageable republic against the rising tide of nationalism and Hitlerism. Italy, from other motives, had views which tallied with these. When Germany walked out of the Disarmament Conference a year ago she was prevailed upon to come back by more or less vague promises to that effect. Profiting by the diplomatic movement thus initiated, and exploiting the British alarm lest Germany (become disturbingly Hitlerite) should precipitate an explosion in Europe, Mussolini early this year put forward his Four-Power Pact, in which the revision of Versailles is, however distantly, implicit. It was a score for Mussolini. Fearing to find herself diplomatically confronted by a triple alliance of Britain, Germany and Italy, France reluctantly agreed to that Pact, though with a lightning-conductor proviso which put it under the ægis of the League of

Nations. Not yet has the French Chamber ratified that Pact, and in present circumstances it is improbable that it will.

Thus matters stood when the long-prorogued and never robust Disarmament Conference resumed its labours. During the past months much had occurred. Nazi Germany was a pariah in isolation, a world propaganda clamorous against her. France had at least temporarily supplanted Germany in Russia; at last every German had been officially ordered to quit that land of mystery. The Soviet Government had concluded a frontier-long series of non-aggression treaties which included Poland, and had agreed to sell to Poland certain munitions of war which Germany might legitimately regard as her own property, but which she could not claim without convicting herself. Munition factories in Germany (and elsewhere) were working overtime. Thanks to the gathering crisis in the Pacific, naval questions were ruled out. There was but a single problem before the Conference. It was no longer to wring effective concessions to Germany from a French resistance, but to keep this unpleasant new Germany as long as possible in a state of comparative impotence. Also, if Hitler failed to secure concessions appropriate to his 'awakened Germany'—and, in view of his past, they would need to be dramatic—the German people might conceivably, in their disgust and deception, overthrow an idol revealed to be merely a *Bombastes Furioso*. Thus, one may guess, it appeared to the representatives of Great Britain, France, and the United States (one may legitimately wonder what the United States had to do with this purely European problem, since she is not a member of the League of Nations).

Defensively, France is theoretically strong, thanks to her immense new fortifications in the east. The Germans, however, sneer that France builds impregnable fortifications and entrusts them to novices. And there is the crux of the problem, of late vivid to the minds of the French General Staff. France possesses a first-line metropolitan army of approximately 350,000 men which—despite its aeroplanes, its tanks and heavy artillery—is little better than a militia, on the average six months trained. (Also, for the period 1935–39 there will be a serious deficit of incoming man-power, to the extent of 100,000 annually.) Germany, thanks ironically to the Versailles Treaty, possesses a long-service professional army of 100,000 men, which as to personnel is almost certainly the most efficient in the world. Behind it are the highly militarised police and the Nazi organisations. Give Germany six months in which to create, or to produce from their hiding-places, the formidable modern weapons forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles, and to train that army, and the quasi-military reserves behind it, in their use—and the French General

Staff thinks poorly of its chances in any offensive campaign, say a reoccupation of the Rhineland or an advance through Alsace. Nor does it think too highly of its chances in any defensive campaign wherein a German army should turn the line of fortifications by the flanks. Hence the sudden decision of the Belgian Government to construct a great fortified line along the Meuse at a cost of 700,000,000 francs, and the 'scare' project of a German invasion through Switzerland given an inspired publicity, followed by the Swiss Government's proposal to spend 100,000,000 of their much more valuable francs on new armament.

From the non-German side the problem of the Disarmament Conference therefore was to diminish as much as possible that potentially formidable military strength for which the professional *Reichswehr* would provide the cadre; from the German side the problem was to acquire liberty to increase it. France naturally wished to prolong her present military superiority, based on weapons rather than men, until the Greek Kalends. Great Britain wished chiefly to conjure away another European War which to her would be merely an expensive nuisance. What clear ideas the United States had in the matter, if any, must be guessed. Up to a point, Italy smiles on the idea of a newly powerful Germany, so long as she keeps herself north of Austria. But Britain, France, and the United States (and one must take note of an influence in two of these three countries which does not necessarily coincide with national feeling) were in diplomatic accord that Nazi Germany must not be allowed to grow any stronger. He must have been a singularly misinformed person who imagined that Germany would yield any of her actual strength, but it would of course be nice if the improbable happened. Meanwhile, an adequate 'idealist' formula must be found, acceptance of which would destroy Germany's present potential military power, and non-acceptance of which would put her in an awkward position before the world, in these days it is as necessary to be correctly 'idealist' as it was in the Middle Ages to invoke the Christian God of Battles or in the pagan era to have the right omens from the augurs. The formula was found, of British ingenuity—ironically, again, it was almost exploded by the indignant revelation of Pertinax in the *Echo de Paris*—if Germany would agree to the conversion of the *Reichswehr* to a short-service basis (*i.e.*, a militia like the French), and would submit to international investigation of her armaments (as, of course, everybody else would submit) for a period of years, and also disband the Nazi and similar organisations, then the new short-service *Reichswehr* might be doubled to 200,000 men, but without the forbidden weapons, while the French army (apart from the colonial army) would be reduced to 200,000 men also

(which, incidentally, would be the convenient figure for the period 1935–39). If, further, at the end of a period of *x* years Germany had been found to be good, and not to have any concealed armaments, then a general disarmament would begin, and France would throw her tanks, her heavy artillery, and her bombing-planes on the scrap-heap. In view of the 1914 psychosis of the French nation, M. Daladier and M. Paul-Boncour needed some nerve to agree to this formula, although they could not have imagined for a moment that Germany would accept it.

Germany riposted with a suave conditional agreement to convert the *Reichswehr* to short service (if and when improbable things happened), reiterated her demand to possess at least 'types' of the modern heavy weapons denied her, and sardonically quoted the Versailles Treaty proclaiming that the enforced post-war disarmament of Germany was but the prelude to the general disarmament which after fifteen years had not occurred. That also was a formula *de comédie*, addressed to the idealists whom once Germany, to her cost, had brutally ignored. Italy sat rather quiet in all this. Mussolini has his own conception of diplomacy. But France had acquired by agreement to the British proposition what she considered most precious, the diplomatic adherence of Great Britain and America to her cause. A triple front of Great Britain, America and France, stood in rank, could press Germany against the wall. Sir John Simon was its spokesman, in a speech where nothing was very clear save that the proposed international supervision of Germany was to be extended from two, four, or five to eight years. If Hitler, the projection in flesh and blood of the passionate German craving to be again an equal among the nations, accepted this, he committed suicide. He had no intention of accepting it; days earlier his decision had been taken, and there is reason to think that Italy was privy to it. The triple front against him was a bluff. Not for generations will American 'doughboys' again fight in Europe. Despite Locarno, he is an optimist (or a pessimist) who thinks that the British nation will in any predictable period fight again in Europe either, save in the case of its trade routes being menaced by a naval or aerial power. Hitler called the bluff, and with far-reaching effect. Not so much the quitting of the Disarmament Conference, but the withdrawing of Germany from the League of Nations, proclaimed to all the world that Germany henceforth asserted her fullest independence. Herr Goebbels, indeed, attenuated the shock by announcing that Germany had no intention of availing herself of this withdrawal to rearm. Hitler also earnestly assured the world of Germany's desire for peace; merely Germany would not sign any covenant or enter any league unless she were treated fully as an equal—

which meant that she would be mistress in her own house, with no outside investigation tolerated. Hitler, doubtless, had no *sous-entendu* in his words, but behind him stands, Mephistopheles behind Faust, the Reichswehr command.

The triple front was, indeed, only a bluff. After a week-end of universal consternation, the United States officially stated that 'We again make it clear that we are in no way politically aligned with any European Power,' and went on to announce that they would not take part in any further discussions. Apart from a little acrimonious back-chat between Sir John Simon and Herr von Neurath, the British Government, which in the person of Mr. Baldwin had a little before magniloquently announced the highly problematical willingness of the British people to renew in 1934 their experiences of 1914–18, uttered the dignified platitudes appropriate to a difficult situation. Was Great Britain to take its stand unequivocally beside France, muttering darkly about finishing German insolence with sanctions in the Rhineland? (As to that, there was Locarno, which would put Britain on the other side; or did Locarno not matter now, anyway?) From the British point of view, the best thing was that the Conference should adjourn for ten days, in which period Britain might either make up her mind, or devise a formula to cover the absence of one.

'The struggle for disarmament must go on and the Covenant will not be treated as a scrap of paper,' bravely announced Mr. Henderson at the League of Nations, and the bureaucratariat of that august but not conspicuously fortunate institution even claimed undauntedly that the League of Nations was stronger than ever. That may be so, but with Japan, Germany, the United States and Soviet Russia absent, and Italy not too fervent an adherent, it seems probable that its future deliberations will rather resemble a private tea-party to which Great Britain and France invite the children. Nevertheless, in this awkward pass, France, somewhat embarrassingly reaffirming her complete faith in the full sincerity of British support, sees her greatest hope in the League. Suppose ultimately the article of the Covenant which was *not* invoked against Japan should be invoked against Germany? Would not Great Britain then be forced to implement the obligations she has accepted? So long as Great Britain fights at her side, France is confident of dealing with Germany. Her fear in all these post-war years has been that when the fateful day came, Britain would be neutral, or perhaps even, horribly, on the other side, so pro-German did British policy persistently seem to French eyes in pre-Hitler days. At the time of writing, however, it is likely that any French appeal to the League will be forestalled by the diplomatic intervention of Mussolini, singularly

adept in exploiting the piscatorial possibilities of troubled waters. A convocation under the Four-Power Pact, with an invitation to the United States, which it is immaterial whether President Roosevelt accepts or not, to discuss, and if possible reopen, the *impasse* created by the German action, would in any case accentuate Italy's diplomatic leadership of Europe. For precisely that reason it is probable that France would endeavour to refuse with due politeness. (Why go to Jordan? Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Geneva, equally effective?) From beginning to end the Four-Power Pact, on which so many panegyrics were pronounced, has been an unqualified nuisance to France.

It was perhaps with a touch of symbolism that Herr Hitler decreed for November 12, the day *after* the anniversary of the Armistice, the new one-party Reichstag election which will in effect be a *plébiscite* confirming his dictatorship. (To make the occasion more joyful, it is understood that there will be an amnesty and release for political opponents who will henceforth cease to oppose; Socialist and Communist leaders are excepted, and nothing is said about the Jews.) Incidentally, it marks the end of federal Germany; there will be no elections to the Parliaments of the several States, dissolved by the same decree; but those who imagine that it is a *plébiscite* for aggressive war are in error. Germany has not the slightest intention of attacking anybody—just yet. On the contrary, she fears acutely, and not without some reason, that she may be herself attacked. What Germany wants is *time*—time and complete liberty to get ready. There is not the slightest reason to doubt the pacific sentiments of Herr Hitler's broadcast to the world on the occasion of Germany's withdrawal from the Conference. There is no reason to doubt (although the French do) the sincerity of his friendly reference to M. Daladier in that broadcast. It is highly likely, indeed, that Herr Hitler will invite M. Daladier (supposing M. Daladier to be still in power) to a man-to-man talk where the mutual suspicions of France and Germany may be allayed. Germany emphatically does not want to fight France just now. Provided that the Saar is returned, Germany does not want to fight France within any proximate period. Her ambitions are in another direction, and those are perforce dated a little time ahead. Of course, one day the fight with France must come. One day Rethondes *must* be obliterated by another Sedan. The whole of Nazi-ism would be stultified else. In the meantime, will France, please, be nice and friendly? Hitler is quite sincere in that. He is, in fact, a very sincere man—which is why the professional politicians utterly fail to understand him.

For the moment, Hitler is chiefly concerned with eliminating

all possible non-Nazi elements from his Government, in preparation for the difficult winter ahead. Precisely as President Franklin Roosevelt has discovered, the *Führer* finds that prosperity is not to be created by decree. It is stated that, exactly as in America, a wave of pessimism has succeeded the first enthusiasm, but just now the genuine opinions of the German people are not easy to know. Certainly, if the German unemployed are not being authentically reabsorbed into industry, they are not being allowed to rot in hopeless idleness. At the minimum possible cost to the State, they are regimented into battalions for all manner of public works performed in a fanaticised corporate spirit that brings them into ardent unity with their fatherland; they can again be proud to be Germans, and not internationalised Bolsheviks dreaming only of the class war. Despite the not unnatural sneers and bitterness of those 'non-Aryans' and others who are excluded, with a brutality perhaps inherent in the German character, a formidably mighty human force is being forged and welded under the essentially pagan rune of the Swastika banner. Nevertheless, however minimal the individual maintenance of those employed on communal works, the aggregate cost is huge. The financial situation of Germany, afflicted with an almost complete paralysis of her foreign trade, is becoming desperate from any orthodox point of view. Inflation, but not necessarily of the 1922–23 brand, is looming ahead. Dr. Schacht, the erstwhile rigid champion of gold-backed currency, is already taking preliminary measures for the eventuality. The Bank for International Settlements has agreed to his demand for the abolition of the general council of the Reichsbank, originally created under the Dawes Scheme for the protection of foreign financial interests in Germany. It also agreed to a change in the Reichsbank law, authorising the issue of currency backed by bonds bought in the market but unbacked by gold. Also, a decree has been issued forbidding any rise in retail prices. These be omens. The Nazi paradise is not to collapse for lack of circulating medium.

In the midst of so many other preoccupations, Nazi Germany has temporarily given the idea of forcible *Anschluss* with Austria a rest. It has become clear that it is not the moment. Mussolini would not permit it, and Mussolini is potentially too powerful a friend to be trifled with. In the meantime, Dr. Dollfuss continues his precarious *rôle* of a pocket Mussolini in alliance with Prince Stahremberg of the *Heimwehr*, but with the Socialists of all nations fulminating against his audacity in threatening the sacrosanct trades unions. A majority of Dr. Dollfuss's principal supporters are convinced monarchists, and in Rome the ex-Empress Zita has been visiting the Pope and giving imperial

receptions from an improvised throne—plus a Press story, subsequently denied, that the potential Emperor Otto was to marry an Italian princess. But in Hungary Admiral Horthy insists that if anybody is to be king, he himself is the man for the job, and as an effective union of Austria with Hungary is the only way to prevent on the one hand absorption by Germany, on the other domination by the *Petite Entente*, the matter is still in suspense. But it is a safe bet, as bets go, that the Italian solution will eventually prevail, and that, monarchy or no (or perhaps monarchy only in Austria), there will be an Austro-Hungarian reunion under the protection of Italy. Also, despite twirling of moustaches and gnashing of teeth in various quarters, nobody will fight about it. Nobody will fight, even though the kings of the *Petite Entente*, in a romantic Ruritania setting at the castle of Sinaia, got together with Dr Beneš, of Czecho-Slovakia, and agreed to co-ordinate their railway, river and air systems, to create a postal, commercial and customs union, to institute a banking, economic, industrial and agricultural collaboration, to abolish passport visas among themselves, and perhaps to do various other things not published. After which the King and Queen of Yugoslavia, having stayed with King Carol of Roumania and King Boris of Bulgaria, paid a little visit to Mustapha Kemal of Turkey *en route* to Greece for a friendly chat with that country's Foreign Minister. They will not fight, for the very good reason that France—however pleased she is at the agreement of these difficult persons—will not voluntarily fight Germany and Italy at once. Nevertheless, France cannot let Italy have it all her own way, particularly in the Balkans, where M Herriot recently journeyed to make love to Bulgaria. It is with a smile and soft applause that France has watched M Titulescu, Foreign Minister of Roumania, going on a little circular tour (doubtless to collect what he can of significance subsequent to those royal junketings) first to Warsaw, and thence to Sofia, Angora, Athens, and Belgrade. If Greece and Turkey can be moved from their present Italian orientation and Bulgaria can be cajoled from her sulky aloofness, and if a French-influenced Danubian-Balkan *bloc* can be created of sufficient solidity to look after itself, then the imminent Austro-Hungarian reunion will not so much matter.

France has urgent matters to attend to at home. She is gorged with foreign-owned gold, which does not bring prosperity, but merely accentuates the paralysis of her foreign trade produced by her high exchange. The stabilisation of the dollar and the pound—or the first whisper of war, as was evidenced on the morrow of the German withdrawals—would provoke a mass departure of that gold which might catastrophically and uncontrollably break the franc. And it is still the policy of France to

maintain the franc at its present gold parity if it can be done. Internal conditions alone render it problematic. On October 17 the Chamber met in extraordinary session to consider an avowed deficit of some six milliard francs, and probably in reality nearer eight milliard francs, when M. Daladier's demand for emergency procedure to restore budgetary equilibrium was granted him by 470 votes to 120. It is improbable that he will get a majority like that again. The Government's proposals have everything that can make them unpopular. On the one hand, they sketch economies which no French Government has yet been able to effect; on the other, they balance a levy of 6 per cent. on the salaries and pensions of Government officials—which the syndicated *functionnaires* forced the Government to withdraw a few months ago—with a new discriminatory sur-tax on all fortunes 'that have escaped the *crise*,' plus other taxation evidencing rather political bias than financial acumen. It is highly improbable that those proposals will survive the dog-fight of French politics, or that they will be efficacious if they do. By the time this article appears the matter will have been decided.[1] If M. Daladier remains in power, it will be chiefly the external crisis provoked by Germany which will keep him there. The alternative may be a national Government of coalition, if not—any guesses are equally good. Whatever Government assumes power, only a drastic change of policy can save France from increasing financial distress. The reduction of internal purchasing power, as in M. Daladier's proposals, is the most painful and ultimately nihilistic way of meeting a situation evidenced by the startling fall of French exports for the first nine months of this year as compared with the corresponding period of 1932, also a year of intense world depression. No country can indefinitely maintain both a high exchange and a disproportionately high price level.

Meanwhile, the Franco-Soviet idyll continues, despite perhaps rather hopeful than factual reports from Germany that a new Russo-German agreement is about to be concluded which will relieve some of the anxieties of the *Reichswehr* command. It has been arranged that a show squadron of Russian planes shall visit Paris, avoiding Germany, and flying *via* Warsaw, Prague and Bâle. Also, as a symptom of the French eagerness to please the Soviet dictatorship, M. Semenoff, the editor of the Paris White Russian daily *Renaissance*, was summoned on September 28 to the Prefecture of Police and solemnly warned not to repeat his statement that M. Herriot had erred when he said that there was no famine in Russia; he had been previously warned in

[1] M. Daladier was defeated in the Chamber in the small hours of the morning of October 24 and immediately resigned

August by the Foreign Office when he had made some remarks about the unsavoury antecedents of Litvinoff, alias Finkelstein, Wallach, on the occasion of that worthy's visit to Paris. Whether or not France will derive any real advantage from her alliance with the Soviet camarilla remains to be seen; Moscow looks eastward. Despite the confident assertion of M. Herriot, the Council of the League of Nations was informed by the exiled representatives of the People's Republic of the Ukraine that the League should take cognisance of the famine conditions in that erstwhile granary of Europe and organise measures of relief. They declared that the Ukraine harvest was fairly good, but that the Soviets seized the crops for exportation (40,000 tons were sent to the British market alone), and left the people, in the words of the petitioners, "to eat the bark off the trees to appease their hunger." It was stated that the population is dying by thousands, and nowhere have people so suffered. In Siberia, where the crops have been very good, and where for various reasons the Soviet has not taken such high-handed measures with the peasantry, there would appear to be comparative prosperity. In a further development of bluff further to impress the United States—American recognition of the Soviet Government is now practically an announced fact—or in a genuine determination (the Comintern being full) to resist further Japanese penetration into the conquests of the Tsardom, Moscow has been rushing large bodies of troops to the Far East. Also after a long period of dickering negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway in the most provocative manner it published to the world the text of alleged secret Japanese documents purporting to show, among other things, that Japan proposed violently to seize the line.

Tokyo immediately denied the authenticity of these documents, and the Japanese Foreign Office went so far as to deny that a severance of diplomatic relations was in prospect, while the official spokesman blandly remarked that it was suspected that the Soviet was "up to something." In any case, the attitude of Moscow is in sharp contrast to that of last year, when it abased itself before the rising power of Japan and voluntarily offered to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway—certainly for far more than they could expect Japan to pay for a property they could not possibly hold, and which was practically equivalent to the abandonment of Vladivostok, thenceforward only to be reached by the long detour of the Amur line. League circles at Geneva, it is stated, regard a proximate Russo-Japanese War as inevitable. One may reason-

ably doubt whether Moscow would provoke such a struggle unless it was reasonably sure of an ally on the maritime front. Conversely, it is fairly certain that Japan would not initiate hostilities against Russia unless she were sure about her rear; perhaps that is why Viscount Ishii recently pleaded for a prompt arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan which should mutually renounce war.

That plea met with no response. The United States, while energetically building up her fleet to the Treaty limits, remains silent about Japan. The Administration has still quite enough to do in restoring Prosperity at short order. Admittedly the National Recovery Act campaign of ballyhoo and codes has spent its first force. Professor Tugwell, the 'dean' of the Brain Trust, stated that it is 'about to enter its second phase—one much more difficult than hitherto encountered.' He added that the second phase of the recovery programme will be concerned with what the Government can do 'to protect industry against itself' in the matter of making undue profits. 'Even if industrialists should be reluctant to see that their interests must at last be brought into consistent relationship with those of consumers and workers, the Government does not lack power of persuasion. Wise administration requires that business shall not be given charters for exploitation of workers and consumers, but rather charters of responsibility to perform social tasks in a new and more co-operative way.' If this doctrine appeals to the hitherto highly individualised American, then, indeed, a revolution has occurred. On the other hand, the political group which styles itself the Committee for the Nation protests that the Administration, instead of removing the monetary causes of the fall in prices, 'is trying to adjust them by bureaucratic control, and where that does not suffice resorts to crop destruction in defiance of the fundamental truth that work and production are the source of wealth.' Those are the inflationists. One of the causes of the present check in the recovery curve is undoubtedly the 'vast uncertainty' as to the future value of the dollar. While President Roosevelt himself preserved a sphinx-like silence, a section at least of the American people thought that it would probably not be further devaluated—as was evidenced by the over-subscription of the \$5000,000,000 Conversion Loan. But he will be a bold man who will forecast precisely what the President will do, and when he will do it. As this is written conversations re the British War Debt are again in progress, and in the strictest secrecy. There, again, the President is faced with a dilemma. He cannot, of course, cancel the debt—the entire population of America would get up and rend him at such a throwing away of what, symbolically, is an American pre-eminence over Britain; he cannot receive it

in goods, and America certainly does not want any more useless gold. The only practical way of liquidating the problem, and taking the debt out of politics, would seem to lie in the flotation of a British loan on the American market for whatever might be agreed upon as a final lump-sum payment; the American figure would seem to be $2,000,000,000 and the British maximum $1,000,000,000. But the British (hankering after what they themselves refused to America in 1932) insist that it would be impossible to float so large a loan unless the dollar were previously stabilised; and if the dollar is stabilised now, the President will have thrown away his potentiality of inflation, which is still the weapon of the last resort. All observers are agreed that the American people will not peacefully stand another winter like the last; and winter is already near, with only 2,700,000 unemployed reabsorbed, and with affrightingly less of municipal and private charitable funds to draw upon.

Great Britain, by contrast, continues to show a steadily increasing employment and more favourable trade returns that owe nothing to artificial stimulants such as the National Recovery Act. While the old staple industries of the North and Midlands remain stagnant and are perhaps doomed, a new industrial South, concerned chiefly with newly modern commodities, is arising as a palliative. But the days when coal and cotton manufacture gave Britain the industrial primacy of the world seem for ever gone. Lancashire has been faced with this unpleasant truth at Simla, where British, Japanese, and Indian representatives of the cotton trade met to negotiate their respective allotments in that Indian market which was once exclusively British. It became obvious in those negotiations that, although the Indian and Japanese producers may eventually agree to pool the market, Britain is to be left out; the future for Lancashire is blank. In fact, it seems that textile manufacture, except in so far as it is protected by local tariffs for local markets, is passing irrevocably from the West to the East. At the recent International Cotton Congress in Prague it was stated that from 1913 to 1932 European spindles remained approximately stationary at 100,000,000, while consumption of cotton for manufacture decreased from 12,100,000 bales to 8,700,000 bales. In the same period Asiatic spindles increased from 9,100,000 to 21,400,000, and Asiatic consumption from 4,100,000 bales to 7,700,000 bales, while Japanese spindles worked an average of 102 hours a week against an average of thirty hours a week in Lancashire. Precisely how the Lancashire mill-workers are going to compete against this, without reducing themselves to the economic level of a Japanese coolie, is not clear. The British Empire might theoretically bar the importation of Japanese textiles, as Holland is proposing to do in the Dutch

East Indies, but the British Empire is considerably more complex than the Dutch. Japanese competition, and not only in textiles, is becoming a very serious matter to a country which, in the final resort, must purchase its foodstuffs by its industrial exports.

It is a matter which gives Great Britain a direct interest in the storm centre gathering in the Pacific, from which Britain would preferably stand aloof. On the remote periphery of that storm centre, and somewhat perturbed by recent events which include an alleged Japanese attempt to establish aircraft bases in Dutch New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand are newly co-ordinating and augmenting their potentialities for defence, the necessity for which they certainly hope will not arise. At home, profiting by the fact that the hitherto awesome United States can no longer effectively object, Great Britain proposes to build as soon as may be all the cruisers allowed her by the London Treaty, while the Admiralty and the Air Ministry quarrel over whether aircraft or battleships won the famous battle of the Firth of Forth. It is probable that in the near future Great Britain will have some destroyers capable of steaming at sea when it is rough, and that she will cease to be at so great an interval the fifth Power in the air. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.* Unless, of course, the correct method is that of George Fox and William Penn, to whom Dr. Buchman's 'Group Movement,' bringing a new gospel of direct communion with the Deity, has omitted to make due acknowledgments. Any way you look at it, we human beings, swarming microcosms upon a minute planet imperceptible in the infinity of spheres scattered through the infinitude of space, are a curious phenomenon.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

CHAOS OR RECOVERY?

THE AMERICAN RIDDLE

TIME and again distinguished economists have expressed the opinion that the present economic deadlock can only be solved, and the frustration of those forces which after four years' acute depression are making for some recovery avoided, if Governments in the strong creditor countries adopt expansionist policies. Without a reversal of the vicious spiral of deflation no measure calculated to bring about a piecemeal readjustment in non-monetary fields can be successful. The adjustment of costs to prices, the liquidation of bad debts, and the lifting of tariffs and exchange restrictions prior to a substantial monetary expansion must cause further monetary shrinkage and may put the whole economic machine into jeopardy. The process of deflation in America, culminating in a complete chaos in the banking system, has amply demonstrated the correctness of this opinion.

The process of deflation proceeded on two distinct but converging lines: namely, (*a*) forced liquidation of capital assets and stocks of commodities—in fact, a general direct pressure emanating from the creditors, especially the banks; and (*b*) a concomitant psychological deflation which very often increased the monetary pressure by causing a stampede into a more and more primitive kind of liquidity, culminating in the hoarding of gold. Considering the elementary impetus of these destructive forces, what one wonders is, not that a breakdown did eventually occur, but that it did not occur at a much earlier stage. Economic activity had been carried by 1932 to an unbelievably low level, for the forces of depression acquired a self-generating impetus which had to be broken before reconstruction could begin.

The banking moratorium which marked the climax of this development should have been used to take suitable measures. There were obviously two methods of breaking the vicious circle. It was possible (*a*) to increase the volume of purchasing power already at the disposal of the economic system and try to ensure its injection into active circulation by psychological intervention, or (*b*) to create purchasing power and ensure its immediate use

irrespective of the decisions of the *entrepreneurs*. These two methods, of course, could have been used concurrently. The first method could only yield satisfactory results in so far as the psychological intervention changed speculative positions and the outlook of investors, thereby rendering hitherto unremunerative production profitable. The second would have had a beneficial influence on both psychology and demand. It would have strengthened the forces of expansion inherent in a deflated economic system and laid the basis for or at least helped to ensure the success of the former, technically passive, method.

The first six weeks of the new Administration passed without active steps. The closing of the banks was not used to develop a co-ordinated constructive expansionist policy. On the contrary, the fundamentally contradictory character of the new Administration's policy became noticeable. It appeared that the President had no fundamental convictions, but only certain prejudices in the monetary field; that, influenced by some of his intimates, he was antagonistic to crude inflationary measures, but that he had not evolved any alternative constructive plan to put an end to deflation; that, therefore, he ran the continuous risk of wasting time and of having to take recourse to drastic action of exactly the kind which he opposed, because sound expansionist measures which demand time to be effective did not suffice when action has at last to be taken. Instead of a Government guarantee of bank deposits, many banks were not reopened, and the consequent technical deflation was not offset. The efforts of the Administration to balance the budget, to reassure public opinion, and to obtain thereby a psychological expansion, did not really carry the revival to anything near the necessary extent. The position of many of the reopened banks remained jeopardised, as no active measures were taken to ensure expansion, and at the then existing level of business activity and prices their eventual insolvency seemed unavoidable. The attack on the monetary structure restarted; a new monetary crisis was on the way.

The President for the first, but unfortunately not for the last, time succeeded in manœuvring himself into a position where, in spite of his unbounded authority and tremendous popular support and confidence, only spectacular, and consequently doubtful, measures could be relied upon. Had he not wasted valuable weeks in discussing unnecessary and confused interim measures to steady the banking position (like issuing emergency currency of the type used prior to the establishment of the Federal Reserve system), but solved the banking problem by an open guarantee, had he outlined a scheme of public works and plans to aid private investment activity and ensured the parallel expansion of the basis of credit by open market operations, a

spectacular revival could, and probably would, have taken place without entailing the abandonment of the gold parity of the dollar. Such a revival, even if it entailed some outward movement of gold, would not only have had immediate effects on the whole world economy, thereby facilitating his internal plans, it would also have resulted in a deliberate steadying of the monetary demand for goods, especially capital goods, artificially diminished by the growing alarm of *entrepreneurs*. And in the long run it would certainly have minimised the losses consequent on the guarantee of deposits and other subsidies.

As it was, the President found himself forced deliberately to suspend the gold standard in order to avoid an imminent catastrophe. In doing so he was not paying very much attention to the interests of the exporting industries, though British and Japanese competition may have been a secondary consideration. There was no real capital flight worth mentioning prior to the doubtful statements made in official circles. What flight there was could easily have been dealt with by using existing reserves and tightening up regulations already in force. Any recovery in America, moreover, would have attracted enough foreign capital to offset an outward movement. He was rather actuated by the notion that the depreciation of the gold (external) value of the currency automatically induces an equal depreciation of the internal value (*i.e.*, an equal increase of the price level). This theory, untenable *per se* even in the long run, was adhered to by many people: therefore it had a tendency to justify itself. Prices began to rise, and a huge wave of speculation swept over the country. It should have been plain to anybody that the whole movement was carried almost exclusively by a change in psychology. The rate of turnover of existing deposits almost doubled though the shrinkage of loans to industry and commerce did not cease. In spite of this, almost miraculous results were achieved, brilliantly justifying the anti-deflationist school of thought.

The vacillating policy of the President, however, introduced a false note into the magnificent recovery and made the position dangerous. He relied on exchange depreciation instead of on sound expansionist measures to stop deflation, and the importance of exchange movements was more and more exaggerated till it assumed a *rôle* quite out of proportion to the importance of foreign trade in the structure of the American body economic. A fateful psychological link was established between the foreign

¹ Gold only has an indirect effect on the price structure through the policy of banks—especially the Central Bank—and the willingness of *entrepreneurs* and consumers to invest and spend. In a country which derives its national income chiefly from exports the management of the external value of the currency may decisively influence these factors; in America, far less.

exchange rates and prices. The recovery began to be distorted. The fundamentally sound and necessary increase in prices and in business activity became increasingly dependent on speculative anticipation concerning the future policy of the Administration and the course of the dollar. Thus there grew up a demand, and with it a need, for further and further depreciation. Its strength was clearly demonstrated during the World Economic Conference. As long as this fall in the external value of the dollar coincided with or gave rise to an equal or greater increase in the volume of purchasing power in active circulation, it need not have had (except in some special branches of industry with great excess capacity) any actually unfavourable effect on world economy, except for the increased uncertainty which it created. The revival rested, not on actual facts, but on beliefs, hopes and fears, and any change was bound to react directly on foreign countries, depressing gold prices further. No doubt these emotions, or rather their immediate influence on the security markets (especially the fall in the rate of capitalisation, showing that no further decline had to be discounted) and commodity markets, might well have so improved the position and outlook of individuals that an expansion of credit could have been set in motion. Thereby the recovery, which theretofore rested on a very slender basis, might have been secured and the well-known reverse spiral of expansion initiated.

The President and his entourage do not seem to have regarded such materialistic aims as exclusively important, or else they ignored the ramifications and interdependence of economic phenomena. The excesses of the past period had aroused bitterness in the minds of many, and the responsibility for the terrible sufferings of a wide strata of the population, justly or unjustly was laid on the leaders of so-called 'Big Business.' The progressive elements were firmly convinced that a repetition of the previous sequence of booms and depressions could only be avoided if a thorough-going social reform was effected. Such a reform, however, could only be enacted while conservative opinion was still paralysed by the shock and despair of depression. Measures were therefore drawn up and put through—with terrific haste and often insufficient examination—which may possibly make America a more moral country, but which certainly did not contribute to make America a better country for investment. The Securities Act, coupled with investigations into the past methods of investment and the often indefensible vindictiveness of the reformers, would even in better times have had a serious effect on the process and volume of investment. It was bound to have disastrous consequences at that juncture unless investment was taken altogether out of the hands of the private

entrepreneur, or at least powerfully supplemented by State activity. Unfortunately, the President at the same time began to listen more and more to those who, for personal or general reasons, were bitterly antagonistic to the State assuming the *rôle* of long-term investor. The net effect was an increasing danger to the continuation of recovery.

The distortion of the process of recovery, due to the unsteady policy of the Government, produced further ill effects. The recovery, remarkable in its swiftness and extent, having been caused by fears and hopes rather than actual changes, was naturally uneven. Well-organised markets participated more than others, and there was a tendency to anticipate events, especially to anticipate the increase of demand by arbitrary increase of prices. Thus the danger arose that the movement would stultify itself by these anticipations, that it would influence prices rather than the volume of production, and that the necessary corrections (*i.e.*, price falls due to a lack of other than purely speculative demand) would altogether break the impetus of the revival. Intervention on the most sensitive point of the economic structure—namely, the sphere of investment—increased this risk. But it was not unreasonable to hope that the forces which were working towards a restoration of more normal conditions could be sufficiently strengthened by well-considered Government action stimulating investment on lines indicated above to overcome these apparent difficulties.

Unfortunately, the position suggested a different diagnosis to those who then had the ear of the President. The decade-long insistent popularisation of age-old fallacies about the beneficial effects of high wages and the inherent inability of the consumer to absorb the output of the highly developed mechanised industry without special intervention to increase his purchasing power seem to have had more pernicious and deeper-rooted effects than a foreign observer would have imagined. In spite of their adoption by successive Republican Administrations, in spite of the terrific havoc they wrought, the theories of the 'New Era' still seem to haunt even Democratic circles. In so far as the present political trend is not especially favourable to big business, the philosophy of high wages has assumed a new political form. The authorities saw that production increased prodigiously, that prices began to increase in anticipation of future demand. On the other hand, they observed with increasing apprehension that consuming power did not increase *pari passu*, as productivity per head rose with expanding output. The fear that this development would lead immediately to a new crash unless measures were taken to correct the disequilibrium became more and more predominant. Wages, in their view, had to be increased and the

hours of labour curtailed if consumption was to be brought into line. The leaders did not hesitate to express this opinion freely, predicting ruin unless some action was taken. And action followed swiftly.

In a modern capitalistic community the satisfaction of immediate wants occupies a steadily decreasing proportion of the working population. A greater number are needed for the construction of instruments and other intermediate products which will eventually be used for the production of final articles of consumption or which facilitate their distribution, or, last (but also in this instance not least), are of a durable character. The production of these goods can be increased to a very large extent without an immediate parallel rise in the output of consumption goods, the demand for which, on the other hand, does, of course, eventually increase as wages are paid out equally in both instances. Those who believe that the present *malaise* is caused by a self-generating and ever-increasing annihilation or freezing of circulating purchasing power are of the opinion that this process can only be halted by providing conditions in which the monetary demand for production goods (and goods of similar cyclical character) will increase. The demand for consumption goods will then necessarily follow. First only the number of employed will rise, later also the rates of wages. The driving force of this process is the increase of profits which slowly permeates the whole of industry, and which leads to increased use of existing monetary resources and to increased borrowing. Were the consequent expansion of the purchasing power in active circulation to become too rapid, profits, and therefore investments, would increase to a greater degree than would be compatible with the stability of the development, as current real savings would not suffice to sustain this activity. Thus a position would be brought about where the slightest shock might bring about a new crash. The very fact, indeed, that the creation of purchasing power by banks is limited by institutions or traditions or by mere prudence is sufficient to reveal the unsoundness and to cause a break. Should wages be raised, therefore, just prior to the spread of the profit inflation, such intervention might provide a useful brake and help to prevent a further catastrophe.

But the position of America during June and July was far from showing signs of such undue expansion of investment. On the contrary, it was the output of consumption industries which showed a remarkable increase parallel to the increase of prices. Speculation, stimulated by the Government's decision to go off the gold standard, and not inflationary over-investment, seemed to be the dangerous point. One might have expected that in these circumstances a reinforced programme of public works would have been pressed forward to relieve the position

and to justify the anticipations about demand, prices and profits, which may have gone too far. The Administration, which began to be seriously disturbed by the excesses of stock exchange speculation and by the growing labour unrest, due partly to the increase in the cost of living, but even more to the feeling of greater political power, decided otherwise. A limitation of labour hours and an immediate and rather abrupt upward revision and rigid regulation of wages was enforced. At the same time price movements were strictly limited.[1] Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers hoped thereby to increase the wage bill directly and so to stabilise the position. The whole scheme was based on a wholly mechanistic view of the working of the economic organism, which paid no attention to the complexity and changeability of demand, apparently in the belief that nothing else would change when most important elements are artificially altered. At the same time, however, pessimistic statements were made which caused a break in all markets, a circumstance which could not be favourable for expansion.

No doubt at a later stage some such measure would have been useful towards helping to restore the level of prices and the level of old debts whilst preventing an excessive investment boom. But no such boom existed. It might have developed had the Government by their alarmist pronouncements not already broken much of the impetus of the recovery, whose real foundation on the investment side had never been too firm. What there was in the way of an increase of profits was far too unstable and uncertain. Productive capacity was not fully employed, and the enormous latent demand for replacement which existed as a result of the prolonged crisis could only be expected to materialise if profits continued and reserves could be filled up.

Wages had indeed been severely cut, but it is questionable if they reached the low level demanded by the small volume of output which had been reached during the crisis, and the increase of output during the first four months of the Administration, which might have justified some wage increase in some industries, was much too dependent on expected, but not yet realised, profits to allow any step which might diminish the actual profit earned by industry as a whole.

In these circumstances the Government could only be expected to succeed if, in spite of all that had happened,

(*a*) The *entrepreneurs* were sharing the belief of the Government that an increase of wages brings a proportionate increase in the demand for goods ;

[1] Incidentally, the cartellisation of industries was permitted. This momentous step may have far-reaching effects in a later stage of social reforms. It did not succeed in mitigating the adverse effects of the other measures.

(*b*) The banks were ready to lend to these confident, but not therefore more trustworthy, *entrepreneurs* to enable the expansion of production;

(*c*) The wage-earners used the wages to buy goods and not to repay bank loans.

All these conditions being fulfilled, the wage increases might *a posteriori* have justified themselves.

After the evidence about the anti-'big-business' attitude of the Government, after the rumours and speeches about future Government policy and the economic position, after the setback of a labour crisis, such spontaneous expansion would have been miraculous. It had to be brought about by exactly the people whom the Government did most to antagonise,* in the hope that subsequent repercussions would justify the initial action. It would have had to be brought about by these *entrepreneurs* in an atmosphere of exuberant labour demands and in the teeth of the risk that their eventual profits might be taken away by one measure or another whilst they themselves would have to bear the resultant loss.

Thus the most devastating effect of the Codes was, not their immediate effect on costs, but the reaffirmation of the attitude of the Government, which could only increase the uncertainty and uneasiness of *entrepreneurs* about its future actions, as well as the stiffening of the labour attitude which they brought about. Instead of steadying confidence by appropriate statements on future policy, by a relaxation of the regulations governing capital issues and by a forceful stimulation of investment, the Government in fact did the opposite. The fact that business did not drop away more quickly in the face of such policy, and of the obvious failure of the banks to increase their loans, is a proof either of unparalleled public spirit or of an unparalleled capacity for naive enthusiasm on the part of the American public.

What is to happen now? The President and his advisers are reputed to be antagonistic to currency inflation but favourable to credit expansion and a somewhat greater stability of the external value of the dollar. Once more there seems to be a period of hesitation. And contradictory rumours follow one another. The position is extremely serious. The enthusiasm of the first months is rapidly fading. Thereby the Administration is increasingly being deprived of the strongest driving force in its campaign.

* But even then the risk taken would have been considerable, because there was bound to be a necessary lag between the increase of prime costs (that is to say, wages and raw materials) and the increase of the demand for finished products, which, by bringing about either an increase in prices (if allowed) or an increase in output, could have offset the effect of expanded prime costs on profits by a lowering of the overhead cost per unit. This lag could only be bridged by a willingness to borrow and lend which could not be justified on rational grounds.

for expansion. At the same time the natural incentive, the hope for large future profits, has also been seriously weakened both by the actual cost-raising measures and by the feeling of uneasiness and uncertainty caused by the anti-capitalistic flavour of the official policy and by the stimulus given to excessive labour demands. In these circumstances it would be tantamount to courting disaster and collapse if the Administration were further to depend for expansion on the initiative of individual *entrepreneurs*.

An independent source of expansion must be found if the present reactionary tendency is not to gather force and to end in causing a rout. Such an independent centre of expansion will have to derive both its resources and its impetus in the first instance from Government action. It may consist of

(*a*) Help for destitute unemployed;

(*b*) Direct public works, especially roads and housing schemes;

(*c*) Government subsidy to private investment, especially a guarantee of private capital issues, cheap loans to finance the replacement demand of railroads, housing schemes, etc.

In more normal circumstances the direct effects of these measures, and, even more, the psychological atmosphere created by the certainty of the Government going ahead with schemes calculated to stimulate demand, would suffice to turn the tide.

The seriousness of the American situation lies primarily in the circumstances that a legion of measures has already been tried one after the other. The incompleteness of their success (not to say their failure), and especially the variety and swiftness of their changes, has given rise to apprehension, and the atmosphere of distrust so fatal to the previous Administration is beginning to engulf the American scene again. Thereby not only is the normal responsiveness to stimulating measures lessened (that is to say, the *entrepreneurs* will not follow up the lead by increasing their investment and productive activities), but in addition, with a more widespread knowledge of the nature and mechanism of expansion, the quality of the reactions to these measures is changing. Instead of responding to the price increases with increased output, more and more people try to exploit these measures by merely transferring their hoarding activities from money into real estate or certain shares or commodities in the belief that by holding on to these assets they will make better profits. Anticipatory price movements ensue, stifling any real recovery of business activity. These are symptoms of the last stage of an ultra-inflation, when the creation of new and ever new purchasing power no longer stimulates productive activity but coincides with widespread unemployment and all the other signs

of an acute crisis. The hesitation and vacillation of the President, the essential self-contradiction in his attempt first to force recovery by threats of inflation and to further it by a depreciation of the dollar, and then to check it by direct interference with the *entrepreneur's* profits, has resulted in a deadlock the solution of which has been made very difficult indeed.

Time, however, is pressing. If the Administration does not succeed in curbing the falling off in investment demand, the whole structure of recovery will be most seriously threatened and another crash may be witnessed much graver than the breakdown of the monetary system last March. The only way open, after these manifold setbacks and vacillations, which promises some success is the re-establishment of some measure of confidence in the *entrepreneur*, which is absolutely necessary if there is to be expansion and not a series of wild stampedes between money and commodities. This would probably demand a suitable modification of the Recovery Administration—the final breaking of the psychological link between depreciation and internal prices through a relative exchange stability (possibly by establishing a suitable Equalisation Fund); a full-speed Government programme of sound expansion through direct and indirect stimulus to investment, and possibly some direct help to the unemployed. Consistently worked out, such measures may still save the battle for recovery, though they are slow in their working, and already discounted anticipations of far more drastic changes may further hamper their effectiveness. An intensification of State interference, and even the failure to mitigate the most drastic legislation on investment, might altogether jeopardise the position, and drive the Government to further socialisation, which, with the present lack of adequate personnel and co-ordination, can only end in disaster. There is hardly any possible alternative except inflation of an extreme character (*e.g.* the repayment of Government bonds through the issue of paper money, the remonetisation of silver, or the valorisation of certain crops), which, though it may temporarily alleviate the position of the debtor and may therefore be politically expedient, would in the longer run intensify and not mitigate the difficulties, and would make the attainment of a stable equilibrium, even at a high level of prices, more remote than ever.

President Roosevelt has certainly demonstrated that he is no believer in inflation. He still seems to hanker after the British example of re-establishing Government credit by so-called 'sound' measures, like balancing the budget, and to be attempting to base recovery on 'cheap money' and conversion operations. He seems, therefore, to favour those opposed to Government activity in the field of investment. The futility of this standpoint

is obvious. Even if it were successful in respect of the national debt, it would not bring America nearer to the solution of her problems, as the private debt structure could not be saved by conversion operations, even were they practicable, and the saving in the budget is a mere fraction of the increase in revenue which would automatically follow any considerable recovery. It obstructs any active expansionist policy. It does not, and cannot, check the forces which work towards further liquidation and contraction, the vicious impetus of which has amply been demonstrated. The mere passive waiting for the slow working out of conversion operations thus would not result in stability as it has done in Britain, but in the outbreak of a renewed and even more formidable crisis. The only thing which cannot be wasted in America without running frightful risks is time. Unfortunately, it would appear that the evolution of a sensible and suitable moderate policy between these two extremes seems almost too much to hope for.

The President, in order to overcome these difficulties, will have to realise the essential contradiction of his twin policies, which seem to aim at avoiding a thorough-going programme of governmentally financed expansion—not to speak of direct inflation—while insisting on social reforms. The danger is that he will be unwilling to retrace his steps in either direction so as to increase profits and render the *entrepreneur* both willing and able to borrow. The real task is, not to make bad loans hoping they will eventually become sound, but to produce conditions in which private loans can soundly be made. A persistence in the former aim must lead him to further and further socialisation, because he will have to substitute governmental action for the capitalistic profit incentive to obtain that expansion of credit from which he still hopes for the solution of his problems. The outcome of such a policy on business, and in the last resort on currency, must be obvious to anyone who is familiar with the American body politic. And any errors in the long run must under this system be paid for by inflation. If the social unrest is taken into consideration, it is not an overstatement to say that the outlook is very unfavourable and can only be improved by immediate and energetic action.

The international repercussions of a renewed American crisis should not be underestimated even at the present low level of international trade. It is rumoured that the Administration has at long last perceived that the use of currency depreciation as a prime-mover of expansion renders recovery too unstable and vulnerable. A definite devaluation, however, could be quite as harmful to foreign countries as the present complete lack of certainty. If the stabilisation of the dollar instils confidence and

is effected at the ruling level, which is only justified by the extreme bearishness of speculators and by a widespread capital flight, it will inevitably cause a rather violent reversal of the flow of capital—at least, as far as the gold countries are concerned. An American stabilisation without parallel measures to justify the new level of the dollar by internal expansion might therefore have the most serious consequences on foreign countries, and would probably, if the lesson taught by the French case is not forgotten, result in a considerable revision of their respective gold parities, or, what would be more serious, in a further increase in the tariffs and other impediments to international trade. It may, because of the gold movements to which it would probably give rise, endanger the confidence in other currencies and further obstruct recovery. If, however, stabilisation is not accompanied by more conservative policies internally, it will only facilitate the flight of capital from America, which, increased by the visible loss of gold, could easily assume proportions leading to a repeated breakdown of the gold standard, with all its concomitant evil effects on confidence. It might very well mean the end of any hope for the restoration of an ordered international currency standard. The effects of a definite stabilisation on prices would probably be equally pernicious. If the stabilisation takes place at the present or on a higher level, an unfavourable reaction on the internal commodity markets can hardly be avoided. Thus the pressure on the international price level would be further intensified. If the stabilisation takes place at a lower external value of the dollar, the pressure would come from the currency side.

In any case, it is probable that a definite stabilisation would make the Administration even more reluctant to proceed even with a moderate expansion, and the consequences of this reluctance would in the long run increase the demand for new inflation and bring about its own undoing. Serious repercussions on foreign countries could therefore only be avoided if the Government transfers its activity and tries to guide the attention of the public away from the field of exchange rates and back to the internal programme of expansion. This would be considerably helped, and at the same time the adverse effects of any expansionist measure of the Administration on foreign countries minimised, if some plan could be evolved to steady, though not stabilise, the dollar. The definite stabilisation ought to come only when a better internal and international equilibrium has been reached by the expansionist policy, the present level of the dollar justified by a rise in the American price level, and such a degree of recovery obtained as would render stabilisation secure from the onslaught of the inflationist agrarian elements.

Even were the measures outlined above speedily executed

and the great difficulties which have been placed in the path of recovery overcome, the prospect of eventual success is none too bright. Such a plan is slow in its working, and, even if the anticipations of something much more drastic to come did not hamper its effectiveness, it is doubtful whether the time available suffices. Seven months have passed since the dramatic inauguration of the President, and these seven months have largely been wasted. What would have succeeded then will probably not succeed now, because its effects might not mature after this delay before the reassembly of Congress in January. And only a complete success can be relied on to restrain Congress from enacting legislation of a crudely inflationist character and to acquiesce in a partial reversal of the social reforms. Thus it is more than probable that the position will drift into inflation and into an intensification and extension of nationalisation and State control.

In these circumstances there is but little hope that the gallant American experiment, in spite of the great material resources of the country, of the initial enthusiasm, and of the generally noticeable upward trend in world economic affairs, will be successful. And the consequences of the failure of the first conscious attempt to mitigate the severity of business cycles will be long-lasting, no matter how little connexion it has with a really constructive and rational policy of expansion. It will directly disturb recovery elsewhere and turn what might have been a well-merited defeat for the deflationist school into an unjustified triumph, with even worse consequences in the future.

T. BALOGH.

GERMANY'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS

This is a difficult article to write. Difficult, because, although I have had the rare opportunity of seeing the inside of a German Concentration Camp, I have no more first-hand knowledge of what goes on in them than that inadequate visit could give. Difficult, because many things that could be reported have to be suppressed for fear of bringing injury upon helpless prisoners still in the camps or upon people not yet imprisoned. Difficult, also, because any word written on such a subject as Germany's enslavement may be used as another brand for the bonfires of complacent moral indignation. There are those who find it comfortable to say, with the backing of such testimony as I must give, that the cruelty and wrong now inflicted by some Germans on their countrymen is not abnormal, but characteristic. But this article must be written—because Englishmen do share the responsibility for the growth of that temper in Germany which has made possible the cruelties of the present *régime*; because British statesmen blindly contributed to that exasperation and sense of injustice and isolation upon which Hitler's appeal was largely based; because millions of Germans are still, as a result of censorship, ignorant, or only dimly aware, of what is being done in their midst; and because an appeal and protest from England, if it were to come from men who retain a reputation in Germany for fair play, and who can speak with unmistakable authority, would not be unavailing. Such words as those of General Malcolm and Mr. Ormsby-Gore must be of service. How many of us have asked, during the months since March, Why does not the Prime Minister speak, as in this matter he could speak, in the name of the whole British people?

I have before me a list of sixty-five concentration camps throughout Germany. In addition, there are the ordinary prisons; also the Brown houses, which were especially notorious in the early days of the Nazi terror; and now there are the detention barracks of the secret State police, the *Gestapo*. Appalling particulars of these *Gestapo* prisons, including the now notorious one in Columbiastrasse, Berlin, were published in the *Manchester Guardian* of October 11. The concentration camps have, of course,

had to be improvised out of all sorts of buildings. The camp at Hohenstein, in Saxony, for instance, where some 4000 are (or were lately) imprisoned, is a castle lately used as a youth hostel. The small Bornicke camp, near Nauen, was a cement factory. The Oranienburg camp was an abandoned factory, formerly a brewery, in a dilapidated state and utterly unfit and unequipped for its present use

It is impossible to get accurate figures of the total number of political prisoners in the concentration camps and elsewhere. From such information as I have been able to collect I estimate that the present number in the camps alone cannot be less than 50,000

The total number of political prisoners was estimated in the *Brown Book* at 60,000 to 70,000 at the beginning of June, this total including 35,000 or 40,000 in concentration camps. On July 12 the Prussian Government stated officially that there were then 12,000 persons held in *Schutzhaft*—i.e., so-called preventive or 'protective' detention—in Prussia alone, and *The Times* correspondent, commenting on this on July 13, said that

The Nazi Minister of the Interior in Saxony, Dr Fritsch, speaking at Dresden on June 30 of the revolutionary ardour displayed by the Nazis in that State, said 'We are ahead of the Reich In this State alone there are twice as many people in *Schutzhaft* as in Prussia, which is much larger' Taking the figure of 12,000 now officially given for Prussia, this would appear to mean that in Prussia and Saxony alone there were, in the opinion of Dr Fritsch, when he spoke 12 days ago, at least 36,000 such prisoners—and these are but two of the 17 States In Bavaria, not to speak of Baden, some thousands of arrests have been reported recently.

The number in Dachau camp, in Bavaria, at the end of July was, according to the information given to me there, about 2500. Evidently the total number in concentration camps throughout Germany must by now be very large, and if the political prisoners in other prisons, and the dependents of prisoners, are taken into account, it is clear that Germany is being, not united, but terribly divided, by her prison walls

The concentration camp system is not now subject to the Ministry of Justice, and it involves suppression of the ordinary constitutional guarantees of the civilian's liberty Prisoners are imprisoned in the camps without trial, charge, or term of sentence; and the most painful impression I brought away from my visit to a camp was the sense of helplessness and hopelessness resulting from this. The *Brown Book* (p 287) quotes letters from camp prisoners: 'I have no idea why I was arrested' 'If only I knew why I was here.' That appeared to be exactly the position of several of the prisoners I met. The *Brown Book* quotes another letter—'Only anonymous and personal revenge can be the reason

for my imprisonment.' Such use of the opportunities for personal revenge is not merely probable; it is a certainty in such a system, where the safeguards of law are suspended. Let me give here one case known to me. A young Jew and an S.A. man were in love with the same Christian girl. One Saturday evening the Nazis came and carried off the Jew and the girl, and made them do physical exercises all through the night. In the morning the two were exhibited, under a jeering placard, to the village people as they came to church. The girl has had a nervous breakdown; the young Jew was sent to a concentration camp.

Even if full control by the law were restored, the Nazis have done such reckless injury to the judicial system as to destroy the citizen's guarantee of even-handed justice. The following passage is from an article by a presiding State judge, Dr. Dietrich-Hechingen, in the *German Lawyers' Gazette* (*Deutsche Juristen-zeitung*); if this indicates the temper in which criminal court judges are invited to work, it is only to be expected that the commandants of concentration camps should have a barbarous standard of what is due to prisoners classed in the Nazi sense as 'unreformable.'

In order to achieve the national objective all sorts of activities may be necessary. Physical violence, deprivation of liberty, and homicide are the most obvious cases of the kind of tactics which we have to consider. No one has ever supposed that a soldier in the field who as part of his military duty commits acts of physical violence, homicide, damage to property, and other acts that are normally criminal is liable to punishment. What applies in the case of war against a foreign enemy must also be made to apply to the enemy within our frontiers. A judge who has the courage to interpret the law freely can find a way, on these lines, to get over any difficulty.

This doctrine, incidentally, is in conformity with the ancient German ways. Among our primitive forefathers the enemy within the gates was an object of contempt and lost all right to honour, legal consideration, and freedom from molestation. He became an outlaw, and any member of the community could kill him publicly so long as he was not in sanctuary. The complete extirpation of the enemy within the gates is necessary for the restoration of German honour.

The German criminal court judge can play his part in this work by giving a broad interpretation to the provisions of the penal code. In the course of the impending renovation of the criminal law this matter will certainly be placed on a proper legal basis. This fact is to be welcomed, as all kinds of uncertainties will thus be put an end to and timid spirits will be relieved of the duty of interpreting the law loosely.

It may be added that the judge was not disappointed: the criminal law was, as he hoped, 'renovated' shortly afterwards, in July. The offences for which the death penalty is prescribed were added to, propagandist activity being included in the new list, and it was announced at the Prussian Ministry of Justice on August 2 that the penalty would be imposed and carried out in the shortest possible time, and that 'extenuating circumstances'

would be admitted only in exceptional cases. The *régime* in prisons was made more severe; and the Prussian Minister of Justice, Herr Kerrl, addressing those about to enter service as judges, said: 'I require him [the judge] to show partiality to the utmost degree wherever the existence of the nation is at stake.'

One of the worst violations of the elementary principles of justice in connexion with the *Schutzhaft* system is the hostage system. The best-known case, that of the Scheidemann family, was in July, when five members of Herr Scheidemann's family were taken to a concentration camp as hostages simply because of an article, mistranslated, which Scheidemann himself contributed to the *New York Times*. But many other cases can be cited. In Hamburg (where conditions generally have, I understand, been better than in most places) the chief of police issued a proclamation that, to prevent the lowering of Germany's repute abroad, etc., in the event of offences, not less than ten Communist leaders would have the conditions of their imprisonment made more severe, and that in the case of offences of which the authors were known, but could not be arrested, the members of their families would in future be arrested.

Let me now give, as accurately as I can, my experience on visiting the famous Dachau camp, near Munich, at the end of July. I give here the text of a letter I sent home from Austria immediately after the visit. I have added some comments:

'I have just been to the concentration camp at Dachau,[1] near Munich. We were not allowed to see the prison part, but the camp itself was appalling enough. I don't understand why they were ready to take us there: apparently it is extremely difficult for anyone to get in and we were exceptionally privileged. I went with X and Y.

'The camp is a large compound with solid hut-buildings down it. (A large additional structure, with glazed roof, was being completed and is presumably in use now.) In the spaces between the rows of huts lounged the prisoners.

'We were told we might speak with them and did so. I did my best in the crowd. There were over 2000 (about 2500), not many of them Jews, mostly Socialists, Communists, and other critics of the *régime*; all sorts. There was a Reichstag Deputy, a Communist with a fine sensitive face, a boy of 19, leader of a Socialist youth group in a Bavarian village; there are boys of 17; an old man, off the land I guessed, with a

[1] I have since had ground for thinking that Dachau was then beginning to be regarded as quite a show place. The greater part of an issue of the *Münchner Illustrierte Presse* in July was devoted to pictures of it, one of them a terrible one, intended to show how humane it all was. To judge from an account in the *Morning Post*, September 20, it is now much easier to get into than it then was.

worn, kindly face; an editor of a Socialist newspaper; an artist, writers, labourers, and so on; a great mass of men of all ages, naked save for bathing slips (the best thing for them in that lovely weather), and all the younger ones hungry. They have to eat in the week only a ration of two or three loaves of hard black bread, some sausage (which I did not see), and some potato mash. This last they spoke bitterly of. I was able to get some to taste in a tin bowl. It looked like grey 'Stickphast' paste with lumps in it. I took one mouthful, retched three times, covered my mouth quickly with a handkerchief; my eyes filled with water, but I avoided being sick. For an hour later, till I could get grapes at the station, I was suffering from that indescribably awful taste; I suppose there was some rancid material in the cooking.

'All the men looked pretty healthy still, I thought, but it is awful to imagine what they will be like if this goes on. Those who have the means can buy supplements up to 5 marks a week—the others nothing. I had a clear impression from all that they were always hungry, especially the younger ones; and I cannot conceive how they manage. Their sleeping quarters are like pigeon-holes, in three or four tiers; wooden pigeon-holes up to near the ceiling of the hutments. They all seemed clean. The first man we asked could only say with an agonised face (when asked if there were any beatings), "I cannot answer." Another said passionately, "We can tell you nothing—nothing." A third told me, "There have been 14 killed in this camp, in horrible ways; there is much maltreatment. It is like the Middle Ages." I asked a group of them, "Is there anything that we could do to help?" One man looked straight at me and said, "There is only one thing that could help, but that I cannot tell you." I replied, "I understand." Another said vehemently, in a low voice, "No, there is nothing—nothing you could do to help." I think something could be done perhaps to get help in, in the shape of books and extra food; but this ought really to be done by the Germans, of course.

'I must stop. If I could convey that sight—that mass of naked men trying to speak to one with their eyes: the commandant in his black uniform and the mark on his mouth of one compelling himself to suppress his humanity, under orders . . . the young bloods in the S.A. uniform—the feeling that the prisoners were there without hope, indefinitely, and without trial, puzzled, many of them, as to why they were there at all. . . . Then the feeling that all hope of German unity was being destroyed by this insensate wrong. If I could show you that Bavarian boy's face, an open, simple

village face of a lad who had been leader of a youth group at home, standing there still bewildered and being more wounded every moment, in that pressing crowd of helpless men. If I could convey all that, I could explain why I am feeling it is hopeless, hopeless to work for anything now but the smashing of the tyranny that makes such things tolerable for any German. I tried to forget it when I went to sleep here in Austria last night; but it is here waiting when I wake this morning. It is a cruelty done with a certain German cleanliness and efficiency; but it is deadly to those who inflict it and to all those who can tolerate it. I feel, coming among these kindly faces, seeing flowers and good food, as if I had come straight from the presence of death into a care-free kindergarten. And the worst of it all is that Hitler has taught those boys to say with complacency—as they all do—'But this is our revolution. What is done is necessary for the State, so it is good.'

"Thunder-rain began as I left the camp. What must it be like when they have to crowd into the huts—when the sun is gone—when they have to put on their prison clothes? They are working at the buildings, and I expect it is better organised, apart from the food, than many such camps are. But I kept wondering how I should keep sane in that place, or keep alive on the food."

There is the letter as I wrote it. I add now some further particulars. First, about the food. Judging from an article in the *Morning Post* of September 20, the food must have been very substantially improved in quality and quantity since I was there. The accommodation has probably been improved by the completion of the building work which I saw in progress. Secondly, about the prisoner's reply: 'I cannot answer you.' That, of course, is exactly what I expected. I assumed that prisoners would be afraid of making any serious complaint for fear of being punished. Here is a letter, smuggled out of another camp, which explains why I thought this likely. (I have had the tragic pencilled slips of the German original. I have here suppressed the names and places, for obvious reasons.)

Dear Comrade,—I have sent this letter secretly by a friend. If they get me they will smash my nose bone as they have done with our old friend ———. But that does not matter. May they kill me as they have killed all the others; then at least the misery will be finished. More than four hundred of us are now imprisoned here. Most of us have already been here more than three months. We are not allowed to send any letters or to see our families. ——— asked permission some days ago to visit his mother, who is dying. The Nazi guard said to him, 'Shut up, or I will shoot you in the stomach.' We are sleeping in the hall together with 120

men. The others are kept in an old stable and in the wash-rooms. It is a terribly cold big place, and we have no heating and the draught is terrible. In the cellar there are four Communists. They are beaten nearly every day. We always hear them crying for help.

The other day ——— was shot down 'when trying to escape.' The truth is that the mean dogs killed him for no reason. He had an enemy in the Storm Troop of ——— who shot him down. We have military exercises here every day for three hours. Every morning and night we have flag parade—that is, 'Heil Hitler!' Those who do not do so are terribly beaten. To-morrow a new batch of prisoners is coming here. In the main they are Jews and Catholics.

The Jews here in the neighbourhood are all dying from hunger because the peasants do not sell them any food. Whoever dares to buy in a Jewish shop will be flogged by the S.R. By the way, we had some visitors here the other day. The guard told us beforehand, 'Whoever dares to make any complaint will be severely flogged.' Of course, nobody dared to say a word, and everything was all right for the visitors. It is a pity that these fine gentlemen did not see the cellar and the room of tortures where prisoners are bound across a block and severely flogged. The greatest scoundrel here is ———. He is always beating people in the face with a dog whip and drawing his revolver. 'You will all be put against the wall,' that is what he always is saying. We are all living here in the greatest fear and dread. We expect to be dead every morning. Nobody helps us. Can't you write once to the League of Nations asking it shall make an investigation here? Life here is much worse than in Siberia. If things are going on in this way nobody will live here long. Cannot you send me something to eat? Here they give us pig's food, and even too little of that. We are nearly fainting from weakness. I hope you will get this letter safely.—My regards, your old unhappy friend, ———.

Next, there is much to add about that reference to 'fourteen killed in horrible ways.' The actual number is believed to be much larger than fourteen—not less than forty-two. Here are particulars of four cases which I can give because they concern three men who are dead and one who has escaped from Dachau camp and from Germany.

Four men were in the prison quarter at Dachau in April, in the 'special arrest' cells, which were situated in a former lavatory isolated from the rest of the camp buildings. The four men were a former major of police at Munich; Fritz Dressel, chairman of the Communist fraction in the Diet; Sepp Goetz, another Communist member of the Diet; and a third Communist member, Herr Beimle. It was made clear to all four men that they were not to leave the place alive. They were told so; they were told plainly that they were expected to commit suicide. The treatment consisted of beatings for half an hour periodically throughout the day and every day. Straps were brought to the prisoners' cells and hung up ostentatiously. After some days of brutal mishandling and ceaseless suggestion the police officer collapsed. He hanged himself with the strap left for the purpose. Beimle

heard the commotion in the next cell of the lavatory where the body was found.

There was a sort of inquiry by the camp commandant and, apparently, some representative of the judicial authorities. The question must have been asked how the prisoner came to hand a strap; and the reply must have been given that the straps were used for securing the sleeping-bunks. For shortly afterwards a guard entered B.'s cell and told him to secure the strap round the bunk, showing him how, though this was quite unnecessary. The treatment continued day by day, with brutal beatings at regular intervals. Each day the commandant and/or a man in a position corresponding to that of a sergeant-major visited the three surviving prisoners and spoke to them in this fashion: 'What, B., are you still encumbering this earth? This is really stupid. You know you will never get out alive. Why not make an end of it? We can't waste a bullet on you. But you've got to disappear. There's the strap . . .' And so on, day after day. On each occasion as B. stood to attention, the second man, a huge, bullying fellow, struck him with all his force with his fist over the heart and ribs. The idea was, apparently, to damage him internally till, perhaps, he died instead of committing suicide. Permanent damage was done.

Dressel was the next to go. With B.'s encouragement he stuck it some days longer, but one day was found with his wrists cut with a kitchen knife that had been left in his cell for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, he did not die—then. Hospital attendants were sent for and the camp doctor bandaged him, and he had a good chance of recovery. That night the attendants came to his cell, ostensibly to change the bandages. Apparently they took the old ones away and did not return, as Dressel lay dead in the morning without bandages. He had bled to death. B. was deliberately shown the body as an example of the inevitable. Dressel's death was given out as suicide.

Pressure on B. and Goetz became stronger. The gaolers became impatient at their holding out so long. Finally B. was told that if he were not dead by a certain hour they would have to do it for him: he would be 'shot trying to escape,' as orders for his disposal had become insistent. The man who told him this pulled his blanket off his bunk, tore a narrow strip off it, made a slip-knot in it for him, and left him. How B. managed to get a short extension of the time allowed him, which enabled him to complete his plans and escape, is another story. At any rate, when the hour arrived by which he was to be found hanged or be helped on his way, he was no longer there. Goetz, who had been given a similar order and warning, was shot shortly afterwards (May 12).

Here is another case. The *Brown Book* records, from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, that on April 12 four men were 'shot while trying to escape' from Dachau—namely, Benario, a lawyer; Arthur Kahn and Erwin Kahn, and Goldmann, merchants from Nurnberg. What happened was that these men were taken to an open place—a sort of heath—on the borders of the camp, and, as though part of the usual 'drill' were being ordered, they were told to run in a particular direction. While running they were shot down from behind.

By the end of May or middle of June, twelve out of the fifteen deaths at Dachau referred to in the *Brown Book* were fairly definitely established by information from various sure sources. At that time fourteen coffins in all had been ordered for the camp: two were for prisoners who had died, apparently, of pneumonia; the remaining number tallies with the twelve cases, most of which were reported in the Press as 'suicide' or shot 'while trying to escape.'

Here is part of another record from Dachau (the names of the victims and their torturers and the dates are on record, but must here be suppressed):

On admission to the concentration camp at Dachau (Bavaria) the 'Bonzes'—*i.e.*, trade union leaders, editors, and other intellectuals—were immediately drafted to the punishment squad. They were first made to stand in separate cells, with hands raised and face to the wall. Behind them a S.A. guard constantly clicked his rifle. The object of this proceeding was to impress on the prisoners that those who attempted to escape were shot. Seven persons were then taken to a more remote hut, where a number of gigantic S.A. men stood with canes, split at the end and smeared with rosin. One prisoner after the other was made to lie down and given a terrible beating by the S.A. men. Meanwhile, the other victims had to look on until their turn came. Anybody who was driven by pain to struggle was treated with special brutality. A little Jew was beaten on the belly and the testicles, which swelled to the size of a man's fist. A man in an advanced stage of consumption, who was nothing but skin and bone, was beaten until blood streamed from his mouth and nose. The victims were then pushed back into separate cells. A rope was suspended from the window frame, and the prisoners were made to hang themselves from it. The little Jew who had been treated with special brutality was so afraid that his torments would begin again that he tied the rope round his neck, but was cut down again in time by other inmates of the camp. One victim had to be walked up and down by his fellow-prisoner, holding him under his arms for an hour before he was able to walk again. After his release he was in an entirely distracted state, according to his own statement, his terrible experiences kept passing before his eyes like a film. His back, from neck to thighs, was one black and blue mass, patches of his skin were broken and bleeding, and he had to be taken to hospital at once.

It cannot well be claimed that Hitler and his colleagues are not responsible for the temper in which these atrocities are com-

mitted. Remember the words of Hitler's telegram to the brutal murderers at Potempa on August 9, 1932, when he said:

> My comrades, in face of this monstrous and sanguinary judgment, [which condemned the murderers to death] I feel bound to you by ties of unlimited loyalty. From this day onwards your freedom is a question of our honour . . .

That telegram was a blow to Germany's honour; and Hitler followed it up by giving a special place of honour to those murderers in the Nazi's victory celebrations. Goring, Frick, Heines, and others in high positions have freely incited their countrymen to violence and cruelty. If Hitler and Goring have not known what foul things have been done by their subordinates, it is because they did not want to know. They could have known.

I believe that millions of the kindly German people are utterly miserable and ashamed about what is being done, in so far as they know of it, and that many millions do not realise at all the extent and character of the evil. How can they?

If it be asked, 'Are these things still going on?' the reply must surely be that the whole system is an atrocity; and that even if conditions in some camps are now better than those I have described, even if tortures such as are here recorded are not going on at this moment, neither we outside nor those inside Germany have the slightest assurance of this. The policy is not disavowed, the torturers are not punished, the concentration camp system remains, and the suppression of civil liberties continues. In the conditions that Hitler allows to go on, continued torture and personal vengeance is not only probable; it is inevitable, certain.

I who write this have worked for years for justice for that great Germany whom we have wronged. I urge now a courageous recognition of Germany's irresistibly just claim to equality of rights in disarmament. But I know that no German, however exasperated or injured, can afford to strangle liberty, or suffocate justice and mercy; no manhood of a nation, however physically splendid, can with impunity impose a moratorium on its conscience. No Chancellor, however brave his words now about national unity and international peace, can prove his sincerity to the world so long as 'ties of unlimited loyalty' bind him to the assassins of Rathenau or the Potempa murderers, and so long as the atrocities of this concentration camp system remain his instruments. Long ago, when Germany was humiliated after Jena and Napoleon's army was in Berlin, Fichte delivered his addresses to the German nation:

> Even the stranger in foreign lands pleads with you, [said Fichte, appealing to the future Germany] so far as he understands himself and knows aright his own true interest. There are in every nation minds who

can never believe that the great promises to the human race of a Kingdom of Law, of Reason, and of Truth are idle and vain illusions and who cherish the conviction that the present iron-handed time is but a progression towards a better state. These, and with them the whole later races of humanity, trust in you.

Not even Napoleon's trumpets in the Berlin street could drown those German words; and not all Hitler's prisons can for ever cage the spirit in which Fichte calls to us.

W. Arnold-Forster.

AUSTRIA AND THE NAZI MOVEMENT

THERE has rarely been a sight so fascinating for the student of history and politics as the battle which has been waged between the Nazi movement, since its accession to power, and the present Austrian Government. The fact that so small and seemingly weak a country as Austria has till now been able to resist a movement that has swept over 60,000,000 people of the same language and nationality, living in its immediate neighbourhood, must certainly be puzzling to those who are wont to over-estimate numbers and physical power and apt to neglect the force of psychological factors and historical tradition. An attempt to analyse, on one hand, the conditions which have given so much strength and impetus to the Nazi movement in Germany, and, on the other, a study of the circumstances which have caused Austria to withstand the same movement, may not be devoid of interest for the reader not fully acquainted with both the present conditions and the history of Central Europe.

Every revolution—and certainly the unprecedented success of the Nazi movement in Germany must from a sociological point of view be termed a revolution—is characterised by the concurrence of certain conditions. It requires as its necessary basis deep-rooted dissatisfaction amongst a growing number of people with the existing political or social order of things. This negative factor must be supplemented by some positive and constructive ideas, by a kind of Utopia in the minds of the leaders of the new movement, which appeals to the dissatisfied masses and promises relief from the evils under which they have toiled. In order to be successful a revolution further requires leaders who have the function of providing the movement both with ideas and the necessary organisation, and finally a certain number of energetic followers who hope to reap personal reward and advantage from their victory.

There is no need to search far in order to detect the conditions which in Germany have produced a state of mind propitious to the advent of an energetically conducted revolutionary movement such as that of the Nazis. There is first the Peace Treaty, which deprived Germany in the east and west of territories that had long

been part of the *Reich*. There were the financial clauses of the Treaty which have never been executed to the full, but the mere existence of which was undoubtedly a heavy impediment to German recovery, and which further lent themselves as an excellent target for attacks against the injustice and unreasonableness of the Treaty. Worse than this, there was the moral disqualification of Germany that permeated the Treaty and found expression in many of its provisions, as, for instance, in those regarding Germany's exclusive responsibility for the war, in the prosecution of certain military and political leaders, in Germany's alleged inability to administer her colonies, and finally, in the inequitable way in which one-sided disarmament was enforced upon Germany.

To all these external reasons were added others—certainly not less weighty ones—in the field of internal policy. Owing to her defeat in the war and to the deposition of the Kaiser, the development from the *Reich* of the Hohenzollern to a democratic republic was less smooth and organic than the political and constitutional development of countries like Great Britain and France—quite apart from the fact that the German character is probably less disposed to self-government than that of the inhabitants of the great western democracies. Unlike the political system of Great Britain—the result of gradual development every phase of which is deeply anchored in the mental evolution of the country—the Constitution of the German republic was rather an artificial creation, put together under the pressure for immediate decisions and hurriedly shaped in an eclectic way by distinguished though practically inexperienced specialists in public law. The republican and democratic *régime* therefore not only lacked the universal support of the people and the guiding ideals that might have kindled the minds of its followers, but its governing principles were much rather a curious blend of the traditions bequeathed by imperial Germany, with the elements of liberal capitalism, and the ideas of the German Social-Democratic Party, which, much to Germany's and the party's own misfortune, became sponsor to the new *régime* at a stage where the party itself would have required some more decades of quiet development.

If the system thus lacked homogeneity, its machinery at the same time lacked routine. Under the old *régime*, already, German administration, owing to its federalistic character, had to a certain extent proved cumbersome, though no one will deny its efficiency. The republic, which had not the courage to dispense with federalism in administration, the elimination of which the Nazis can rightly claim as their merit, thus became heir to a complicated and costly machine. At the same time, the class from which imperial Germany had recruited her politicians—and, what is more important, her civil servants and officers—was partly

disabled for the fulfilment of these functions, because, rightly or wrongly, it was considered by the general public to be largely responsible for the ruin that had befallen the country, whereas the training of a new class able to perform these duties is obviously not a process which can be completed within a single generation. The absence of positive political ideas and the influence of the materialistic view of historical development characteristic of the Social-Democratic Party further deprived the country of certain spiritual incentives that had still been alive up to 1918. With an unpolitical people, however, such as the Germans undoubtedly were, these unsatisfactory political conditions would hardly have paved the way for such a far-reaching revolution had not economic pressure driven the masses to a despair that lent itself to facile exploitation by the leaders of the new movement. The economic crisis which has swept over the whole world since 1928 has so frequently and ably been analysed that it is unnecessary to dwell on this point. For the present purpose it is sufficient to remind the reader that the growing number of unemployed and the terrible plight of the agricultural population furnished the new movement with its soldiers, whereas its officers were recruited from the young *intelligentsia* and *bourgeoisie*, who, unable as they were to maintain their inherited social standard and even to provide for the bare necessities of life, were bound to become storm-troops *novarum rerum cupidi*, such as already in ancient Rome furnished leaders for most revolutions.

What, then, are the main characteristics of the powerful movement which came into existence in opposition to the conditions described above? First of all, if one wants to understand its enormous driving power, it is necessary to do the Nazi revolution the justice of acknowledging that it is primarily a spiritual movement, a movement not concerned in the main with a mere change of the economic side of human existence, and that it is therein opposed to the materialistic and utilitarian character of the German post-war democracy. In opposition to the latter, where, under the influence of industrial development and the theories of Socialism, economic matters had won a dominating position, the Nazi movement deliberately claims the supremacy of politics over economics. That a revolution which consciously stresses its contempt of the grosser needs of economic daily life, and deliberately extols the lofty ideal of national grandeur, should powerfully attract a younger generation, whose spiritual cravings are no longer adequately satisfied since the vanishing of religion has left a void, is rather less surprising than the fact that Bolshevism, in spite of its predominantly economic purpose, should have won a similar spiritual sway.[1]

[1] For analogous reasons, the fight of the Nazis against the so-called '*Asphalt-*

Together with the utilitarian views of the liberal capitalistic State, the Nazi movement also rejects its humanitarian ideas, the growth and development of which seemed to so many the true meaning of history. If at least theoretically the official policy of the liberal era, even where political absolutism prevailed, was mainly directed towards the promotion of human happiness, the Nazis, pointing to the recent failures of these attempts, despise such eudæmonistic tendencies and stress, in a strange combination of the ideas of Nietzsche and those of the old Prussian monarchy, the ideal of a nation in arms coupled with that of an improvement of the race, in the interests of which they even admit such drastic an application of eugenic principles as practically amounts to the forceful elimination of the incurably sick and weak members of the community. The Nazis have understood how greatly the younger generation in particular has grown tired of intellectualism and is turning towards every movement that promises redemption from the barrenness of semi-intellectual life. There is no doubt that an astonishingly great number of people find this redemption in complete surrender to the conception of a national State, which the Nazis have extolled almost to the rank of a deity, whilst others seek refuge in the revival of the Protestant creed, which is simultaneously being transformed into a German national Church under the control of the movement.

Intellectualism is usually combined with individualism and the accentuation of personal liberty, and it is therefore not surprising to see an anti-intellectualist movement retrace the steps of an evolution which in the course of centuries had led to the social, political, and intellectual enfranchisement of the individual and to the gradual development of the rights of man. To the individualistic ideal of the liberal State the Third *Reich* opposes that of a powerful community which claims superiority over the isolated individual, and which is vested with almost mystical splendour[1]; to the rational conception of a State serving as an instrument for the benefit of its citizens, that of a superhuman State of its own sovereign right pursuing its own specific ends, clad with a dignity far exceeding that which any work of man could ever claim.

In consequence of this attitude, which denies the importance, uniqueness and sanctity of the individual, to which it opposes

Literatur' against the meanness and baseness with which the intrusion of money-making instincts has undoubtedly infected a considerable part of modern literature, theatre and art, was bound to evoke a strong echo in the hearts of the young.

[2] The anti-individualistic bias of the Nazi doctrine also expresses itself in its theoretical repudiation of the individualistic Roman law, which since its reception into the German Empire had almost completely superseded the old German law, and in their desire of adapting the latter to the needs of their State.

the community with its wide and irrational purposes stretching far beyond the limited ends of the individual, the Nazi State, the intellectual origins of which date back to older German conceptions, does not halt before the individual and the rights of man and refuses to acknowledge the existence of a definite sphere of individual freedom into which not even the sovereign may trespass. Whereas western political thought dwells on the limitations of public authority, the repartition of powers, and the necessity of drawing a sharp dividing line between the sphere which is ascribed to the State and that within which the sovereign's interference is regarded as illegal and immoral, the Nazi State is omnipotent or, as the Germans call it, totalitarian, and therein diametrically opposed to the Anglo-Saxon conception of the State.

From this totalitarianism two important consequences are derived. With regard to the legal sphere, the Third *Reich* rejects the Christian conception of natural justice theoretically evolved by Grotius and Pufendorf, and acknowledges no other law than that based on positive enactment—a further step towards the destruction of all limits which may be set to legislative abuses of the State, and at the same time a glorification of the principle of power which dominates the Nazi conception of public law. Secondly, the Third *Reich*, not satisfied with regulating the acts of its subjects, claims authority over the whole sphere of thought and education. It rejects the ideal of free thought in a free State and assumes the right of complete censorship in journalism as well as in literature and art—of a censorship which is not only a preventive measure, but which admittedly aims at framing the whole mental structure of its members according to its own ideals. This, by the way, is but one instance of how the Nazis adopt the same methods, and use them for the same ends as their official *antipodes* the Russian Bolsheviks.

The corollary of this state of mind in the field of economics is the negation of free competition and of the principle of *laissez faire*—a principle which, according to the Nazis, has under modern conditions proved an utter failure, and, perhaps, a memory of the so-called '*Kriegs-Sozialismus*' of the Great War, which seemed to exercise a strange attraction for many of the best German minds, a bias towards planned economy ('*Planwirtschaft*'). In the sphere of foreign trade, where the old republic, perhaps partly owing to the heavy foreign payments it had to meet, had at least theoretically adopted a policy of economic liberalism, many of the Nazis seem to see their ideal in national autarky. On the other hand, with regard to the sphere of distribution the Nazi movement seems indifferent to the contest between Capitalism and Socialism, and includes partisans of both tendencies. As a party of the middle classes the movement

shows in general a distrust of big undertakings and deliberately favours the medium-sized or small producer and merchant.

As in an individualistic society the government is necessarily based on compromise between many conflicting wills, such a society naturally tends to assume democratic features, whereas, according to the Fascist example, personal leadership and authority form the basis of the Nazi State. To the German democracy the Nazis accordingly oppose their contempt of the vote and stress the all-importance of leadership, which is far from looking for guidance from the nation by the machinery of the polls, but expects its unreserved obedience. Dominating over all these tendencies, however, is the mainspring of the Nazi movement—its exalted nationalism and its particular biological conception. Whereas Italian Fascism defines the nation as a unit based both on Nature and history, emphasises the influence of the homogeneity of thought and feeling resulting from a common State, culture and tradition, and expressly repudiates the purely racial point of view,[1] it is only the descent from pure Nordic Aryan stock that the Nazi doctrine regards as the single and exclusive criterion of its conception of nationality. This conception may therefore be termed biological, in opposition to the wider historical conception of Italian Fascism, a fact which accounts for many vital differences in the outlook and policy of the Fascist and Nazi movements.

This narrow view of biological nationalism has found its most aggressive expression in anti-Semitism, though, undoubtedly, various other factors have contributed to making the Nazis adopt an attitude of such unrelenting hostility towards the Jews. The Jews, who since Titus have lacked a State of their own and are living dispersed amongst all the nations of the civilised world, owing to this historical reason are typical of the spirit of internationalism in which the Nazi movement sees its worst foe. Instinct, the teachings of their religion and mercantile training, as well as the absence of a State and army of their own, have made them the true representatives of a pacifism which to the Nazis, with their militaristic ideals, is now synonymous with both cowardice and treason. In the same way, their somewhat exaggerated intellectualism naturally does not appeal to a movement which, as we have already seen, has made the fight against intellectualism, internationalism, and pacifism one of its main tasks. Nor does the leading *rôle* which, according to a widespread opinion, the Jews have played in the development of modern capitalistic methods recommend them to those who, not without reason, attribute to the excesses of this system part of the responsibility for their present economic plight. It would also be unjust to deny that Germany's financial system, which un-

[1] See Mussolini, *Le Fascisme*, p. 22.

doubtedly represented the weakest point in her economic structure, has since the war been largely dominated by Jews, who in all fairness cannot always be acquitted of serious excesses in the use of their economic powers. If one adds to this the feeling of foreignness which the Jewish character not infrequently rouses in Gentiles, a feeling which in a nationalistic people is so easily turned into blind and irrational hatred, the psychological roots of the German attitude become intelligible.

I have tried to explain the main characteristics of the movement which in the course of a few months has entirely changed the face of Germany and to connect them with certain features of the preceding period, wholesale antagonism to which is one of the slogans of the Third *Reich*. What still remains to be explained, however, is the ease and the rapidity with which a seemingly well-established political system of strong political parties was overthrown, in spite of their numerical superiority, and without even an attempt at resistance. The new movement had from its very beginning important advantages of which the old parties could not boast. It had, first of all, a definite objective—the seizure of power—supported by a greater number of energetic and determined leaders and enthusiastic followers than the republic could command. Nor would it be fair to say that it was simply the cravings of so many *novarum rerum cupidi* that gave it its driving force, though this aspect should certainly not be disregarded. What inspired the followers of Hitler with a courage and determination of which the supporters of the old *régime* were obviously incapable was the dynamic superiority of the ideas of 1933 over those of 1918. From their very nature the conceptions of economic and political liberalism, pacifism, internationalism, and tolerance naturally lack the emotionally inflaming qualities of the antithetical conceptions. It does not seem surprising, therefore, that these activistic and militaristic ideas should have superseded the passivity of the old system. It is rather to be wondered why, in spite of its obvious dynamic inferiority, the more liberal, democratic, and international system should on the whole have held its own in Europe in opposition to the forces of authoritative nationalism. In addition to this, the promoters of the new *régime* (and above all Herr Hitler, who has very clearly impressed this point in his autobiography), with a psychological flair entirely foreign to their political opponents, understood from the very beginning the necessity for condensing their propaganda and basing it on a limited number of very simple political conceptions, even where this simplification was achieved at the price of a sometimes shockingly small degree of correspondence to actual facts. The propaganda value of an economic theory ascribing the bulk of economic evils to certain clauses of the Peace Treaty, to the

abuses of Jewish bankers, and to the necessity of having to pay interest on loans is obviously infinitely superior to an exposition of the extremely complicated, and to the untrained mind hardly intelligible, conditions that any economist would feel in conscience bound to expatiate on if he wanted his audience to accept a plan of improvement.

Turning now to conditions in Austria, it may at first sight seem rather surprising that circumstances in many respects similar to those I have described in Germany should not have produced analogous results in Austria. One might at first glance be tempted to believe that Austria in her present shape would fall an easy victim to any strong political movement solidly established in a neighbouring country. The weaknesses of the German post-war republican system can be ascribed even more justly to the *torso* State which emerged from the ruins of the old Habsburg monarchy. Still more dangerous was the widespread lack of patriotism and allegiance to a new State that was generally considered an unfortunate remnant of a doomed empire rather than the creation of the deliberate will and attachment of its subjects. Further, in spite of the early removal of the reparation clauses, the hardships inflicted upon Austria by the Treaty of St. Germain through the severing of all economic relations with the Succession States were, if anything, more considerable than the difficulties arising from the Versailles Treaty for Germany. Likewise, we find considerable parallelism in other economic difficulties. If unemployment and the havoc wrought by inflation in Austria did not go quite so far as in Germany, the plight of agriculture and the uprooting of the middle classes and the *intelligentsia* were in both countries equally ruinous. In Austria, as in Germany, the influence of the Social-Democratic Party on the shaping of the new *régime* produced the same results. Lastly, the *rôle* of Austrian Jewry was analogous to, if not even more marked than, that of the German. The breakdown of an almost entirely Jewish credit structure started in Austria and thence spread to Germany. It is not surprising that under such conditions the German leaders of the Nazi movement should expect that similar causes would lead to similar results, or at least that their attempts at converting Austria to their own system should meet with but little resistance. What, then, are the causes which till now have deceived these expectations?

The first of these causes lies in the complete difference of the historical traditions of Germany and Austria, which have influenced in a very divergent way the mentality of the people of both countries. The population of Germany consisted, on the whole, of members of one nationality only, whereas nothing was more characteristic of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy than

that its subjects belonged to at least seven nationalities widely divergent from each other, not only in racial origin and language, but also in religion, social structure, culture, and hence in their whole outlook on life. Unlike German officialdom, the political and administrative machinery of the old monarchy had therefore for centuries been faced with the difficult task of reconciling the by no means identical views and needs of these nationalities. As the German part of the old monarchy—which now forms the Austrian republic—served as a political and administrative centre for this variety of nationalities, the German-speaking inhabitants of Austria were, through continual contact with their fellow-citizens of other nationalities, automatically trained to a better understanding of the mental habits and modes of life of people racially different from themselves. Though political competition and occasional outbursts of antagonism—e.g., on the question of language—were certainly not lacking, the monarchy on the whole can be said to have fulfilled its function fairly well, and the very existence of a well-developed system of minority rights clearly shows the extent to which it had succeeded in finding suitable forms for the mutual political relations of its nationalities. It is not surprising that conditions such as these were propitious for the development of a spirit of mutual understanding and tolerance strictly opposed to the militant national feeling of the Nazi movement.

Further, the numerical relations of the nationalities which belonged to the old empire did not favour the domination by one of the others, but necessitated continual compromise on the basis of give and take, which prevented any successful attempt at the suppression of nationalities—equally perilous for the suppressed minority and for the suppressing majority—hindered an exalted conception of the *rôle* of power in public life from taking root, and impressed on the people the conceptions of limited autonomy and the existence of national rights not derived from the mere discretion of the central authority. The influence of a diversity of nations living in one and the same State on the protection of liberty as well as in preventing the abuses of an absolute State are described in a masterly essay on "Nationality," published by Lord Acton in the *Home and Foreign Review* in 1862. In the same essay, in which Austrian conditions are frequently referred to, Lord Acton further points to the fact that the independence of the Church in the State is similar in effect to the presence of different nations under the same sovereign. This leads us to the second and not less important characteristic of the Austrian Empire—namely, its Catholic character, of which Austria is just now witnessing a revival of astonishing power and intensity. We shall see that the teachings of the Church are almost in every

respect directly opposed to the doctrines of the Nazi movement as set out above, and it is therefore not surprising that the double influence of the spirit of the old empire with that of the Church should have formed a mighty counterweight against the force of the Nazi movement.

Perhaps the most salient feature of the attitude of Christianity in political matters is its complete indifference to racial questions and to nationality. To the racial narrowness of the Nazi movement the Church, which from its beginning admitted both Gentile and Jew into its bosom, opposes the thesis that it is the soul and not the blood that matters. And not only in theory but also in practice the Church is really international. The law of the Church, which was the same for all Catholics irrespective of their nationality, and the *Res publica Christiana* may rightly be termed the first important conceptions of a truly international character, as the Church, with all its organisations, its cloisters and orders, whose servants are recruited from all the countries of the world, represents the first and perhaps hitherto greatest instance of practical international co-operation. The natural consequence of this international spirit is the pacifism of the Church, which, from the message of peace and goodwill unto all men to the Papal appeals for the termination of the World War, has found such manifold expression. As to the Church's humanitarian ideals, it is sufficient to refer to the widespread activity of its charitable institutions for the destitute and the sick. This was the attitude which caused the Vatican's open criticism of the eugenic theories and legislation of the Third *Reich*.

Whilst these facts are generally acknowledged, the essential tolerance of the Church ('In my Father's house there are many mansions') is frequently obscured, first by the phase of religious persecutions which has long passed away, and secondly by the struggle which free thought had to wage for so long against the spirit of clerical censorship—though, in this respect, it is only fair to remember that on the whole civil Governments do not always prove more tolerant to opinions which they consider dangerous to their aims. It is true that the Church cannot be called democratic in the general acceptance of this term, which is so frequently loosely employed. On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the highest place in the Church is filled by solemn election by the cardinals united in the Conclave. But if, in spite of this important exception, the administration of the Church is based on authority and obedience, its doctrine contains many other elements of enlightened statesmanship which have only much later been absorbed by the political theory and practice of worldly rulers. In this respect, we have first to remember that the Church has always maintained the essence of the theory of

equality: before God all men are equal—a thesis which is directed against the fundamentals of national, social and political inequality. Still more important than this is the fact that, according to the precept "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's and unto God that which is God's," the Church has always recognised the existence of a divine right independent from the law of the State, and has consequently insisted that there are limits to the temporal power beyond which no sovereign may trespass. This theory of a divine right, to which the sovereign is also subject, and which was later developed into natural law, together with the mere existence of an organisation that exercises such a wide and far-reaching influence purely on spiritual grounds without ever resorting to the instruments of temporal power, is the strongest possible refutation of the Nazi theory of a totalitarian State vested with every conceivable form of power by coercion.

It is obvious that the combination of principles such as those which, owing to the close relation of the Christian Socialist Party with the Vatican, have perhaps cut deeper into Austrian political life than may be the case with other Christian countries, together with the multi-national tradition of the Habsburg monarchy, has created in Austria a state of mind totally different from that in the *Reich* and has not provided a soil suitable for the seed of Nazi doctrines. To this we must add certain peculiarities of the Austrian character, with regard to which I should like to make some brief remarks. I do not think that it is possible to explain the difference between the German and the Austrian mentality by such a simple formula as that which has lately become fashionable, which compares the Gothic mind of the German to the baroque mind of the Austrian. However, there are undoubtedly differences which may be traced very deep down to the very roots of both characters, and these I shall try to make clear by a few examples. If, for instance, Austria's firm attitude proved to be a surprise not only to Germany and to the outside world, but even to many Austrians themselves, this may be due to a certain passivity, or at least non-aggressiveness, in the Austrian character that is frequently mistaken for weakness. The Austrian, on the whole, does not care to stress the points of difference between his view and that of his fellow-men, but rather what they have in common. Yet when an attempt is made to force upon him a course of action, or even of thought, that is foreign to his inner-most being, he is capable of considerable resistance and of great personal courage. Another fact which has probably tended to cause Austria's political vitality to be underestimated is that Austrian patriotism is not only less clamorous than that of many other countries, but at the same time the fruit of a more mature age. Nationalism, self-assertion, militaristic tendencies, and

political and racial intolerance are more apt to conquer the younger generation, whereas a patriotism such as the Austrian, which is not expansionistic or incensed by a desire to convert the outside world, but which leans on memories of a past of which names like Mozart, Grillparzer, Stifter, and the masters of the baroque are more characteristic than those of emperors and military leaders, appeals to an age able to appreciate the mellow charm of a refined culture which in many ways reminds us of that of the Mediterranean. The antagonism between the Germany of the Third *Reich* and Austria recalls to the mind that between Sparta, the city of war-lords and administrators, and Athens, which excelled in works of art and possessed the richest civilisation of antiquity. In this post-war period, however, in which the strong elbows and the push of the young undoubtedly confer an important advantage, the contest between the younger strength of the followers of Nationalism and the more experienced but rather hesitating '*Alt-Österreicher*' might have ended differently had not the latter been able to recruit young forces to join their resistance. This necessity was soon understood by the Chancellor, Dr Dollfuss, who succeeded in winning the *Heimwehr* and its leader Prince Stahremberg for a revival of what may adequately be called the old ideal of the Austrian *Ostmark*. Nor would it be fair to forget that, without the moral support which Austria has received from the signatories of the Treaty of St. Germain and the sympathies which have been shown to her from abroad during these last months, the small country might not have been able to withstand the enormous pressure of a powerful Third *Reich* ten times her own size.

To the student of history—which is sometimes apt to repeat itself or, to put it more correctly, to produce for similar reasons somewhat similar results—the political ideals of the Third *Reich* and those of Austria may seem but a new phase in the historical antagonism between the mentality of Northern Germany, which had been trained in the sterner school of the Protestant Hohenzollern, and that of the South, which had for centuries lived under the milder sceptre of the Habsburgs and under the crosier. May a friendly fate prevent this antagonism—time-honoured and too deep-rooted to be eliminated—from degenerating from a contest of conflicting ideas into one of those fratricidal struggles which have so often already separated the people speaking the same German language!

H. SIMON.

TSHEKEDI—AND AFTER

When seen in its full context, the recent flare-up in Bechuanaland, which culminated in the suspension of Tshekedi, acting Chief of the Bamangwato, raises, or rather exposes, some important issues, administrative, political, and economic. His reinstatement has not settled them, and it would be a pity if it were allowed to hide them behind the curtain of silence and forgetfulness which normally enwraps the Protectorate's affairs. Unfortunately, it is doubtful whether, in spite of the extensive publicity given to the case as a news-story, the public on this side yet grasps what these issues are. The case has been presented throughout as a dispute between Tshekedi and the Government about the chief's jurisdiction over European offenders in his tribal area. This presentation, though superficially not inaccurate, nevertheless imparts to the affair an irrelevant twist and a false emphasis. It would be truer to say that the dispute concerned the Government's jurisdiction over the municipal affairs of the tribe. Tshekedi, having taken the best legal advice he could find, was disposed to hold that the Government had no power to reorganise the system of tribal rule over the tribe's head. The Government has lately felt it necessary to maintain the opposite view. Tshekedi's trial of McIntosh was not immediately connected with this main issue, but it was seized upon by the Government as a convenient pretext for settling it. That the chosen opportunity happened, apparently, to involve a question of 'white prestige' was a mere accident.

Tshekedi's position, and indeed the Government's, can only be understood by reference to the recent history of the Bamangwato tribe. I shall therefore outline briefly the most important events since Tshekedi's father, the great Khama, of honoured memory, ruled at Serowe. During the latter part of his reign Khama placed great reliance on the counsel and support of a man called Ratshosa, who had married one of his daughters and became his closest adviser. Ratshosa died in 1917. Khama, who was then eighty-seven, appointed Ratshosa's three sons to the key-posts in the tribal structure—one as a kind of chief secretary, another as a kind of director of education, and the third as clerk

and interpreter to the resident magistrate. Between them they inherited all the influence that had been their father's. In 192 Khama died, and was succeeded by his son Sekgoma, already in his fifty-eighth year and a sick man. During his short reign, which ended with his death in 1925, the Ratshosa brothers, one of whom had married Sekgoma's daughter, continued to hold the reins of tribal government. With Sekgoma's death arose a difficulty about the succession to the chieftainship, since his own son was only four years old. The Ratshosas wished to introduce a bold innovation and to place the tribe under a council of twelve, of whom they themselves would be three. This scheme found some support among the better-educated and more progressive members of the tribe, who seem to have been conscious of the tribal system's need of modernisation. But it alarmed the conservative elements and annoyed the numerous enemies of the too powerful Ratshosas. A demand was set up that a chief should occupy the tribal chair, in accordance with ancient custom. The appeal to tradition carried the day, and Khama's youngest son, Tshekedi, himself only twenty-one, was recalled from his studies in the Cape Province and installed in January 1926 as regent during the minority of Sekgoma's infant heir.

In the atmosphere of faction and intrigue prevailing at Serowe, Tshekedi found it hard to know whom to trust. He soon saw that he must rule as well as reign. The reactionary section, whose nominee he was and at whose summons he had come to the chieftainship, wanted a strong chief—he himself had an instinctive predilection for the autocratic methods of Khama; and the Government, which took little interest in the details of tribal affairs, was glad to give him a free hand. The only serious opposition, therefore, was likely to come from the Ratshosas and their supporters. He accordingly set himself to break the Ratshosa influence. He dissolved the council of twelve, who claimed to be his constitutional advisers, removed the Ratshosa brothers from their positions of authority, and surrounded himself with a clique of new men on whom he hoped he might rely. On Easter Monday, 1926, three months after his accession, upon some momentary provocation he summoned the Ratshosas to his *kgotla*, and, without trial, ordered them to be flogged there and then. On one brother the flogging was carried out; the other two succeeded in bolting, only to return a little later with a rifle. A shot was fired and Tshekedi was wounded. The two brothers were tried in the white man's court and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for attempted murder—later commuted to four years. The third brother, the victim of the flogging, was banished from the tribal reserve. The homes of all three were burnt, and their property confiscated. The two assailants, since their

release from prison, have not been allowed inside Tshekedi's country.

Having thus disposed of the Ratshosas, Tshekedi has been careful to give no place in tribal affairs to the educated minority. For the last seven and a half years he has managed the tribe firmly, but on deliberately reactionary lines. He has seen no other way of maintaining tribal cohesion in the face of political dissension and of the social disintegration arising from migration to the labour markets of the Union and Rhodesia. But of late his main anxieties have come, not from within the tribe, but from outside it. Forty-two years ago Khama, finding himself between the devil and the deep sea, granted some shadowy concession to the British South Africa Company to exploit everything of any value throughout his territory. For more than thirty years the Company had its hands full elsewhere, and the question of its rights in Bechuanaland slumbered. But with the termination of its political responsibilities in Rhodesia in 1923, the Company began to press the Government to open up the Protectorate for prospecting. For some while the Government resisted, on the grounds of unwillingness to interfere with native rights. About 1930 the inevitable weakening set in. It did not escape Tshekedi, who hurried to London to take legal advice and to seek the support of Lord Passfield, then Secretary of State. On his return he took the bold step of declaring the Company's concession cancelled. The stage seemed set for another instance of that prolonged litigation on native land rights with which the history of British Africa abounds. But the Company thought of a better way. It renewed its pressure on the Government, and the Government, with all the zeal of the convert, bullied Tshekedi so vigorously for a year that he finally 'consented' to sign a new concession, much more definite than the old. Early in 1932 a mining law was promulgated, and the Company's prospectors got down to the work on which they are still busily engaged.

While all this was going on the Government was showing other signs of dissatisfaction with the working of the tribal system. During 1931, after much cogitation, it drafted an organic law 'to define and regulate the powers and jurisdiction of chiefs.' The draft is a sufficiently comprehensive measure. Its main object is to set up native administrative authorities and native judicial tribunals, which, having a defined composition and function and a defined relation to the British administration, are to take the place of the old vague one-man authority of the chiefs. The draft can hardly be said to contemplate the establishment of native treasuries, those pivotal features of an ordered system of indirect rule; but it does propose to carry to a tribal fund certain revenues now personal to the chief. It thus involves a radical

change in the status of Bechuana chiefs. It not only greatly dilutes their practical authority, and removes a number of cherished privileges, but it apparently leaves them with the mere *powers expressly conveyed to them, whereas at present there seems to be some ground for Tshekedi's view that they enjoy all powers except those expressly withheld from them.* The draft was prepared without consultation with the chiefs or any other natives. But the chiefs have recently been consulted on it, and have displayed a readily intelligible alarm. They have even—a rare thing in Bechuana history—shown themselves prepared to set aside mutual jealousy or indifference, and to organise and co-operate in order to oppose the draft before it becomes law. In the official view Tshekedi has been the instigator of this unusual and unwelcome movement.

It was upon this general situation that the McIntosh case suddenly broke in—the Government regarding Tshekedi as a difficult customer in need of a sharp lesson, and the leading champion of the traditional rights of chiefs as against the change of status proposed in the draft Proclamation; Tshekedi, on his side, smarting over his humiliation in the matter of the Chartered Company's concession and full of misgiving about the impending law, uneasily conscious, too, both of having been appointed as the champion of the constitutional *status quo* and also of being regent, as distinct from hereditary chief, and therefore of resting under a special obligation to give back intact during his own lifetime a tribal structure entrusted to his hands only for a definite number of years.

The McIntosh case is still fresh in the public memory and the public nostrils. But it may be well to recall the essential facts, which are these. McIntosh, a white man, had for some years been making a nuisance of himself to women of the tribe. Tshekedi made a number of complaints to the Government about him, and in 1932 the Government ordered an inquiry into the man's conduct, with a view to deporting him from Tshekedi's country. The Government's agents thereupon foisted all initiative in the matter on to Tshekedi by asking him to collect evidence against McIntosh. The inadequate official explanation of this step is that such evidence-collection would have been 'difficult' for the Protectorate police. One may perhaps ask whether the police are only there to do work which they consider easy. In March 1933 a European living near Tshekedi's headquarters also complained to the Government of McIntosh's behaviour. This European was not asked to prepare a case against McIntosh; instead, the resident magistrate sent for McIntosh and 'severely reprimanded and warned him in the presence of witnesses.' The reprimand was the only attempt by

the Government's agents to deal with the McIntosh nuisance between the unspecified date in 1932 when the above-mentioned inquiry was ordered (but not carried out) and September 6, 1933, when Tshekedi tried McIntosh in his own court. The trial was quickly followed by the dispatch of an armed force from the Cape to Serowe. A court of inquiry was held, at which Tshekedi was not allowed to be defended by counsel or to call witnesses. On the court's findings Tshekedi was suspended from the chieftainship and removed from his tribal territory. By the time the case came up for review by the Secretary of State for the Dominions some weeks later, Tshekedi had put in a letter of apology in which he undertook not to 'claim to be immune from the laws of the Protectorate as now in force or as may be hereafter in force.' On these conditions the order for his re-instatement was given.

The operation has probably succeeded in breaking the opposition to the draft Proclamation. Tshekedi is back in the chief's chair, but he is tamed. There is therefore not likely to be any serious trouble with the chiefs of other tribes in the Protectorate. The important part of his climb-down is: 'I will not claim to be immune from the laws of the Protectorate as now in force *or as may be hereafter in force*.' This means that his view of the draft Proclamation as *ultra vires*, or at least as inconsistent with the undertakings given to Khama when the Protectorate was established, is surrendered. He can now only make polite representations against it as an interested party; he is debarred from challenging it on grounds of his 'treaty rights.' The Government is thus relieved of the possible embarrassment of a charge of having departed from its treaty engagements.

The relief, however, has been brought at a high cost to Britain's reputation for sagacity and fair dealing among all sections of public opinion in southern Africa. It has to be admitted that it was an unfortunate choice to decide an essentially justiciable difference by means of howitzers and marines; for it suggests, perhaps erroneously, but quite inevitably, that display of material strength was employed to mask legal weakness. Violent and high-handed action of doubtful legality designed to safeguard 'prestige' has ended, as usual, in weakening it. The whole incident has had a remarkably bad Press in South Africa. In the case of Dutch papers like *Die Burger* this can be accounted for by the fact that the extremist Afrikaner's enjoyment at seeing Great Britain in a hole is even greater than his enjoyment at seeing a native bullied. But the acid comment of the *Johannesburg Star* and the solemn misgiving of the *Cape Times*—both strongly Imperialist papers—are full of significance. So, too, are

the thoughtful and temperate protests which have appeared in some native publications. The effect on tribal opinion can be readily imagined, and it will only be very partially dispelled by Tshekedi's restoration. The three territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland are the only corners of southern Africa in which Britain has even professed to make a stand for native rights since 1910. The impression has now spread abroad that she has shown herself incapable even in the places where such a stand was made. One consequence will be to strengthen the demand for the transfer of these territories to the Union, which is only interested in them for two reasons—(*a*) to collar the best land in them for its own whites, and (*b*) to dump its own 'surplus' blacks on the worst. The Union Government may or may not press for transfer immediately. The fact that the British Treasury is at present paying a grant-in-aid to Bechuanaland may make for delay; the Union will not be anxious to take over that liability, and will perhaps prefer to wait until the territory is self-supporting again. In any case, white South Africans will be less tolerant than ever of perfectly justified British criticism of their own native system, for they now have a perfectly justified *tu quoque*. In old days the Afrikaner-in-the-street, in spite of his ignorance in native affairs, which was usually abysmal, and in spite of his natural faith in the brutalitarianism of his own tradition, had a sneaking feeling that there might be something to be said for the British view. He snapped his fingers at it, but defiantly, with conscious bravado. Henceforward there is a danger that he will be inclined to regard British criticism as a case of the mote and the beam, or (more appositely) of the pot calling the kettle black.

All this may seem to be taking rather tragically what is at the worst a very minor incident. But there are two justifications for disquiet. One is the great importance, having regard to the almost hopeless position of native affairs in the Union, of maintaining a high standard of native administration in those areas of South Africa which still come under direct British control. The second is that the Tshekedi case is not simply a sudden unforeseeable misfortune such as might happen even in the best regulated administrations. It, or at least the general dispute between Tshekedi and the authorities out of which it arose, is the logical outcome of the Government's failure to adapt the tribal system to the industrial revolution which has been in process throughout southern Africa during the last thirty years. The first point is obvious enough. But the second needs to be amplified, since it bears on the future of the system of indirect rule in the whole of British Africa. British methods in Bechuanaland have certainly departed in a number of essential particulars from the technique

of indirect rule as understood in, say, Nigeria and Tanganyika. But, in so far as they have always made use of the tribal authority as the main organ of government, they must be accounted a form of indirect rule, even if only as its *reductio ad absurdum*.

Several independent surveys of affairs in Bechuanaland have been published in the last year or so, and they all point unmistakably to the fact that British policy has seriously miscalculated, both as to ends and as to means. The end has been to preserve the system of tribal government intact in the same form which distinguished it in the days of Khama's prime. Any kind of internal reform or adaptation of that system has accordingly been eschewed. The desired result could only have been secured by so negative an attitude if the tribal system had stood isolated from the influences of the outer world. In point of fact, these influences have been pervasive and powerful. The work of missionaries has given rise to a class of educated tribesmen who, having absorbed something of Western ideas of progress, yet find such ideas at a discount in tribal life. Men of this type naturally become aggrieved when they realise that the tribe has no use for the new aptitudes they have laboriously acquired; and their possession of the grievance tends to make them suspect to the tribal rulers as being malcontents and would-be innovators. Tshekedi is deeply involved in this contradiction, for throughout his regency he has shown himself equally anxious to encourage education and to deny influence in public affairs to the educated class. The Government has displayed better logic but worse heart in doing very little for native education; the present annual contribution from general revenue under this head is exactly £100, or about 3d per pupil.

But much more numerous and important than the educated class is the wage-earning class. The wage-earning class has arisen because, while the tribesman's felt need for cash has increased both for purposes of tax payment and in order to satisfy the inevitable desire for a more Europeanised standard of living, economic development in the Protectorate has not proceeded at a pace capable of supplying that need. Consequently the great bulk of the tribesmen of working age are nowadays in intermittent employment in primary or secondary industry in the Union. Such employment means complete exile from family life for anything from six months to two years on end. Experience all over Africa is conclusive that industrialisation of the tribesmen necessarily involves detribalisation. Yet in Bechuanaland (and incidentally in the other High Commission territories also) the Government has been at pains to encourage industrialisation. In doing so it has undone all its concurrent efforts to preserve the tribal system from change. That, in a word, has been the history

of all three British territories in South Africa for the last generation—the chiefs encouraging education, the Government encouraging the mass migration of raw tribesmen to the seamiest side of urban life in the Union, and both chiefs and Government fondly supposing that the structure of tribal society would remain unaffected by either process. The lesson of this history, which applies in its degree to every part of British Africa to-day, appears to be that, if any system of rule based on the traditional tribal organisation is to succeed, tribal organisation must be protected, not only from territorial and political encroachment, but also from the impact of the European wage system. That the responsible authorities seem unwilling to give this thesis even an open-minded hearing is a bad omen for the future of the tribes.

It therefore seems fair to say that the aim of British policy in Bechuanaland has been an impossible one, in view of the general economic and social conditions in which the experiment was being made. Nor has the means been better judged. In seeking to uphold the tribal system, the Government has banked consistently on buttressing up the authority of the chiefs, even against honest criticism and constitutional opposition from within the tribes. Few tribesmen in the Protectorate nowadays have the courage to oppose a chief's policy or acts; if they do they are at once regarded officially as sedition-mongers, and are likely to find themselves flogged, fined or 'interned' by the chief, or banished from the tribal area by the Government. The wheel has at last come full circle, as the Tshekedi case enables us to see. The Government, having for years backed the chiefs against the tribes, is now driven into conflict with the chiefs in order to protect the tribes from them. That is the meaning of the changes in the status of chiefs which the forthcoming Proclamation contemplates. And that is the reason for the chiefs' alarm at the Proclamation.

Such is the political deadlock at which affairs in Bechuanaland have arrived. The Government evidently hopes by the taming of Tshekedi and by the issue of new legislation to put an end to it and open the way for some advance. In the absence of any knowledge as to the final shape which the draft Proclamation is likely to assume, that hope cannot usefully be discussed. The preparation of the draft is an official acknowledgment of the need for reform; and that is much. Meanwhile the point to be emphasised is that the political deadlock is matched by an economic deadlock even more threatening to the well-being of the tribes. The calamitous condition of the Protectorate economically is well brought out by Sir Alan Pim's recent Report (Cmd. 4368). The Report shows that much of the territory is sunk deep in bankruptcy, stagnation and decay, and that the bulk of the population is disease-ridden, poverty-stricken, and in many areas

half-starved. Among the able-bodied men one-third of the taxpayers are expected to be in default this year because they cannot scrape 28s. together. Among the children (*a*) from 25 to 60 per cent. get no food until the afternoon, and then only mealie-meal or kaffir-corn porridge, (*b*) very few get any milk for nine months of the year; (*c*) a test in certain typical schools shows that the average weight was 17 per cent. below the standard of European children. The fact is that the two means by which the Protectorate has been accustomed to earn its living have both largely failed—at least, for the time being. These were the live-stock industry and wage-earning in the labour market of the Union. Since the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Southern Rhodesia in 1931 and its subsequent spread southwards all export trade in live-stock products from Bechuanaland has stopped. The Union labour market, too, is now so glutted owing to the widespread distress among South African natives generally that paid labour is very difficult to secure.

What, then, of the future? Is not the time opportune for an effort to bring the Bechuana tribal system back to its natural state—the state of being self-supporting on a basis of subsistence farming? For this there would be three main requirements: the first, to carry out the programme of development of water supplies recommended in Sir Alan Pim's Report; the second, to make it optional for the tribesmen to pay their taxes in kind instead of cash; and the third, to put an end to organised labour-recruiting in the Protectorate for the industries of the Union. The first would make it gradually possible to raise and maintain the herds on which the whole community might live; the second and third would remove most of the pressure which leads to such disastrously extensive labour migration. Only by some such means, it would seem, can the tribal system be saved, and only on the foundation of a self-sufficient tribal peasantry can the reform of tribal rule be built up to enshrine an organic and distinctive African way of life. The alternative is to see the Bechuana people sink to the level of a floating proletariat wholly dependent on Union industry which would only spasmodically be able to absorb their proffered labour. True, if taxes were paid in kind, it would fall to the Government to make arrangements for marketing the stock collected. The marketing problem is difficult, and I do not minimise its difficulty. But the Protectorate's exports of animal products in normal times are over £200,000 a year, and the Government's normal revenue is under £150,000, so the problem should not be insuperable. The law already provides for taxation in kind in certain cases.

There remains the administrative problem. Here the primary need to modify the present irresponsible autocracy of the chiefs

by the internal reform of tribal institutions is plain, and indeed admitted by the Government. Such reform is, as we saw, the aim of the forthcoming Proclamation, and although it may be thought deplorable that the way was cleared for its enactment by the rough handling of Tshekedi, it is still possible to hope that the Proclamation, when it becomes law, will afford genuine opportunity for new and more promising administrative departures. A ground for misgiving is that the draft, so far as is at present known, does not provide for the key institution of the tribal treasury in any effective form. However this may be, there is a further clear need to strengthen the administrative staff by the inclusion of district officers familiar with the technique of real indirect rule as it has been developed in Nigeria and Tanganyika. That, in practice, means approximating the methods of selection, qualifications, pay, and prospects of the Protectorate staff to those of the main Colonial Service in tropical Africa and elsewhere. Many of Bechuanaland's troubles are traceable to the false economy of local appointments of inadequate capacity made because they were cheap. Lastly, there is an anomaly whose removal calls for consideration—the dual position of the High Commissioner. The High Commissioner is governor and lawgiver of Bechuanaland (as also of the Basuto and Swazi territories); but he is at the same time British 'ambassador' to the Union of South Africa. Such a combination of duties cannot but make it difficult for him to consider the problems of the Protectorates strictly on their own merits. In 1929 it was thought desirable to terminate the arrangement of twenty years' standing by which the Governor-General of the Union held the post of High Commissioner as well. The considerations which prompted that decision seem to weigh equally strongly in favour of separating the two posts of High Commissioner and British Representative in the Union. If this were done, it would be an easy step to the removal of the further anomaly by which the three High Commission territories of Bechuanaland, Basutoland, and Swaziland at present fall within the sphere of the Dominions Office, and not that of their natural guardian, the Colonial Office.

LEONARD BARNES.

FINANCING INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH

THE establishment in 1917 of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was perhaps the most enlightened achievement of the Coalition Government in the realm of preparation for post-war reconstruction. It displayed vision and a wide range of constructive imagination. With this project the names of two statesmen are inseparably connected, the late Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who was then Lord President of the Council, and his successor in that office, the late Lord Balfour. The avowed object of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was stated at the outset as follows:

To establish a permanent organisation for the promotion of industrial and scientific research which would operate over the Kingdom as a whole, and utilise the most effective means to the end in view irrespective of their locality.

The annual reports published by the Department show that a large amount of valuable and promising work has been accomplished; but, valuable as the results of that work have been, it has at present only touched the fringe of its possibilities. Its main function is, after due investigation, to make grants under three heads: (1) To establish research organisations of its own; (2) To sponsor the formation of industrial research associations with the object of fostering co-operation in research by firms in any industry, or by firms in a group of related industries; and (3) To subsidise individuals for scientific research "of no immediate practical value," because it is on new ideas that the continued progress of applied science depends. There were those who hoped that the Department would make function (2) its chief work, but it has devoted its main energies to the National Physical Laboratory, the Geological Survey and Museum, the Chemical Research Laboratory, and to founding most excellent research organisations of its own, such as those for Building, Food, Forest Products, Radio, etc.

In this article I am only concerned with the Industrial Research Associations, of which there were twenty-four in existence in the spring of this year (C. 4254). These Associa-

tions maintain laboratories, and carry out research on problems of immediate interest to the industries they represent. They also carry out a certain amount of more fundamental work with a view to the future development of those industries. A summary of their work is published every year in the Annual Report of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. The great value of the work these Associations have done, and its contribution to our national welfare, is recognised—but not so widely recognised as it could be if the Associations maintained jointly an efficient publicity service in order to demonstrate continuously to the public the value given for the grants made.

The formation of these Associations was sponsored by the Department, and was facilitated by a grant-in-aid—a 'block grant'—of one million pounds voted by Parliament in 1917. Of the twenty-four Research Associations in existence this spring sixteen were formed from eleven to fourteen years ago, and the remainder subsequently. Up to the present they have been financed in part from the Million Fund and in part by industry, largely on a pound per pound basis. A table is given on the next page of these Associations, the figures in brackets denoting the year of inception, and the grants referred to being the grants from the Department.

In 1932, out of a total expenditure by the Department of £534,700, the Research Associations received grants amounting to £82,307. Between 1921 and 1932 the grants to the Research Associations have fluctuated violently in amount, high-water mark being reached in 1924 when they received grants totalling £103,187, and low-water being touched in 1929 when the grants made only amounted to £53,831.

Now, in 1933, the Million Fund is exhausted, and, by an unfortunate coincidence, industrial conditions are exceedingly bad. The industrial firms who are convinced supporters of Research Associations are unable after ten years of very difficult trading conditions to double their subscriptions to make good a complete cessation of Government grants. The Government's avowed policy at the moment is rigid economy in public expenditure. The objective of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research has not yet been attained. The network of Industrial Research Associations throughout industry and throughout the Kingdom is far from complete. With its present income and commitments the Department obviously cannot take over the support of the Research Associations. At the end of the last financial year it could only afford to make special grants in urgent cases. Matters are a trifle more satisfactory in the current financial year as the Vote of the Department has been increased by £70,000 in order to help it to facilitate the work of the Research

LIST OF EXISTING RESEARCH ASSOCIATIONS, 31st JULY, 1932

Name.	No. of Years' Work.	Total Grant Paid.
		£
British Scientific Instrument Research Association (1918)	14	173,341
Wool Industries Research Association (1918)	13	77,143
British Boot, Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association (1919)	13	10,762
British Cotton Industry Research Association (1919)	13	136,040
British Iron Manufacturers' Research Association (1919)	13	[illegible]
Linen Industry Research Association (1919)	12	64,241
Research Association of British Rubber Manufacturers (1920)	12	34,750
British Association for Research for Cocoa, Chocolate, Sugar Confectionery and Jam Trades (1920)	12	26,792
British Non-Ferrous Metals Research Association (1920)	12	66,694
British Refractories Research Association (1920)	12	23,280
Scottish Shale Oil Scientific and Industrial Research Association (1920)	12	7,500
British Launderers' Research Association (1920)	11	27,815
British Leather Manufacturers' Research Association (1920)	11	27,544
British Cutlery Research Association (1921)	11	10,829
British Electrical and Allied Industries Research Association (1921)	11	94,501
British Silk Research Association (1921)	11	15,228
[illegible] (1921)	11	39,207
Research Association of British Flour Millers (1923)	9	22,582
British Food Manufacturers' Research Association (1925)	7	7,291
Research Association of British Paint, Colour and Varnish Manufacturers (1926)	6	23,843
[illegible] Iron and Steel Manufacturers (1929)	3	18,166
Printing Industry Research Association (1930)	[illegible]	[illegible]
Institution of Automobile Engineers (Research and Standardisation Committee) (1931)	1	2,500

Associations. This sum, of course, is most welcome, but it does not really afford security for the future. The welfare of our industries depends on a scientifically trained personnel, and the disbandment of Research Associations now would mean giving that up, and reverting to the old apprenticeship and rule-of-thumb level. To ensure that planned research, which is so essential for national well-being, it is necessary that the finances of these Research Associations should be placed on a stable basis, secure from gusts of national generosity and national parsimony. Then, and then only, will industrial research be able to proceed on an even keel by laying down a settled programme for more than a year ahead.

The existing difficulties of the Research Association of British Rubber Manufacturers form an excellent example of the evils

of the present system—or lack of system—in financing Industrial Research Associations. The Research Association of British Rubber Manufacturers was established in 1920, and has been maintained by voluntary contributions from individual manufacturers and by grants from the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research on the principle already explained. During the thirteen years of its existence the Association has spent £100,000, of which £60,000 has been contributed by the industry itself, and £40,000 has been granted by the Department. Its annual expenditure approximates to £7,500 or £8,000. Much research work of a most valuable character has been carried out by the Association, benefiting the industry as a whole; but the voluntary support afforded by the manufacturers has not been so comprehensive as could be desired. Foreign firms manufacturing in this country, for example, with the sole object of avoiding tariff restrictions have no interest in maintaining a co-operative effort to make the rubber industry in this country as a whole more efficient—rather the reverse. The consequence has been that the largest voluntary contributors, after a time, demurred to shouldering a financial burden which they considered, not unreasonably, should be spread over the whole industry.

With a view to securing stabilisation of its finances on equitable principles the Research Association formulated a scheme which was embodied in the Rubber Industry Bill, having for its object the financing of the Association from the proceeds of a compulsory levy on all raw rubber imported into Great Britain and retained for manufacturing purposes, thus spreading the burden uniformly over the units of the whole industry in proportion to their rubber consumption. In its final form the Bill proposed a levy of one forty-fifth of a 1*d*. per pound. This levy, it was estimated, would secure an annual income to the Association of about £15,000, making it entirely self-supporting, and independent of any State grant, thus relieving the taxpayer to the extent of the existing grant.

This scheme was formulated in 1926, and the Bill was first introduced in 1927, and has been re-introduced almost every Session since, with the backing of a preponderance of those engaged in the industry and of members of all parties. Like most Private Members' Bills, however, it has been the shuttlecock of the exigencies of Parliamentary time. On more than one occasion it has secured second reading by substantial majorities, only to be included eventually in 'the massacre of the innocents.' In the 1932–33 Session the Bill's position appeared to be just as unpromising as ever. In April, however, the President of the Board of Trade announced that the Bill was to be withdrawn in the House of Commons and introduced in the House of Lords as

a Government measure. It was introduced in the Upper House by Lord Irwin, and passed through all its stages in that assembly before Whitsuntide. The hopes of the Association were then justifiably high. Financial stringency, coupled with uncertainty as to the future, had forced them to disband their technical staff and to place their laboratories on a care and maintenance basis. The disbanded staff were therefore hopeful of taking up their appointments once more. Then, in July, came a bolt from the blue. The Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade announced, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that the Government had decided to proceed no further with the Bill, because it no longer had the support of certain units in the industry who had previously supported it.

Inquiries have elicited the fact that the determining factor behind this announcement was the complete *volte face* of the largest unit in the industry, which, at the eleventh hour, declared that it was opposed to the principle of a compulsory levy. Now, this unit had been the largest individual contributor to the funds of the Association. It had supported the policy of a compulsory levy from its inception in 1926. It had supported the Rubber Industry Bill throughout its chequered career; and it is most significant that its support was only changed to opposition when there seemed every chance of the measure reaching the safe haven of the Statute Book. The reasons dictating this dramatic change of attitude are puzzling in the extreme. At a conference of trade associations held at the Board of Trade on June 29th last under the chairmanship of the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, the situation created by the *volte face* of the largest unit was fully discussed. The principal representative of that unit admitted that its recent change of opinion in regard to the Bill was 'belated.' But the most illuminating and suggestive point he made was that under the provisions of the Bill one particular section of the industry would contribute the greater portion of the cost of research, and in so doing it would be in the position of undoubtedly benefiting the smaller manufacturers without any certain compensating advantages to itself.

Had this point not been made by the unit concerned itself one would have hesitated to suggest so cynical and selfish a motive —whatever one might have suspected. The unit is in the fortunate position of being able to maintain its own research laboratories. Up to a recent date, however, it had for many years also contributed substantially to the funds of the Research Association in order to enable co-operative research to be carried on for the benefit of the industry as a whole. This co-operative research has admittedly helped to make the smaller manufac-

turers increasingly efficient; and it looks as if the larger unit has, for the moment at any rate, taken a parochial view of the situation, simply regarding the smaller units as competitors instead of as collaborators in making the British industry as a whole sufficiently efficient to maintain itself against foreign competition. It is conceivable—although it was not stated—that the unit in question may regard the necessity for research work generally as less pressing now that our tariffs give the industry security in the home market. Such a view, however, neglects the foreign market; does not provide for the possibilities of foreign research making discoveries which would enable our foreign competitors to reduce their cost of production to such a level as to enable them once again to compete effectively in our markets in spite of the tariff; and assumes that the gift of protection to the industry by the community does not, and ought not to, involve an obligation—specific or implied—to maintain the industry at the highest level of efficiency.

The case of the Rubber Research Association has been quoted here to illustrate the difficulties under which Industrial Research Associations labour under the present haphazard method of financing them. It is a striking example of the danger to which industrial research as a whole is exposed, and prompts the important question—How should the Industrial Research Associations be financed in the future? The efficiency of the Rubber Research Association has proved to be the very factor which has contributed to its present unhappy condition. That must not be allowed to happen to other Research Associations. But without stabilised finance there is a distinct danger that other Research Associations will find themselves similarly placed, for the Rubber Industry has no monopoly of selfishness or parochial vision in its wealthier units.

The present lack of stabilisation in financing the Industrial Research Associations is a menace to achieving that efficiency which is essential to our industrial and national well-being. Planning ahead in industry is essential to industrial progress. That fact is recognised by Fascist Italy, Soviet Russia, Democratic America and Nazi Germany, and it must be recognised also by Great Britain unless we are to degenerate into a second-rate industrial Power. Hitherto our jockeyship in 'planning ahead' has been characterised by the jibbing hand. With a tremendous flourish of trumpets the post-war Coalition Government placed a Corn Production Act on the Statute Book, only to repeal it the following year. Later a scheme of afforestation was produced, under which the Forestry Commission were to plant 353,000 acres of forest during the decade 1930–40. No sooner had this scheme recovered from its birth-pangs and made a start

towards accomplishment than a halt was called in 1931. The programme was curtailed so drastically that an absolute loss—waste—of £50,000 resulted, representing an investment in young trees which could not be planted out or sold. Such happenings sap one's faith in the system of financing any undertaking by the method of annual Parliamentary Grants. True economy and efficiency—and neither is attainable without the other—require a settled programme subject to long-range review, together with a stabilised system of finance, based on levies, block grants or similar expedients for a term of years, so as to place the Industrial Research Associations in the position of individuals or institutions existing on fixed endowments—the programmes and endowments being reviewed by Parliament periodically at intervals of not less than five years or more than ten years. The programmes should be capable of elasticity within the confines of the endowment allocated, should be approved in scope by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and the funds allocated by Parliament should be administered by the Department.

Industrial Research, under sane control, should become a glorious adventure, reminiscent of the undertakings of those ancient merchant venturers whose courage and enterprise laid the foundations of England's greatness. Experimental research sometimes leads nowhere. It has its failures. That is no reason for abandoning it, for, on the other hand, it has likewise its successes, and on its successes new industries have been founded which give employment to thousands, and which contribute millions to the revenue. Without experimental research these things cannot happen; so the judicious expenditure of public money on experimental research is not only justified, but is in the highest degree desirable. It is an investment of capital bound, in the long run, to produce a rich return.

The Million Fund being exhausted, how is industrial research to be financed in the future? Much has happened since that block grant of £1,000,000 was voted by Parliament in 1917. In 1917 we had not won the War. In 1933 we are beginning to be aware that we did not win the Peace. In 1917 we were a Free Trade community; now our industries are protected; our consuming public have surrendered their right to purchase in the cheapest market. The transaction was incomplete, because, except perhaps in the case of iron and steel, it was unaccompanied by any *proviso* that the industrialists should conduct their businesses in the most efficient and economical manner. Whilst we have adopted protection as our trade policy, our tariff system is still in the period of beginnings, and therefore in a sufficiently fluid state to allow of re-adjustment. The Chancellor of the

Exchequer in his Budget statement last April estimated for a tariff revenue of £24,500,000 in the current financial year. Why should not a percentage of that revenue be ear-marked for the endowment of industrial research? Or, better still, why not allocate £2,0000,000 per annum of that revenue for ten years towards creating a capital sum of 20 millions, the capital to be invested to produce a steady and regular income for industrial research?

Such a scheme is probably preferable to a compulsory levy on industry. At the end of ten years industrial research would be endowed for all time, and from the very outset there would be the advantages of stabilisation. Technical staffs would be able to cut their coats according to their cloth. They could plan over a series of years ahead, instead of each year being a water-tight financial compartment, with no security for the future. The maximum benefit would be gained from research instead of the minimum. A percentage of the fund could be devoted to experimental work. By this expedient two existing elements of financial insecurity would be eliminated: (1) the grant from public funds governed by the financial and economic exigencies of the moment, and (2) the voluntary contributions from the industry itself, governed by the factors of industrial prosperity, depression or blatant selfishness. In this connection it should be remembered that in periods of depression research work is really more valuable even than in times of prosperity, for it is working to enable industry to reach forward to the next cycle of prosperity in a spirit of intelligent anticipation and preparedness.

It will probably be urged that in the present state of our national finances we cannot afford to set aside £2,0000,000 per annum for ten years. But, it must be remembered, the source of revenue suggested is new revenue. Surely out of £24,500,000 new revenue £2,000,000 can be spared for a term of years if the object warrants it. In this case it is confidently urged that the object does warrant it. It may be regarded as a most promising investment. The wise expenditure of this money on industrial research may well produce increased employment and limitless new revenue from potential new industries resulting from experimental research. This country has not flinched from taking financial risks in the past, with beneficial results, and unless it is to stagnate, or start on the backward path, it must take risks in the future. One takes courage from the thought that the announcement which has brought the National Government the most credit during its existence—and deservedly so—has been the decision to assist the coal industry by instituting a preference for coal-produced motor spirit. A portion of the tariff

revenue has been ear-marked to start this most promising new industry. Moreover, this new industry itself results from experimental research work in the laboratories. In yielding this valuable secret our research laboratories have not shot their bolt. There are still more valuable secrets to be wrested from research work; but the scientist and technologist must be fortified in his work by the certainty of stabilised financial support. The creation over a period of ten years of a Twenty Million Fund for industrial research from revenue that was non-existent two years ago is at least as justifiable as the subsidisation of the sugar beet industry in this country.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that before the next Budget is framed the Government may be persuaded to make careful and sympathetic inquiries into the possibilities of the policy outlined here. Two leading bodies of scientists—the British Science Guild and the Association of Scientific Workers—have been devoting attention to the matter, and have appointed a joint committee to explore the subject, and to formulate a scheme for presentation to the Government. It may well be that before these lines appear they will have made considerable progress with their work. Obviously, if the Government is to consider the matter with a view to the next Budget there is no time to lose.

H. W. J. STONE.

MORALS AND THE GROUP MOVEMENT

It requires moral courage to take an active part in a new religious movement. Further, in this country, religious movements have usually been associated, in a greater or less degree, with moral advance. And these things being so, Englishmen, who are after all very tolerant people, are often willing to condone a good deal which seems to them vulgar, or even crudely superstitious, in a popular religious revival, out of respect for the courage and sincerity of the evangelists and appreciation of 'the good they do.' But they are also perhaps inclined to take it for granted that devoted evangelists are necessarily doing good and forget that well-meaning enthusiasts may be mistaken in their ethical ideals, and that good intentions are no guarantee against errors more obviously harmful than those which spring from ignorance or bad taste.

The 'Group Movement,' founded by Dr. Buchman has been a good deal in the limelight during the last few months, and it has been criticised on various theological, religious and moral grounds. It has been urged that its theological basis is too slender and that it has too little sense of the value of 'rite and ceremony' and 'liturgical solemnity.'[1] But the movement must stand or fall by its ethical ideals and by the methods it employs in their pursuit. It is as 'life-changers' that the adherents of the Group most often describe themselves and would obviously wish to be judged. That the Group Movement does change people's lives will not be disputed. True, we have first-hand evidence that in many cases the change has been of short duration,[2] and the movement is as yet so young that only one claiming to read the future could assert that any of the converts has found in it a permanent way of life. But, whether temporarily or lastingly, numerous lives have been altered, and, though the examples quoted include many people who were already of a strongly religious and evangelical bent before they came into contact with Dr. Buchman or any of his 'life-changers,' it is none the less clear that, for some, surrender

[1] For the first, see Dr Selbie's letter in *The Times* of September 22 ; for the second, Dr Spencer's letter in *The Times* of September 23.

[2] I refer to Mr Kiddle's letter in *The Times* of September 23.

to the movement has meant not only a great emotional disturbance but a pretty complete 'change of direction.' It is therefore vital to consider whether the change is a change for the better, more especially because in the writings of Dr. Buchman's followers this seems always to be assumed without discussion.

We need not, I think, examine the question in relation to extreme cases—either those of persons so aimless or depraved that almost any serious and purposeful way of life would probably be for them an improvement, or on the other hand those so sadly unbalanced that contact with the Group's evangelistic methods has been followed by serious nervous or mental breakdown and even by confinement in an asylum. The Groups clearly think they have a mission to all mankind, and would like to change the lives of all of us. Do their ethical ideals and their method of pursuing them justify such tremendous claims and projects? Adherents of the Groups are wont to describe their moral aims in a simple formula—absolute love, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute honesty. At first hearing, that sounds excellent. But the omissions from this short list of essential virtues are somewhat remarkable. The list does not include any one of the ancient 'cardinal' virtues—prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude. Nothing is said of humility, though one would suppose the cultivation of that virtue was especially important and perhaps especially difficult for people who make it their business to change other people's lives. Nothing, again, is said of industry, though that pedestrian virtue might seem to need emphasis when converts are encouraged to 'live by faith' without attempting to earn their living in the ordinary way. And nothing is said of wisdom. But, further, great stress appears to be laid upon the word *absolute*, and that is very significant. It reveals, in a flash, the limited and barren conception of moral excellence which obtains in the Groups. It implies, so to say, an ethic of teetotalism. It makes virtue something definite and limited, which you either have or have not, not something in which unending progress and improvement is possible. To speak of 'absolute' love is as absurd as to speak of 'absolute' heat or 'absolute' speed. Absolute abstinence from this or from that is an intelligible conception, but absolute participation in a noble feeling or noble action is unthinkable. You can abstain absolutely from alcoholic liquor, or from telling lies, but you can no more be 'absolutely' kind or wise than you can be 'absolutely' musical. It is an especial glory of the highest qualities that they cannot be attained once and for all, but that in them unending progress is possible. You cannot be 'absolutely' kind or wise, but you can go on becoming ever more kind and more and more rich in wisdom.

It is perhaps too much to expect of a popular religious revi
that its ethical conceptions should be philosophically sound or ac
rately formulated. But the human mind has a good deal of logi
it, if under the surface, and, if the philosophical basis is crack
defects are likely to appear in the superstructure of practi
The implications of an unsound ethical ideal must tend to w
themselves out in the lives of those who make the ideal their ov
And the implications of the doctrine considered above wo
seem to make for a way of living of narrow and limited scope,
which much is made of small faults and the escape from them,
which small and defined virtues are hugged with considera
self-satisfaction, and in which there is so serious a want of p
portion that grave moral stains can be entirely overlooked. T
is confirmation of these suspicions wanting. Mr. A. J. Russe
book *For Sinners Only* is full of this kind of thing. And th
book may certainly be taken as an authoritative picture of t
Group's activities. It is largely composed of narratives cont
buted by the acknowledged leaders of the movement and publis
with their permission. It has gone forth to its successful car
upon the bookstalls advertised by a label which described it
'The Book of the Oxford Groups,' and I have not seen any s
gestion that the description was unauthorised. In the 'Gro
Supplement' of the *British Weekly* (published on July 6) it hea
a list of Group literature which can be obtained from the addr
in London where, I understand, Dr. Buchman has made his hea
quarters. But apart from its importance as evidence about t
Groups, Mr. Russell's book—still more the second book w
which he has followed it up—is the sort of thing one would pa
by in silence. It is an unbelievable mixture of boasting a
sentimentality, of snobbery and unctious piety, of marvels wort
of mediaeval hagiography, and of the type of journalism that o
finds in the least reputable Sunday newspapers.

Naturally, Mr. Russell has much to say about the founder,
as he would no doubt put it, the human founder, of the moveme
It is obviously of Dr. Buchman that he is thinking when he t
us that at least one of the characters in his book 'will live on
an historic figure when this generation has merged with the ages
'When Frank enters,' we read, 'he seems to bring with him
breeze of the Spirit. He is a religious quicksilver each day of
seven-day week.' Or again:

A train journey with Frank to Oxford is just as exhilarating as a
other experience with this vital personality. Watch him sailing to t
booking-office, marshalling the portmanteaux, directing the porters (w
take to him immediately), directing everybody, choosing his meal in
third-class dining-saloon the night after he has been living in a Ro
Palace. [p. 237.]

And we are given many stories to illustrate Dr. Buchman's work, his methods and his triumphs of life-changing. Two which Mr. Russell has thought sufficiently important to record may be quoted:

> When the last Oxford house-party was breaking up, I observed Frank stealing round the dinner-table to some of his friends with fine singing voices arranging a farewell chorus for the housekeeper at Lady Margaret Hall. Under Frank's vigorous direction they sang heartily:
>
> 'For *she's* a jolly good fellow
> And so say all of us.'
>
> Typical of Frank's spontaneous good-will and rightness of action. [p. 165.]

Again:

> Frank's secret of getting boys up early on Sunday mornings was not to scold but to announce there would be pancakes on the table at nine sharp. After that all were down on time, some before time. [p. 56.]

But a movement cannot be judged solely by its founder's actions. The testimony of a Cambridge undergraduate which Mr. Russell gives us may be quoted to show the results of life-changing:

> Then I saw Cleve Hicks, and with him I made my surrender to God. With that a new power came to me, accompanied by a great peace and joy, though there was nothing emotional about it. . . . It made quite a difference in the home. There was much less scrapping than formerly, which so surprised my father that he decided to come in too. The thing which caused him the most astonishment was the sight of all four of us dashing off one evening to get his spectacles when he asked for them—this, instead of our being asked several times to go, and each passing the buck to one of the others. So all four of us children, and father as well, now had Quiet Times together in the same house. Father is very enthusiastic. When the car hadn't arrived at the station on time to meet him, instead of losing his temper he spent the waiting period witnessing to a porter. [p. 242.]

One wonders whether it was really good for the young man to have these puerilities taken so seriously and recorded in print.

Yet one more case, and I have done with these examples. Mr. Russell tells us of the married life of a certain 'Polly' and 'Bill,' two 'experienced leaders,' who were married at St Mary's, Oxford, in the summer of 1931. I remember myself reading about this wedding at the time. It was given prominence and headlines in the newspaper I saw, because the bride and bridegroom were praised for their venture of faith—the plain fact being that they were getting married without any money or prospects or means of earning their living. And what struck me was the curious incongruity between this parade of early Christian poverty and the fact that the ceremony had all the usual concomitants of a smart and expensive wedding. Mr. Russell

confirms my recollection of these things. He refrains from describing the bride's dress and the orchids, but speaks of it as 'a pretty wedding,' at which there were ten bridesmaids, and says: 'Frank had given an address, in which he said the wedding was a challenge to a world of materialism, for they would be trusting to God only for their sustenance while they sought to extend His Kingdom.' Further, Mr. Russell can tell us of the sequel:

> I asked them how they fared in married life on faith and prayer. 'Amazingly well! Once they got down to just enough for the next breakfast. Then a little money had come in by post from a working girl in the North who had been helped by them.' [p. 251]

He adds the not unimportant information that 'Patrick is the name of their baby son.' One infers that Patrick, through no fault or merit of his own, will have to be brought up on prayer and faith—a curious type of 'imputed righteousness'! Many people will, I suspect, agree with me that it is at least doubtful morality to bring children into the world when you are liable to depend on the charity of 'a working girl in the North' for the next meal but one. But perhaps the most remarkable thing is that while he sings the praises of the married pair, Mr. Russell gives not a word of commendation to the action of the working girl who relieved their necessities. We have all of us heard of the Widow's Mite, but Mr Russell and the Group can claim full credit for the discovery that it is the recipient and not the giver of the mite who is blessed.

I pass to the question of the Group's methods. What are the moral implications and what are likely to be the moral results of the practices known in Group circles as 'Sharing' and listening for 'Guidance'? 'Sharing' appears to have two aspects—the public confession of sin and public witness to victory over sin. Now I suppose few, if any, will deny that there are times when confession does help to relieve and purge a bad conscience. To confide in someone and get the guilty secret 'off one's chest' is sometimes a real psychological need. And there is much to be said for the practice of those Churches which provide a recognised procedure and channel through which such confession may easily be made, though many of us would think it better to confide in a wise and helpful personal friend than in a priest as such. But there is a vast difference between confession as an emergency remedy, like a surgical operation, and confession as a regular practice used as part of the ordinary nutriment of the moral life. Though Catholics will no doubt disagree, regular confession must tend to debase and mechanise morality, and the history of the confessional system of the mediæval Church is an abiding witness

to these dangers. The practice of regular confession is bound to concentrate the mind of the penitent upon outward acts—deeds which can be counted and, as it were, measured. Thoughts and feelings and the spirit in which a man acts—these things must tend to fall into the background. Hence greater emphasis will be put upon the sins of the body than upon the sins of the mind, and escape from the sins of the body may even engender a self-righteousness which is itself a sin of the mind. Attempt may of course be made to remedy these defects of a confessional system and to apply it to thought and feeling as well as to outward acts, but such an attempt brings its own danger in the way of unhealthy introspection, and can never be really successful. Cruelty and hatred and pride, like love and pity, cannot be measured with a thermometer, and moral life is impoverished and degraded by emphasis upon the statistics of good and evil deeds.

For these reasons, the importance which the Group Movement attaches to confession must be counted as another indication that its ethical standards are low and that its methods do not make for a fine type of character. But, further, the Groups believe in *public* confession. Mr Geoffrey Allen, of whose sincerity as a supporter of the Groups no one who has read his book *He That Cometh* can have any doubt, has stated the grounds of this belief very clearly:

If I confess my sin behind the closed doors of the confessional [he says] I can feel that my sin is known only to one man, and that his lips are sealed. The open acknowledgment of sin in the Christian fellowship involves the far greater humiliation that all around me, even the very people with whom I work, know that of which I was guilty. [p 127]

But is such humiliation as this a good thing for the penitent? Is it not certain, in many cases, to be extremely harmful? And what of the effect upon those who witness his agony? Surely there is no little danger of the practice pandering to one of the most unhealthy and unlovely of human failings—the quasi-sadistic love of seeing another mortified! Moreover, will it always be possible to distinguish the relief which comes through a real purgation of the conscience from the relief which is due merely to the discovery that other people are as bad as or worse than ourselves? To find out that some bad habit, which frightened us because we thought it proved us to be exceptionally wicked, is after all much commoner than we supposed, and to draw the conclusion that it is not really so wicked and corrupting as we had deemed it, may bring comfort and may be desirable as helping to think of ourselves soberly, but it cannot be especially edifying, and can hardly tend to the eradication of the habit. Again, that debasement and mechanisation of morality, which, as I urged just

now, is an almost inevitable consequence of a regular confessional system, must be a more serious danger when confessions are made publicly to a Group. A father confessor can question as well as listen, and he can do at least something to turn the mind of the penitent away from the mechanical enumeration of facts, and direct attention to the more elusive sins of the mind. This would seem to be scarcely possible in the case of public confession: a *viva voce* examination of the penitent by a 'team' anxious to search out the dark places of his life would be a horror which I do not believe any adherent of the Groups would advocate for a moment. There is a further matter of detail which deserves notice. Mr. Allen recognises that some sins are not suitable for public confession:

> It is a healthy practice [he says] for everyone, when they are led by God to do so, to share to the depths whatever in the past has most burdened their memory with thoughts of guilt. Such deep sharing may often be of things of which it is a shame to speak in public, and it will be right to accept the guidance of the Spirit, and to share with some one older individual. [pp. 131–132.]

We are not told whether this private confession, to which we are thus rather surprisingly brought back, is to be for the individual an alternative or a supplement to public sharing. I do not wish to make too much of a matter of detail, but there seem to be difficulties here which Mr. Allen does not face. If the penitent makes public confession, but keeps back 'things of which it is a shame to speak in public,' what becomes of the absolute honesty and openness of the sharing? Will not the public sharing tend to be a rather artificial thing and concerned with trivialities, and may not the man who is sharing 'with reservations' acquire an uncomfortable feeling—or, worse still, a comfortable feeling—that he is appearing, and, indeed, making himself out to be, a better man than he actually is? If, on the other hand, the man who makes private confessions does not also take his part in the public sharings, the notoriety of the fact that '*A. B. doesn't share with us because he has to have private ones*' must be rather unhealthy.

'Sharing,' however, is not only confession of sin: it includes sharing the news of victory over sin, and passes into 'witness.' This, of course, is no novelty. The practice has been tried for generations in evangelical circles, and the danger of its fostering what the Bishop of Durham calls 'spiritual exhibitionism' is well known. A Congregational minister, to whom I was talking about the Group Movement the other day, told me that he had learned to regard this sort of witness (a practice of the Wesleyan Church in which he was brought up) as definitely mistaken

because the witnesses came to 'glory' in the recollection of their sins. When I hear of this kind of thing I think of the contrast presented by the attitude of perhaps the greatest mind that has ever been completely penetrated with the spirit of Christian devotion—John Sebastian Bach. There is a well-known number in the 'St. Matthew Passion' in which the tenor soloist sings the words 'With Jesus I will watch and pray,' and the chorus replies: 'And so our sins will *fall asleep*.'[3] It is better than this raking up of evil memories out of the past. As Morley says, with reference to Rousseau's thefts of his employer's wine, 'These are surely offences for which the best expiation is oblivion in a throng of worthier memories.'

'Guidance' remains to be considered. The question whether it involves presuppositions which are philosophically incredible or theologically unorthodox I shall not attempt to discuss. I shall confine myself to the moral implications of the Groups' doctrine on the subject and the moral tendencies of the practices which they advocate. But first we must be clear what is meant by 'guidance.' Mr. Allen, who has written a good deal about the matter, darkens counsel, and, if I may say so, deceives both himself and his readers, by employing the familiar term 'conscience' in connexion with the new doctrine. It is not only that he sharply distinguishes conscience from reason, for it is of course quite common to distinguish them and to deny the virtual identification of the two which is made by Bishop Butler. Mr. Allen's language is misleading because the word 'conscience' in ordinary use means something which tells a man that what he is doing or proposes to do is morally right or morally wrong, and Mr Allen uses the term for the reception of intuitions which bid him make a certain choice between alternatives that are in themselves morally indifferent. The word 'conscience' commands respect because we understand it to mean something which, for example, tells me that I ought not to ill-treat my horse. It would not have its high repute if it meant an impulse to take the ten o'clock train rather than the nine-thirty omnibus. I am sure Mr. Allen does not intend to be in the least degree intellectually dishonest, but there is no doubt that he has in fact unconsciously employed the improper rhetorical device of calling by a name which commands respect something which has a wholly different connotation. Whether we accept the old-fashioned definition of conscience given by Whewell—'Conscience is the reason, employed about questions of right and wrong, and accompanied with the sentiments of approbation and condem-

[3] The English version slightly blunts the point of the German text —
Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen
so schlafen unsre Sünden ein

nation'—whether we believe with Jeremy Taylor that 'an enlightened reason' is 'perfectly the foundation of conscience'—or whether we regard conscience as being a faculty distinct from reason, there is no doubt that conscience is always understood to belong to the sphere of morality and to be concerned only with matters of right and wrong.

A few examples will show that the 'guidance' in which the Groups believe is something utterly different from what we understand by the 'voice of conscience.' First let us take what Mr. Allen tells us about his own experience:

> Clearly one morning in quiet there came a voice, (whether it be given the name of Word of God, or guidance, or conscience it matters not), bidding me buy myself a new dressing-gown, as an aid to earlier rising for a longer time of morning quiet. [*He That Cometh*, p. 34.]

Next hear Professor Grensted, as reported, with his permission, by Mr. Russell:

> I was once worrying as to which I should do—go a long journey by car or by train. After a long time wasted in weighing the pros and cons, guidance came suddenly through with the message 'Don't be a fool, go by car.' [*For Sinners Only*, p. 288.]

Lastly—for it is unnecessary to multiply instances of this kind of thing—we may take Mr. Russell's account of an experience of Dr. Buchman himself:

> Frank's story that evening was of an experience when crossing an American town and feeling impelled to accost a well-dressed man whom he sensed to be in deep need. Not being quite certain of the guidance, he decided on a compromise test. If the stranger stopped at the next lamp-post he would speak to him. The man stopped! [*For Sinners Only*, p. 72.]

I wish to speak with as much reverence as possible of the convictions of others. But, really, what is the difference between 'guidance' of this sort and spinning a coin? If supernatural guidance can come in this way, cannot the fall of a coin be guided? Professor Grensted mentions waste of time. In all seriousness, I would ask whether time would not be saved by using the expeditious method of 'heads' and 'tails' instead of the more prolonged listening-in of the Quiet Time?

That 'guidance' is not without moral danger is pretty obvious. Even those who believe in it recognise that not every thought which comes in the Quiet Time ought to be taken as a divine command. But if as a matter of fact the young man who writes a love letter to one girl on Friday and is guided to propose

to another on Monday should insist that this is a divine command which he ought to obey, by what authority can his conviction be overruled once this principle of guidance is accepted?[1] Further, what is to be done when doubt is felt about the guidance—for we have seen that at least on one occasion Dr. Buchman himself was 'not quite certain of the guidance'? To allow reason to decide would be to throw over the whole business of guidance, and reason, we gather, must be, in Mr. Allen's phrase, 'the servant of the intuitional conscience.'[2] So far as I can gather, the actual practice of the Group in cases of doubt is to refer them to an 'Inner Group' and ultimately to Dr. Buchman—a usage of which Father Woodlock remarks that it is 'not unlike a claim to even wider infallibility than is claimed for the Pope of Rome.'[3] Mr. Russell seems in one place to identify 'guidance' with orders from Dr. Buchman. He was in America and uncertain what to do next. In regard to one possibility the words 'Don't touch it,' he tells us, 'buzzed in my ear, like a field of grasshoppers.' Later he got some more guidance in the negative, 'but no shrill warnings.' The last day for decision came, and he was still uncertain. The sequel must be told in his own words:

Unless positive guidance came I was going to act without it. Slowly and meditatively back to the hotel. There a surprise: an urgent cable from London. Would I catch the next fast boat to Oxford? Signed: 'Frank.' So guidance had come again.[4] [*For Sinners Only*, p. 231.]

On the other hand, Mr. Russell draws a distinction between 'guidance' and 'super-guidance.' 'Super-guidance' appears to be guidance accompanied by 'luminous flashes of outstanding intensity.' Mr. Russell claims to have had personal experience of this super-guidance, but reports that Professor Grensted has had no experience of it.[5] It is not hard to see that this doctrine of 'super-guidance,' if developed, will cause the Groups some trouble.

Enough has been said, I think, to show that 'guidance' is attended in practice with grave moral dangers. For we must remember that 'guidance' is not a thing for merely occasional use, when special doubts and difficulties have to be met. 'Guidance' is to be sought every day to find out each day's duties. Mr. Allen says that 'we may be at liberty to fill our diaries with engagements for days and weeks and months ahead,' but we must 'then each new day allow God to redirect us as

[1] The example is a case which actually occurred; the Bishop of London vouches for the truth of the story. See A. J. Russell, *One Thing I Know* (1933), pp. 291–292.

[2] *He That Cometh*, p. 85.

[3] *One Thing I Know*, p. 343.

[5] *For Sinners Only*, p. 285.

His purposes demand.' Apparently we ought only to keep our engagements if we are 'guided' to do so. 'If He wills that we should go to apparently fixed engagements, He will send us to them.' 'God,' Mr. Allen tells us, 'will point out His detailed orders for our day, leading us to acts which appear at first trivial, but which will later be seen as the first step in some modern miracle of love.'[1]

The practical dangers of 'guidance,' however, great as they are, do not seem to me to be the most serious objection which can be urged against it on ethical grounds. It is all-important to notice the fundamental implications of the doctrine—its ethical implications, I mean; for with its metaphysical, theological, and psychological aspects I am not concerned. Guidance is only to be sought in those matters which are usually matters for reason and common sense or for principles and conscience. No suggestion is ever made that we should substitute 'guidance' for our eyesight and walk across a busy street under 'guidance' with our eyes blindfolded. In other words, that in man which he shares with other animals is honoured and trusted to do its work. The reason, which most obviously distinguishes him from other animals, is dethroned. It is difficult to conceive anything more degrading. The theory and practice of 'guidance' is not merely foolish and likely to lead in practice to moral pitfalls. It is in itself fundamentally immoral. By common consent the self-mutilation of the body is accounted wicked. But the deliberate spiritual and mental self-emasculation involved in the practice of 'guidance' is a sin greater than the misuse of the body. Imagine a world in which everyone lived wholly by 'guidance,' making each day simply the execution of commands received in the morning 'Quiet Time' and noted in the guidance book! All planning and thought, everything permanent in human relationships and human purposes, everything which makes life really human and worth living, would be brushed aside as an irrelevant waste of time if this theory were worked out to its logical conclusion and acted upon to the full. 'Where God guides,' writes Mr. Allen, 'He can bring into human activity all the majestic quiet efficiency with which He sends the planets on their courses.'[2] I can only say that, for myself, I do not wish to be a planet, and am convinced that my essential duty is to be a man.

In conclusion, I would like to add a word about what to me, as an Oxford college tutor, is the domestic aspect of my subject. The Groups are often referred to as 'The Oxford Groups.' Mr. Russell speaks of the Group Movement as one 'which had the tacit approval of Oxford University,' and he tells us that when

[1] *He That Cometh*, pp. 100, 110.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 101.

he first heard of it 'one strong point in its favour' was the consideration that 'there could not be much wrong with the teaching, or it would not be permitted in Oxford University.'[10] No one who knew Oxford, or had any conception of what academic freedom of discussion means, could use such language truthfully. Oxford provides a platform, as it were, for the free discussion of all sorts of doctrines and movements, political and religious, heterodox and orthodox, and in that sense she may be said to welcome them all. To all she gives the priceless boon of academic liberty of discussion—to all the chance of testing their value by contact with the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of the past and the criticism of trained minds. But no one of her guests can rightfully claim her approval or can be said to have incurred her disapproval. No man can speak for Oxford—not even Professor Grensted and the three or four college chaplains who adhere to the Groups. But every Oxford man can express his own opinion, speaking for himself alone. And, for myself, I can only say that I have known Oxford for three years as an undergraduate and have worked in Oxford as a college tutor for some twenty-two years, and it seems to me that, of all the influences and movements and fashions and opinions which I have seen at work in Oxford during that time, almost if not quite the most depraving in its ultimate tendency, and the most insidiously inimical to the formation of fine character, is the Group Movement which Dr Buchman has brought to us from America.

And yet let no one suppose that this has made Oxford a dangerous place. The healthy society of undergraduate Oxford and the free criticism of academic life are the best possible prophylactics against the movement and the best antidotes to its harmful tendencies. It is much better that young men should meet its influence in the atmosphere of Oxford than, when they are living perhaps rather lonely lives in London 'digs.' And, so far as I can see, their native good sense and their native goodness have, in most cases, saved from its worst tendencies even those undergraduates who have identified themselves with the movement, just as it is to these qualities which they have brought to the Groups that the movement owes the best that is in it. Finally, the number of undergraduates who have joined the Groups is far less than is implied by the wholly unjustified use of the term 'Oxford Groups.' To be judged by the doings of a small minority is a price which Oxford has frequently to pay for her tolerance. But the price is not too great, for toleration is the very breath of life to a great University in modern times.

REGINALD LENNARD.

[10] *For Sinners Only*, p. 20.

A BENGALI WOMAN REVOLUTIONARY

The revelations made lately in *The Times* as to Terrorism in Bengal, and the reminder that the movement includes women confederates, who, as with the murderers of Mr. Stevens in 1930, prove a useful and unsuspected asset to the machinery of revolt—brings to mind a personal experience of the year 1907. Terrorism has indeed stalked Bengal all these years, the change being only in the objective. In 1907 it was the form taken by resentment against the Partition of Bengal, buttressed by talk of a Nationalism which sought little more than the revival of home-industries and the Indianising of the Services so as to secure senior posts and 'key' positions to Indians, and in particular to Bengali-Hindus. Hatred there was, of the British, and of all Indians suspected of loyalty to and appreciation of British rule, and this hatred had been fanned into a belief that the Extremists, inspired (as was then thought) by comrades at revolutionary centres in Paris, Marseilles and Berlin—and excited by the bomb-making activities of a Secret Society which met at the Maniktolla Garden House in Calcutta—could capture the Government by a *coup* arranged to take place on the fiftieth anniversary of the Sepoy Mutiny of May, 1857.

I was at the time Legal Advisor to the Court of Wards in Bengal with headquarters at Calcutta, and one afternoon as I sat in my chambers opposite the High Court, an officer of the Criminal Investigation Department came to see me accompanied by a Bengali woman. The woman was aged about thirty. She was dressed in a white cotton saree bordered with red. She had a nice face, and—as I discovered later—a disarming smile. The detective brought a letter from Sir Frederick Halliday, then Commissioner of Police. The letter asked me to see if I could make anything of the woman and could advise what should be done with her. The Courts were at that time investigating Terrorist crimes, and this woman had gone to the Sessions Judge who was trying a well-known political leader at the Alipore District Court. 'It is I who am really guilty,' she said. 'Release him and put me in his place.' The Judge believed her crazy. 'Go away,' he said. 'We do not war with women.' '*I will go.*'

she had replied, 'I will go to the Taltollah Police Court and commit suicide there, so as to get the police into trouble.' But at the police court she found herself safeguarded against herself, treated courteously and interrogated. This last she made of no effect by refusing to utter. 'She shakes her head if spoken to in English, and is equally dumb if addressed in Bengali. We do not know what to do with her,' said the Commissioner's letter. 'Can you help us?'

When we were alone, I sat still a moment considering my visitor. As my eyes fell upon her hands lying on the table opposite me, I noticed that the nails were dyed with henna, and realising the import of that fact, I was thinking to myself 'She is not a Hindu, or she has been masquerading as a Moslem, or she is a woman of the streets'—when she put her hands behind her back and burst into fluent Bengali. 'A Moslem friend of mine did that to my nails,' said she.

I had not myself yet spoken and did not wish to tempt her to further unveracity. She got nervous, and continued talking, revealing so much that she had not said, that I determined at once that she was dangerous and that the only place for her was my own house. (I had at first wondered if we could send her to be cared for at some mission hostel.) So, realising from experience the value of prompt decision, I said, 'The hotel which you have named in the city is not the place for *Bhadralog* (gentle folk) like you.' (She had said she was *Bhadralog* and *Purdahnashin*.) 'Certainly not for a *Purdahnashin* or secluded lady. I have a large house, and as it happens the entire lower floor in this house is now vacant. You will come and stay with me till you can think of where you wish to go. Since you say you are an Orthodox Hindu, you will be cared for as such, will have an Orthodox Hindu of the highest caste to cook your meals and wait upon you. The kitchen which will be used for you has never been used since it was newly washed with lime' (this is *de rigueur* for an Orthodox Hindu, and happily was a fact), 'and while you are my guest I promise you that nothing to which you might as a Hindu object shall come in at my gate or be cooked in my own kitchen.'

I rang the bell and the detective came in. 'Give the key of your room,' I said, 'to this Sahib. He will pay your bill at your hotel, retrieve your boxes and bring you to my house.' She gave up her keys obediently, and with apparent willingness. I told the detective what I had decided to do and said that he was to put the little lady into a closed carriage with one of my Chaprassis on the box, conducting her safely to my house. I begged him to make the necessary report on my behalf to the Commissioner, as I was going home at once to prepare for my guest. Preparations were soon made, and the servants warned that they

must not communicate with the outside world for, or regarding our Bengali guest. In half an hour she had arrived. I put my *Ayah* (maid) in charge of her, and saw that she was comfortable. I myself was feeling crestfallen, for I had begun to realise that since one could not cross-examine a guest, I had cut myself off from any chance of solving the mystery of my elusive little lady. The only course to pursue was to accept as genuine an orthodoxy and habit of seclusion which I felt sure were assumed, and to watch developments.

I was a touring officer, and due to go into the Districts immediately, but put off my tour for a fortnight because of the mystery under my roof. For the rest, I treated her as I should an illiterate *Purdahnashin*, showed her pictures and talked to her in the vernacular. I had no alternative but to take her at her word—and she writhed under this. The very first morning she betrayed her knowledge of English by purloining my *Statesman*, an English daily newspaper, on its way up to me. I took no notice, but told my *Ayah* to supply her with an English daily, while we continued to uphold the fiction of her ignorance of English. My *Ayah* reported that she stood at the windows watching the drive, and examining all who came and went; and that at times she stamped with rage. We continued living like two detached short stories bound into one book. Her self-imposed inhibitions prevented my asking her to share my meals—that would have outcasted an Orthodox Hindu, or to share my life or my friends—impossible to a secluded dweller of 'the inside.' She was deprived of a grievance on any count, and it must have been terribly hard for her tied and bound as she was by her own lies to customs not her own. I was absolutely certain in my own mind by now that she was a Brahmo (Theist) of the English-educated-progressive community of Bengal, that she fed even as I did, had always lived an outdoor life, and spoke English perfectly.

The *dénouement* came suddenly, on a day when I had a *Purdahnashin* party of my Wards—genuine Orthodox women of *Raj* families. They came in closed carriages, and we had tent-walls from the doors of the carriage in the porch, through the hall and all the way to my drawing-room. Neither she nor any other soul could see these strictly-secluded ladies on their progress upstairs. They arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had to help them, the dear things, to depart at 9 p.m. They loved these outings, the only ones allowed them; and allowed them only because they called me 'Aunt—Mother' and were my official children. I was extra-careful always, therefore, to safe-guard their *Purdah*, and myself saw each guest into her carriage upon departure. When the last carriage had driven away I was pretty tired and told the servants I was going to retire. I would

not dine. I had just got to my bedroom when my *Ayah* rushed up in great excitement. 'The Babu lady,' she said, 'has been getting angrier and yet more angry all the evening, and now she says she must see you at once; that we do not know in this house who she is or how to treat her. She will not sleep till we know this.'

I was only too glad that the farce was at an end. Patience was justified of her children. 'Bring her up at once,' I said joyfully, my tiredness all gone. She came into my study bursting with wrath. 'Treating me like an illiterate *Purdahnashin* and an Orthodox Hindu! I, my God, I'll tell you who I am.' 'I am longing to hear,' I said, 'but do remember that it was you yourself who claimed Orthodoxy and seclusion. And now, before you talk, understand this—I will take down every word you say and you will sign the statement, which will then be sent to the Commissioner of Police. It is only in these circumstances that I will hear you.' 'Why not?—I want all the world to know. Send the statement to the big Lord Sahib, the Viceroy, if you wish.'

So she settled to the telling of the most amazing story, told well and crisply and with dramatic force. She was an agent of the Extremists, whose headquarters were in the section of the town known as the Maniktolla Garden. There she had made bombs with other Extremists, 'only the picric had burnt my arm,' she said, displaying a scar, 'so I would not make any more. Yes'—defiantly—'we made bombs to kill you while you and your friends were having tea parties for us, and imagining that you were making international contacts. We laughed at that a great deal. School treats for Bolshevists! At the Garden House we met from time to time—A or B or C (all names of note) in the chair, and we made our plans. On the anniversary of the Mutiny of 1857 to a day we had staged a Jubilee Celebration. That idiot X was to cut the telegraph wires, our signal; and then each of us was to play our part. He lost courage, and we thought we were betrayed, the plot discovered. None of us dared act. So the 'little Mutiny' could not happen then. It is only postponed. . . . My part was very important. I was to go to Afganistan to stir up reinforcements. But I had already done most of the work in preparation. I had got money for our campaign—I was the most important woman worker in our body. All over India I travelled, lecturing in Zenanas, where I could be secure from the police. I had two lists of names. One list was of those entirely with us; to these persons I spoke openly. The other list was of those to whom we could not speak openly, but who could be asked for money to forward *Swadeshi* or Indian home-industries. To both kinds I appealed for money. I took back the money from time to time to headquarters in the Garden, and the Extremist Committee gave a party in my honour.'

She then recited a list of names—mainly I expect to prove her importance—of the people of the inner Council who aided and abetted revolution. She told of guns got from Japan in sections; and of where they were buried, awaiting the 'Mutiny.' She spoke of vast sums of money; she sneered at the Loyalists whom she had not been able to corrupt—giving names and identification in these instances also. The dyed nails were explained. She had disguised herself as a Moslem in order to get inside a wealthy Moslem's Zenana; but was discovered and thrown into the outer courtyard.

I asked one question only—'Why did you go to the Alipore Court and offer yourself up in place of Arabinda Ghose?' 'When I returned from my last money-collecting tour they were greatly pleased with me, and gave me a very big party. Then the chairman said: "Now our dear *Swadeshi* sister will deliver to us the schedule of names entrusted to her care." Truly, Miss Sahiba,' she said, 'I had lost the lists, left them behind in some house where I had lectured. They would not believe me. They said I had sold the names to the police. To prove that I was true to them I went to the Judge and gave myself up to die for the cause. He laughed at me. So I thought I would kill myself and get the police into trouble. They prevented that—you know how. When I accepted your invitation I thought it would be a good plan to get, through you, into touch with the Orthodox in Raj families, whom I could never reach by myself, and then finish you with a bomb! You know how you have treated me. I could never communicate with anyone, not even with my friends. I was smothered with kindness, on the wrong assumptions. Day after day I saw English officials come to your house whom I longed to attack. To-day all those *Purdahnashins* with whom I longed to make friends poured into the house. I got nowhere near them. It was too much. You were treating me like a child. I felt that I could not stand it one minute longer—I who nearly made a fresh mutiny.' So it was vanity which had betrayed her after all!

The statement, duly signed, went to the Commissioner of Police, and I was asked to keep her under my roof a while longer. . . . We waived the fictions to which she had bound us. . . . Her literature and her daily menu were enlarged, but her liberty was still circumscribed by the flat in which she lived. She was not unhappy. She was elated, imagining that she had prepared a shock for the Government and that the Extremists would be proud of her. She was very simple, almost a child in her deductions.

In about a week Sir Frederick Halliday came to see me and gave me the instructions of Government upon my revolutionary

guest's case. I sent for her and told her what he had said. 'The Government has considered your statement and asks me to tell you that you are free to go wherever you will. A carriage will presently be at the door; you will yourself give the driver your orders. But as the Government realises that you are at the moment without resource' (she had said she had no belongings within reach, except a husband who was a doctor—and, in her own words, 'a bad hat'—to whom she refused to go), 'I am to give you this sum of money, which should, you see, suffice for quite a long time, until you decide what to do.'

'What!' she exclaimed, 'the Government has heard my story and tells me to go where I like throughout the country! Don't they realise how dangerous I am, how I can wreck the Government? It's impossible. They have not read my statement, or they do not believe it.' 'On the contrary, I am to congratulate you on your accuracy. Your statement has been tested and found correct.' 'The British Government believes my story of revolution, and is not afraid?' she gasped. 'That is so—the British Government is convinced of the accuracy of your story, but is not afraid.' In a maze she walked to the carriage, murmuring, 'The British Government knows and believes and is not afraid!'

I myself never saw her again except once many years later, when she applied to me for the post of Governess under the Court of Wards. But for months in 1907 and 1908, after she had walked into the world of the free, the Government knew exactly where she was from day to day. A description of her had been circulated by the police to every outpost, and a diary was kept of her movements on confidential police files. She had been to revolutionary headquarters and found herself—poor thing! for according to her lights she was loyal to her disloyalties—discredited worse than ever. She had indeed, on this last absence, given valuable information to the police; she had been under my roof, and had made no use of her opportunities against Loyalists, while revealing the innermost counsels of Extremists. It was then that the money given her by the Government proved useful. She travelled at ease—all over India. But as an agent of Revolution she was for ever useless. Her late confederates saw to that, even as the police had anticipated.

The methods used in those early days seem childish to us now. Boys between the ages of seven and twelve dressed in the attractive garments of the North Country Priesthood—robe and turban of azalea pink—would visit the 'Inside,' the Zenanas of secluded women, cursing women who used any single article of foreign manufacture; they would visit the houses and offices of the 'Outside,' cursing and cursing for all they found there.

as well as soliciting alms now for football and cricket clubs; now that the small collector, disciple of a *Swami* (Holy Man), might be enabled to go to Benares to study Sanskrit. They were adorable children, with their big eyes and big turbans and solemn faces. A *communiqué* issued by Lord Minto's Government warned us against them; the money collected went to the bomb-makers; and the cursing was part of the manufacture of hatred, incitation to which got but poor response from the Orthodox.

My chambers were opposite the High Court, and the pink-robed children dropped in on me upon their street-collecting tours. I had fallen to the lure of a seven-years-old wanting to learn Sanskrit, and the child was departing when he turned back again and pointed to a revolving bookcase. 'That is English,' he challenged. I admitted it. 'And *that* and *that*.' . . . Yes, it was true. 'Burn it.' 'Why should I?' 'Please burn it. Burn it all. If you do not burn it, I must curse you.' 'Curse, then,' said I, 'for I like these things, they are of use to me. I will not destroy them.' '*Please*——' he pleaded. He was a nice baby, but, finding me adamant, he cursed. And, had I been a Hindu, or had I believed in curses, truly my blood would have congealed with horror at that curse to the hundredth generation of all to whom I belonged, proceeding from the mouth of that 'littlest one.'

When he had finished I smiled at him. 'That did not hurt me,' I said. 'None of it can come true. You could not curse me. I do not believe in curses.' 'What!' said he, his eyes bigger than ever. 'That is the biggest curse my *Swami* taught me. If you will not burn your foreign things after that he must come himself to curse you.' 'Send him,' said I as the child departed. But of course the *Swami* knew better than to come, and nothing further happened to me. Only, one realised what was happening in the houses of those who did believe in curses.

Lord Minto's Administration was as a whole extraordinarily peaceful. These were the days of the enlarged Councils, punctuated with the great names of men like Gokhale and Sinha, and Indian ambitions were satisfied. And even though the attempted murder of the next Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, proved that under-ground forces were still at work—the War found us united—till Revolt, bred this time in Germany and San Francisco, found open expression, and through Mahatma Gandhi and his semi-religious appeal to the Orthodox gained a permanent hold in the country.

The cleverness of Revolution in India has lain in what might be called its 'ventriloquism.' It has spoken in different voices to different peoples. It has known what appeal will draw in any particular direction. Thus, as I have indicated, Gandhi's

adoption of the term *Mahatma* led the illiterate Hindu masses to believe him an Orthodox Hindu spiritual leader, and to such, himself unseen, was their homage paid. But Gandhi, through his disciples, was also making an anti-British political appeal, evidenced by the Agrarian, Tea Garden and other riots. And, when the promise of Self-Government and the Montagu—Chelmsford Reforms with the speeding-up of Indianisation was removing the earlier-expressed grievances, when, in fact, it was realised that England did really mean, in the fullness of time, to transfer the Government of India to Indians—political aspiration coarsened among the anarchically-minded into frank anarchy . . . into a programme which now had for objective, not the downfall of the British Government, but the overthrow of government as government. To-day the warfare is against all stability, against Law and Order in whatever form and controlled by whomsoever. The Terrorism which began in Bengal as a localised movement has not only widened its foundations and changed its character, being hitched on to a world-revolutionary movement in its Soviet form but since last March it has upon a definite contract, of which the Government of India is aware, consolidated and taken over control of every disruptive force in the country, its equally definite programme proscribing individual killings in favour of a mass rising in 1935 or 1936, for which all India is to be mobilised—in men, and money, and arms.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? It surely cannot be other than this. While the Government of India may rightly congratulate itself upon getting Civil Disobedience and Bengal Terrorism under control in a way which redounds to the credit of officials English and Indian in high places as well as in the humblest ranks of the C.I.D. and the police—we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the situation has changed since last March, and that Terrorism is now a menace to All India (not to Bengal alone) and a menace to government and stability (not to the British Government alone). That the untried Indian Government will, after the 'Transfer,' have to face no whit less perilously than its predecessor the anarchy which has replaced political tactics, and that therefore the administrators of the future must co-operate with the present Government in stamping it out—even as the Viceroy and Sir John Anderson have pleaded time and again—if they would make a success of the greatest experiment in Home Rule which the world has ever seen.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

AN ENGLISH SOURCE OF LA ROCHE-FOUCAULD'S 'MAXIMES'

AMONG the literary associations which modern research claims to have disclosed, none could be more piquant than that which links the names of François VI., Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and the Rev. Daniel Dyke, B.D., minister of Coggleshall, in Essex. It is well worth while to investigate this remarkable liaison.

Daniel Dyke was born at Hempstead, in Essex, where his father had been silenced for nonconformity. On leaving Cambridge Daniel became minister of Coggleshall. Suspended by Bishop Aylmer, and directed to leave the county, he moved to St. Albans. Dyke was one of those who strove for a more thorough reformation in the Church. Once again Aylmer thought fit to deprive him of the living. The parishioners begged Burghley, who had previously befriended him, to intercede with the Bishop for his restoration. Aylmer declined, as charges of incontinency had also been made against the minister. He was tried for the alleged offence at St. Albans Sessions, when the woman who had accused him confessed her fraud and publicly implored his forgiveness. Burghley again intervened, but the hot-tempered and arbitrary Bishop was implacable. The faithful and much-buffeted Daniel died in 1614. He was evidently a man of some distinction. Brook describes him as 'a man of unblemished character, a divine of great learning and piety, a preacher of sound heart-searching doctrine.' Of his *Mystery of Selfe-Deceiving*, Fuller writes: 'It is a book that will be owned for a truth while men have any badness in them, and will be owned for a treasure while they have any goodness in them.' How came it to pass that such a man should cross the path of La Rochefoucauld, and that the seal of the old English Puritan should be left upon the French courtier?

The answer lies in an understanding of La Rochefoucauld's character and career. François VI., Duc de la Rochefoucauld, was born in the ducal palace in Paris in the year 1613, the year before Dyke died. The family was one of the noblest in France, and one of the few that survived the Hundred Years' War. In a letter to Mazarin, 1648, La Rochefoucauld writes: 'I can prove

that for three hundred years the monarchs of France have not disdained to treat us as members of their family.' He was a typical representative of the proud and warlike nobility of the first half of the seventeenth century, which preceded the era of the domesticated court of Louis XIV. His ancestors had for a time professed Protestantism; his great-grandfather, though a bosom friend of Charles IX., being murdered at the 'Bartholomew.' This militant champion of the old aristocracy was soon involved in a life-and-death struggle with the rising monarchical principle. In his *Mémoires* he speaks of the '*haine naturelle*' which he felt towards the administration of Richelieu. In 1637, as the result of his romantic championship of the Queen and Mme. de Chevreuse, he found himself shut up in the Bastille, where he had leisure to reflect upon '*l'humeur affreuse de la domination du Cardinal*.' The hopes aroused by the death of Richelieu proved vain. Abandoned by the Queen and fooled by Mazarin, the Duke had ample grounds for complaining of human ingratitude and duplicity. As if to add insult to injury, Mazarin did not even think it worth while to placate the Duke by granting the passionately coveted privilege of the '*tabouret*'—that is to say, the right of the Duke's wife to be seated in the presence of the Queen. Maddened by chagrin, La Rochefoucauld flung himself into the Fronde, though he disliked the cause and despised many of his co-rebels. His castle at Verteuil was demolished and he himself severely wounded. Worse was to come. Following upon the ingratitude of the Queen and the Duchess of Chevreuse came the treachery of Mme de Longueville. This was the unkindest cut of all, and left a permanent scar. Shortly afterwards he was rendered almost blind by a musket shot. The squalid struggles of the Fronde were certainly not calculated to inspire any of the participants with an exalted view of human nature. The Duke had ample opportunity to see men with the masks off. In 1653, at the age of forty, the old Frondeur submitted to Mazarin and retired, a broken and disillusioned man, to his country seat. Here he turned author and wrote his *Mémoires*, in which with haughty impartiality he gave his version of the complicated intrigues and rivalries of the recent civil war.

In 1659 the Duke went to live in Paris. That very year he writes to his friend Mme. de Sablé a letter containing these most significant words: 'I return you your sentences of to-day.' The era of the Salons had opened. There was a new spirit in French society. The aristocracy, embittered and humiliated by the defeat of its most cherished ambitions, was seeking solace and employment in literary and moral discussion. Under the auspices of Mme. de Sablé, La Rochefoucauld felt the impact of Jansenism. The stern doctrines of Port-Royal were making extraordinary

strides among the nobility. Mme. de Sablé herself was a fervent disciple, and the intimate friend of Arnauld, d'Ailly and the rest. In fact, Jansenism was a timely refuge for disgruntled aristocrats. It was a type of religion, 'highbrow,' heroic, exclusive—a minority cult. '*Être du côté de Port-Royal, c'est encore un peu être frondeur.*' A close resemblance exists between the ideas of Port-Royal and of the author of the *Maximes.* For both, human nature is radically corrupted by original sin; in particular, by '*amour-propre*,' which continually manifests itself either through interest or pride. As Mme de Motteville wittily observed, '*Nul ne doit être si bon chrétien, ni si bon philosophe, qu'un courtisan détrompé.*' Among the fashionable circle which grouped itself round Mme. de Sablé, maxim-writing was the recognised and favourite form of entertainment. A leading member of the coterie, Jacques Esprit, was a practised epigrammatist, with a marked turn for paradox. Esprit is still remembered as the author of a disconcerting treatise on human nature, *La Fausseté des Vertus Humaines*, published in 1678, and translated into English. The procedure seems to have been that Mme. de Sablé, Esprit, or another, would start some psychological or moral discussion. From these debates certain conclusions would emerge. The various members of the society then strove in their own homes to give a finished and striking form to the conclusions reached, submitting their work in writing to one another for criticism and amendment. In this glorified parlour game La Rochefoucauld was *facile princeps.* The discovery of his own powers made him ambitious of literary fame. For six or seven years he toiled at the polishing of his epigrams, some of them being written and rewritten a score of times. The first authorised edition in France appeared in 1665. On the strength of this tiny book La Rochefoucauld took rank as one of the great writers of France. According to Voltaire, '*Aucun livre ne contribua davantage à former le goût de la nation.*'

It is now time to return to the Rev. Daniel Dyke. Among those who fled from France on account of the persecution of the Huguenots was one Jean Verneuil. Born in 1585 near Bordeaux, he came to Oxford, where in 1625 he was made sub-librarian. In 1634 he published a French translation of Dyke's book, *The Mystery of Selfe-Deceiving*, under the title *La Sonde de la Conscience*, of which a German version appeared in 1660. The first modern to signalise similarities of thought, and even of phrase, between the forgotten *La Sonde de la Conscience* and La Rochefoucauld's *Maximes* was an official of the Bibliothèque Nationale, M. Alphonse Pauly, who issued in 1883 a reprint of the 'unauthorised' 1664 La Haye edition of the *Maximes.* He was put on the track by an unpublished manuscript of 1671, written by a contemporary of La Rochefoucauld. This manuscript makes a

number of references to the Duke. Among other pungent notes are these: '*La plupart de ces Maximes ont esté prises d'un livre anglois, assés mal traduit en françois, intitulé 'La Sonde de la Conscience,' fait par un ministre anglois. C'est un des bons livres que les Huguenots ayent faits.*' Again: '*M. de la Rochefoucauld a presque tout tiré ses maximes du livre de la 'Sonde de la Conscience.' Il n'y en adjousté que le beaux françois.*' A good many entries prove the writer to have been well acquainted with Mme. de Sablé's circle. In 1910 the erudite M. Ernest Jovy published a rare brochure—*Deux inspirateurs peu connus des Maximes de la Rochefoucauld, Daniel Dyke et Jean Verneuil.* Finally, M. Emile Magne, than whom none has a more intimate knowledge of French literature and society in the seventeenth century, regards the *rapprochement* as being '*assez concluant.*' That is to say, La Rochefoucauld not only knew the Puritan-Huguenot treatise on 'Selfe-Deception,' but was deeply influenced by it, and actually derived therefrom material for his own book. Certainly the anonymous writer of the manuscript makes virtually a charge of plagiarism against him.

M. Magne thinks the plagiarism probable, because nothing in the life of La Rochefoucauld inclines one to believe that he was gifted with intellectual eminence, or that his mind was prepared by study and meditation for any deep thinking. No doubt he had a wide experience of men; but would such an experience have sufficed to give him the purely intellectual power to generalise? It does not, then, appear an extravagant supposition that, devoid of imagination himself, he had, like other contemporary writers, 'lifted' from another the substance to which he gave a different form—more striking, concise, highly finished. His pessimism would agree admirably with that of the English preacher. And who would recognise in their new worldly and literary guise the judgments of this obscure Englishman, especially when wrapped up in their Huguenot envelope? We may take it, then, as extremely likely that La Rochefoucauld knew the French version of Dyke's book. The Huguenots were energetic publicists and printed large editions of their books. Further, *La Sonde de la Conscience*, with its pitiless analysis of human vanity, hypocrisy and self-deception, would have a strong appeal in that *société d'élite*, deeply tinged as it was with the sombre and uncompromising principles of Jansenism. It was a volume certain to be possessed and prized by the Port-Royalists. Internal evidence makes it clear that Pascal himself was acquainted with it, and that Jacques Esprit, the Duke's literary friend and mentor, also possessed a copy. It may well be that the writer of the contemporary manuscript (evidently closely in touch with the Duke's circle) had seen the book in his hands, or that during the du-

cussions of the salon, references had been made to it which aroused La Rochefoucauld's curiosity.

It cannot be denied that the two books have much in common; allowance must of course be made for the Biblical and dogmatic pre-suppositions and edifying purpose of the one, and the deliberately non-religious and non-didactic tone of the other. Both take a merciless (if not malicious) pleasure in stripping man of his disguises, in exposing the seamy side of human nature, and particularly (in M. Jovy's words) '*s'acharnent à ravaler tous les actes que nous décorons avec présomption du nom de "vertus," à des mobiles égoïstes, à une féroce tendresse pour notre moi.*' In his *Advis au lecteur* La Rochefoucauld describes his book as '*un portrait du cœur de l'homme, remplie de ces sortes de veritez dont l'orgueil humain ne se peut accommoder*'; it is also '*l'abrégé d'une morale conforme aux pensées de plusieurs Pères de l'Eglise.*' Dyke recommends his *Mystery of Selfe-Deceiving* because '*il contient l'art de se cognoistre soi-mesme. Il nous descouvre les entortillements et les destours infinis de ce labyrinthe obscur du cœur de l'homme.*'

The following parallels are significant:

(1) *Dyke.*—'The first deceit of the heart is to colour grosse sins with middle terms, and so to present it to us, not in its own proper colours, but painted and guilded over with some shews of virtue, that it may the more easily winde and insinuate itself into our affections.'

La R.—'*Nos vertus ne sont le plus souvent que des vices déguisés.*'

(2) *Dyke.*—'Our affections when they would have a thing, sharpen our wits, and set them on to devise arguments to serve their turn.'

La R.—'*L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.*'

(3) *Dyke.*—'Another deceit is when our hearts doe privily and secretly (we scarce perceiving it) foist in and closely convey some corruption into our good actions.'

La R.—'*Les vices entrent dans la composition des vertus comme les poisons entrent dans la composition des remèdes.*'

(4) *Dyke.*—'The evill which we are ready to doe is yet by a subtile kind of violence, kept in, so that it comes not forth into the outward act. Thus, many there are that politiquely, by a smooth and close carriage, smother and press in their vices, which if they should break forth, might hinder them in their designes or desires.'

La R.—'*La constance des sages n'est que l'art de renfermer leur agitation dans leur cœur.*'

(5) *Dyke.*—'Another deceit of the heart is when it causeth us to leape from one extreame to another, passing by the meane.'

La R.—'*Plus on aime une maîtresse, plus on est près de la haïr.*'

(6) *Dyke.*—'The deceit of the affection of love is when we think we love men's persons, when indeed we love not their persons, but their riches, honours, reputation in the world, and such-like adjoynts of their persons. The discoverie of this deceit is in the change of estate. When the corne is spent, the rats leave the barne.'

La R.—'*S'il on croit aimer sa maîtresse pour l'amour d'elle, on est bien trompé.*'

'*Nous ne regrettons pas la perte de nos amis selon leur mérite, mais selon nos besoins.*'

'*Ce que les hommes ont nommé amitié n'est qu'un ménagement réciproque d'intérêts.*'

(6) *Dyke.*—'Out of the heart cometh every sort of sin, and suchlike stuffe, even as the rivers run out of the sea.'

La R.—'*Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer.*'

(7) *Dyke.*—'Nothing for a man to be chaste when no provocation to uncleannesse, to be temperate at a leane table when he cannot otherwise choose.'

La R.—'*Quand les vices nous quittent, nous voulons nous flatter que c'est nous qui les quittons.*'

(8) *Dyke.*—'Men are interrupted in the practice of one sinne by reason some other diverts them another way.'

La R.—'*Ce que nous empesche souvent de nous abandonner à un seul vice, est que nous en avons plusieurs.*'

These parallels (and many others might be added) certainly exhibit a genuine similarity of thought, a similarity which would appear more striking if all the quotations from Dyke had been given in Verneuil's French. Take, for example, the following from *La Sonde de la Conscience*: '*Plusieurs s'imaginent qu'ils s'affligent pour les calamitez publiques, quoiqu'à la vérité ce n'est pas pour le bien public qu'ils sont en peine, mais pour ce qui les touche en particulier.*' This is pure La Rochefoucauld. Nor could one find a more pungent commentary on the Fronde. One must, of course, make full allowance for the difference in style. Dyke is diffuse, concrete, illustrative, with a host of Biblical instances always at hand. The Duke's generalisations are often the last word in artful and brilliant brevity.

There were, of course, many causes which predisposed La Rochefoucauld to misanthropy and cynicism. Proud and ambitious by birth and early training, romantic and sensitive by temperament, he encountered a series of shocks and disappointments which made of him a man with a grievance. He had loved and served women, and was betrayed. He had believed in the

possibility of disinterestedness: the Fronde had taught him that there was no such thing. When he settled in Paris he had shed all his youthful illusions. Henceforth he would groan at nothing, be astonished at nothing. Intercourse with Mme. de Sablé's circle only served to give a deeper, a more implacable tone to his disdain. Under the influence of Jansenism and the new craze for psychological analysis, the Duke found that his ideas were defining and clarifying themselves. Moved at once by resentment against human kind, and clutching at a last chance of success and recognition, he sedulously prepared his bombshell. It was the Duke's way of getting his own back. He probably had no interest in reforming mankind; but he thoroughly enjoyed the thought of shocking it out of its fatuous self-approval. To the stern moralists of Port-Royal, La Rochefoucauld may be conceived as saying: 'I will put man into the pillory of self-judgment, and unmask the egotism and hypocrisy of the people who talk so complacently of humanity, of pity and of rectitude. When they have been thus brought under conviction of sin, it is for you to deal evangelically with them.' So that, although La Rochefoucauld was not a religious man, the Port-Royalists recognised in him a sort of collaborator. One of them, indeed, wrote to the Duke: '*On pourrait dire que le Chrétien commence où votre philosophie finit. C'est une école de l'humilité Chrétienne.*'

There can be no doubt that it was in this Jansenist circle that Dyke's unflinching exposure of human egotism and self-deception came under La Rochefoucauld's notice. It powerfully corroborated his own point of view, and stimulated further meditation in the same direction. M. Jovy's verdict is definite: '*La Rochefoucauld a certainement profité de ce recueil d'humilités puritaines. Il l'a médité, et suivant le procédé qu'il appliquait chez Mme. de Sablé, il a ramené les longues digressions de l'auteur anglais à des maximes courtes et ramassées, qui concentrent une foule d'idées et de faits.*'

What an interesting posthumous career for the minister of Coggleshall in Essex!

F. BROMPTON HARVEY

HENRY VAUGHAN AND THE MODERN SPIRIT

It is an interesting and perhaps a significant fact that in this age, of all others, the poet Henry Vaughan should at last be coming into his own. Almost unnoticed in his own troubled period, he was neglected by his immediate successors, who admired the polished minuteness of Dryden and Pope and the dexterous intricacies of Herbert and Herrick, and therefore had no time to waste on one who allowed the rushing torrent of his ideas to make him often oblivious of the minor perfections of the channel through which he expressed them. It was not until 1847, 152 years after his death, that he was rescued from oblivion by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, who edited an edition of Vaughan's *Sacred Poems* for William Pickering, the publisher. Since that time he has been steadily growing in repute; and, while it is probably true that Vaughan will never be a popular poet, there can be no doubt that he has gained during the last 100 years a large and constantly increasing number of understanding admirers amongst those whose feeling for literature is deep and genuine and who are able to appreciate his vivid and beautiful personality.

Vaughan was by nature a recluse. He did not bother his head about posterity, though he seems to have had the true poet's sense of the ultimate value of his work. He did not write for publication or with any missionary sense: he wrote because he could not help it, and it is this, no doubt, which gives his work its lovely spontaneity. He lived his day-to-day existence as a country doctor, observing and enjoying everything that went on around him, and holding his daily intimate converse with his Creator. He died after thirty years of silence, almost unknown except to his patients and a few Oxford friends, and was buried under his own sublimely humble epitaph:

SERVUS INUTILIS,
PECCATOR MAXIMUS,
HIC JACEO.
GLORIA! MISERERE!

Thus he lived, wrote and died in willing humility and obscurity; yet his quiet words have survived, and are at last making themselves heard after nearly 200 years.

This, as we have said, is an interesting and possibly a significant fact. One cannot well imagine anything more remote from the spirit of this age than the life, death, and works of Henry Vaughan; and yet we find him now for the first time becoming widely known and deeply loved. It is true that nowadays the imperfections of form which blinded earlier generations to the beauty of his thought are much more readily overlooked, and also that his work has one outstanding quality which must commend it particularly to the more serious-minded members of the younger generation. This is an age which greatly respects sincerity; and the simple sincerity of Vaughan is as radiant as one of his own 'calme, golden evenings.' But sincerity by itself, however much it may command respect, does not necessarily inspire anything else; and, since there seems to be something warmer than respect in the attitude of Vaughan's admirers, it follows that there must be something more than mere sincerity to attract them. It may be that the very sharpness of the contrast between his life and his attitude and those of most people in the present generation has been an additional source of interest and curiosity. A country doctor who lived a life of quiet contentment with his daily work, and who wrote poetry without any apparent wish to advertise the fact or to make anything out of it, seems to our commercialised and publicity-ridden minds a perfect freak, and arouses, therefore, the universal human curiosity about the un- or super-natural. Or it may be that out of the restlessness and uncertainty and towering shadows of our time we turn with pleasure and relief to the sureness and simplicity and light which Henry Vaughan expressed. If this is so, there may be hope for us. We have much, no doubt, that he lacked; he certainly had very much that is precious that would be far to seek to-day.

At the very root of that radiance which is characteristic of the best of Vaughan's work is his sense of a close personal relationship with God. It is an interesting relationship of a rather unusual kind—as sane and simple as Vaughan could not fail to be in everything. There was once a child who said of its mother, 'O, mummy, I am glad of you!'; and in much the same way Vaughan was 'glad of' his Creator, which implies an intense and vivid consciousness of His actuality.

> My dear Redeemer, the worlds light,
> And life too, and my hearts delight!
> For all thy mercies and thy truth
> Shew'd to me in my sinful youth,

> For my sad failings and my wilde
> Murmurings at thee, when most milde :
> For all my secret faults, and each
> Frequent relapse and wilful breach,
> For all designs meant against thee,
> And ev'ry publish'd vanity
> Which thou divinely hast forgiven,
> While thy blood wash'd me white as heaven :
> I nothing have to give to thee,
> But this thy own gift, given to me ;
> Refuse it not ! for now thy *Token*
> Can tell thee where a heart is broken.

These lines from the dedication of his book of *Sacred Poems*—to 'My most merciful, my most loving, and dearly loved Redeemer, the ever-blessed, the onely Holy and Just One, Jesus Christ'—show us at once, before we have turned the first page, how deep, how intimate, and how personal was this consciousness. That Vaughan ever came to share so intimate an experience with his readers may seem extraordinary ; it can, however, be satisfactorily explained by the fact that Vaughan's poems were not originally intended for publication, and, moreover, Vaughan evidently possessed the utter unself-consciousness of the genuine mystic to whom God is all, and the setting forth of His glory.

And here, at the very root of all he has to say, we find Vaughan most deeply at variance with the trend of modern feeling. There must be many individuals nowadays who share, or at least understand, this vivid personal relationship of Vaughan's—the world is, fortunately, never entirely without them ; but the conceptions of most of us are far more vague and less satisfying. Since the days of Henry Vaughan we have been pushing our knowledge further and further towards the limits of the universe, and our human problems, too, have become appalling in their complexity. We are left at the mercy of impersonal life, forces which are as remote from Vaughan's intimacy with his 'dear Redeemer' as is the conception of a kind of heavenly social reformer at the other end of the scale. We are not 'glad of God' nowadays—or at least, very few of us are. If we consider Him at all, we are rather puzzled and perhaps a little annoyed by Him. Such was not Henry Vaughan.

As a natural consequence of his 'gladness of God,' there arises another characteristic of Vaughan's which we in our latter-day wisdom have for the most part foregone ; I mean his gladness of whatever God shall send him—which includes the whole material of his daily life

> Lord, with what courage, and delight
> I doe each thing

When thy least breath sustaines my wing!
I shine, and move
Like those above,
And (with much gladnesse
Quitting sadnesse)
Make me faire dayes of every night.
Affliction thus, meere pleasure is,
And hap what will,
If thou be in't, 'tis welcome still;
But since thy rayes
In Sunnie dayes
Thou dost thus lend
And freely spend,
Ah! what shall I return for this?

This attitude must have been uncommon in Vaughan's time; it seems to be almost extinct to-day. We do not fundamentally believe in acceptance, for many reasons. One reason is the appalling complexity of our daily life, which, if we give way to it, not only makes it almost impossible for us to do each thing with 'courage and delight,' but even makes it very difficult for us to do each thing at all with any degree of reasoned coherence and completeness. This makes us uncomfortable and restless—always trying to escape, and yet always going round and round, like a squirrel in a wheel. Another reason is that to us, perhaps sub-consciously, acceptance savours of cowardice, of an unwillingness to spend and be spent—it seems a trifle smug. If we analyse this sub-conscious feeling, we may end by priding ourselves on our state of 'divine discontent'; if we do not analyse it, we merely grow more restless and uncomfortable and end by feeling that nothing is worth while; and we go on running round and round, faster and faster in our wheel, till we turn dizzy and forget all about it. And yet there is nothing smug in Vaughan: there is, however, a divine and creative acceptance of which we know next to nothing.

This may be because our eyes have been so rudely opened by the war and its results, which have driven home so bitterly all that is mean and loathsome in mankind, and which have made so much that was glorious appear futile, that we hesitate to believe in any radiance, any glory; nay, we not only hesitate to believe, we deliberately turn our eyes away from it lest we should come to believe, and later on suffer once more the terrible disillusionment. And so our spiritual sense is dimmed—crushed out of us, or deliberately suppressed by us lest it be even more hideously wounded. Vaughan's spiritual sense was intensely alive: he found the deepest significance in all the everyday things around him. He could not even hear the cock crow without an outburst of ecstatic commentary:

Father of lights! what Sunnie seed,
What glance of day hast thou confin'd
Into this bird? To all the breed
This busie Ray thou hast assign'd;
Their magnetisme works all night,
And dreams of Paradise and light.

Their eyes watch for the morning hue,
Their little grain expelling night
So shines and sings, as if it knew
The path unto the house of light.
It seems their candle, howe'r done,
Was tinn'd and lighted at the sunne.

If such a tincture, such a touch,
So firm a longing can impowre
Shall thy own image think it much
To watch for thy appearing hour?
If a meer blast so fill the sail,
Shall not the breath of God prevail?

. . . . . .

If joyes, and hopes, and earnest throws,
And hearts, whose Pulse beats still for light
Are given to birds; who, but thee, knows
A love-sick souls exalted flight?
Can souls be track'd by any eye
But his, who gave them wings to flie?

We know so much more than Vaughan knew, or we think we do—we can cram so much more into twenty-four hours than he could have conceived—that our thought and feeling, like our lives, tend to become more and more complex and distracted. And the spiritual sense which could have kept the balance, and which is the only touchstone of true values, is in abeyance. Spiritual vision may be utterly profound, but it is always one—always direct and simple. Vaughan's simplicity is luminous. It is true that the expression of his thought is often obscure, and sometimes almost impossible to unravel; the thought itself, however, is almost always simple and limpid, and the obscurity generally seems to be the result of over-compression—he tries to pack greater significance into his words than they will hold. When he comes, as he often does, to the simplest of expression and simplicity of thought, he has about him that childlike quality which is of the essence of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Stars are of mighty use: The night
Is dark, and long;
The Rode foul, and where one goes right,
Six may go wrong.
One twinkling ray
Shot o'r some cloud,
May clear much way
And guide a croud.

Gods Saints are shining lights : who stays
Here long must passe
O're dark hills, swift streames, and steep ways
As smooth as glasse ;
But these all night
Like Candles, shed
Their beams, and light
Us into Bed.

Heavenly nursery-rhymes such as this are not natural to us nowadays; we are too complex, too morbid, too much wrapped up in ourselves. We wear ourselves out. New sensation after new sensation takes its toll of our senses, until we become incapable of any intensity of feeling. Now, intensity is the child of simplicity, and comes to birth from it without effort in the heavenly glow of Vaughan's mind. And intensity in terms of faith, hope, and love breeds ecstasy and rapture—the true and tireless ecstasy that mounts on eagle's wings, the deep and holy rapture that glows with living fire.

O Joyes ! Infinite sweetnes ! with what flowres,
And shoots of glory, my soul breakes and buds !
All the long houres
Of night, and Rest
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep, and Clouds,
This Dew fell on my Breast ;
O how it *Blouds*,
And *Spirits* all my Earth ! heark ! In what *Rings*,
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes, and sings ;
The rising winds,
And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
- - - - -
O let me climbe
When I lye down ! The Pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though sed
To shed their light
Under some Cloud
Yet are above,
And shine, and move
Beyond that mistie shrowd.
So in my Bed
That Curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp, and life, both shall in thee abide.

There have been false and sentimental raptures and ecstasies which exhausted both body and spirit and wilted whatever they touched. We in this veil-rending age have rightly spurned them.

But such ecstasy as that of Henry Vaughan is a precious thing: we have lost the secret of it; there is always a doubt, a question, a reservation in our highest moments. We have perhaps rooted up the wheat with the tares; we have destroyed something genuine in our anxiety to root out what was false.

It is a commonplace that the spiritual consciousness may be of two kinds; we may be aware of spiritual forces dwelling within and expressing themselves through ourselves, our fellow-men and nature; or we may be aware of them as existing and working outside and above ourselves and the universe. With the first of these forms of consciousness and Vaughan's expression of it in poems such as *Cock-crowing* we have already dealt. That he was not lacking in the second is shown by lines such as the following from one of his best-known poems, *The World*:

> I saw Eternity the other night
> Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
> All calm, as it was bright,
> And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
> Driv'n by the spheres
> Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
> And all her train were hurl'd.

It is perhaps the abeyance of this consciousness—the lack of any sense of something infinitely greater than ourselves which is yet accessible and near to us—which is at any rate partly responsible for the weariness and confusion which we find on every side. It is another aspect of our legacy from the war: the war, which made us afraid to believe in indwelling loveliness, drove us likewise to think of any vision of transcendent goodness and beauty as a fraud, or, at best, as an anaesthetic against the agony of life. To know the utter immensity of an empty universe is a poor substitute for the vision of a luminous eternity like Vaughan's.

Vaughan knew and travelled the way of joy. Even his sense of sin led him to rejoice in the fact of his redemption. From the first page of his book of *Sacred Poems* until the last his heart is turned towards the God in Whom he rejoiced—it is never corroded with the bitter poison of self. Even in his rare moments of depression he

> . . . felt through all this fleshly dresse
> Bright *shootes* of everlastingnesse.

And when he turns to the contemplation of death it is thus that he refers to it:

> Dear, beauteous death! the Jewel of the Just,
> Shining no where, but in the dark;
> What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
> Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may know
    At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,
    That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
    Call to the soul, when man doth sleep
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
    And into glory peep.

Even his body after death is committed to his Maker :

O thou ! the first fruits of the dead
    And their dark bed,
When I am cast into that deep
    And senseless sleep
  The wages of my sinne,
    O then,
Thou great Preserver of all men !
    Watch o're that loose
    And empty house,
  Which I sometimes liv'd in.

It is (in truth) a ruin'd peece
    Not worth thy Eyes,
And scarce a room but wind, and rain
    Beat through, and stain
  The seats, and Cells within ;
    Yet thou
Led by thy Love wouldst stoop thus low,
    And in this Cott
    All filth, and spott,
Didst with thy servant Inne.

He was happy and he was sane ; he enjoyed everything. His spiritual life was the source of his joy, and this gave it its deep and universal character ; but he also appreciated and loved and made the most of—enjoyed, in short—the smallest and most ordinary details of daily life. This must have added very much to his ability to help ordinary people in the course of his practice as a doctor. He was a great mystic—for many people he is among the greatest ; but his mysticism was not remote and separated from his daily life—it permeated and glorified it, and was always tempered by his radiant common-sense and sense of humour. He was a disciplinarian too—all the more because it is self-discipline that he believes in ; and his long poem *Rules and Lessons* is full of worldly wisdom as well as the heavenly sort. In this he is once more at variance with our age, which does not, at any rate superficially, believe in discipline. Without the faintest trace of vanity or conceit he was nevertheless quietly sure of his vocation and its worth. He might have said, with Dürer, that the power was not in him, but through him.

Let us sum up the points of contrast between his outlook and ours. Vaughan believed passionately in God; we, at best, perhaps, speculate about Him. He rejoiced quite simply in everything that came his way, and with the instant and unconscious alchemy of a radiant and beautiful mind turned it all to riches both for himself and for later generations; we tend to drift restlessly from experience to new experience in a state of half-conscious discontent which is far from being either divine or creative. His sense of spiritual realities was glowing and alive; we have allowed our vision to become dim and ravaged, rotted by cynicism or broken by suffering. His thought and feeling were simple, direct and intense; ours are often confused and distracted, without direction or force. His whole being was devoted to the service of a great spiritual power outside himself, but intimate and near: we, who can find nothing greater than ourselves to turn to, are fettered by introspection, dazzled by glittering abstractions, and stunned by the immensities of the physical universe which we have discovered but cannot understand. What is it, then, that draws us to him? Is it only a vaguely wistful half-consciousness that he represents something of our own that we have lost—something rather beautiful and precious that we shall not readily regain? Or is it that somewhere, deeply buried beneath our bitterest cynicism, our sorest wounds, our hardest crust, most of us still possess, like Vaughan's cock, a heart 'whose Pulse beats still for light,' which is stirred, however dimly, to response by the transfiguring radiance of Vaughan's verse?

There was much that was false, much that was rotten, at the heart of our spiritual life before the war. Outwardly we conformed; inwardly there was an emptiness far worse than the confused and seething mass of mingled cynicism and superstition which possesses us now. Was it perhaps necessary that that hollow shell should be destroyed—that we should realise with horror its essential emptiness, that we should experience the shattering of our illusions, and that out of the welter and confusion we should turn to those who, like the quiet Silurist, can show us the way to a deeper vision and a wider understanding which no cataclysm shall be able to shake because it is founded on reality? It is universally acknowledged that in art and science some men have been ahead of their time; this is far more essentially true in the realm of the spirit, where achievement is independent of material conditions and vision is not controlled by climatic vagaries or scientific instruments. Vaughan was a pioneer of the spirit—he was one of the discoverers of the Kingdom of Heaven; and in turning to him, although he lived 300 years ago, we are looking, not back, but forward. If there is anything at all in this theory—if it is in any sense true that our quickening interest in

Henry Vaughan is to some extent a sign of the times—let us not forget that we have very far to go, lest we lose heart. We may have much to suffer, too; but if only we can learn not to be afraid of darkness and quiet—if only we can learn not to run away from ourselves, not to be perpetually on the defensive—in time our minds and hearts may pass out of their confused and restless twilight into the deep and healing peace of the night that is full of promise:

> Dear night! this worlds defeat;
> The stop to busie fools; cares check and curb;
> The day of Spirits; my souls calm retreat
> Which none disturb!
> *Christ's* progress, and his prayer time;
> The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.
>
> Gods silent, searching flight:
> When my Lords head is fill'd with dew, and all
> His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
> His still, soft call;
> His knocking time; The souls dumb watch,
> When Spirits their fair kindred catch.
>
> Were all my loud, evil days
> Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark Tent,
> Whose peace but by some *Angels* wing or voice
> Is seldom rent;
> Then I in Heaven all the long year
> Would keep, and never wander here.
>
> But living where the Sun
> Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
> Themselves and others, I consent and run
> To ev'ry myre,
> And by this worlds ill-guiding light,
> Erre more than I can do by night.
>
> There is in God (some say)
> A deep, but dazling darkness; As men here
> Say it is late and dusky, because they
> See not all clear;
> O for that night! where I in him
> Might live invisible and dim.

CHRISTINA CHAPIN.

MILNER[1]

Mr. Cecil Headlam's second volume of *The Milner Papers* could not have appeared at a more opportune moment. Challenged dramatically, the issues clear-cut as rarely in the evolution of systems of government, democracy is at bay in all modern States where it has not already been hustled off the field. Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler have created for themselves autocratic offices, superimposed by them on the existing Constitutions of their respective countries, for which these Constitutions did not provide. Mr Roosevelt is endeavouring to expand the American Presidency, with less departure from constitutional precedent, into an individual autocracy as opposed in principle to the doctrine of government of the people by the people as the autocracies now established in Italy and Germany. Those who favour, openly, hesitatingly or subconsciously, such a change in England are asking, Where is the man?

Of the English statesmen of the last fifty years probably none was more fitted to fill such a *rôle* than Milner, and the Papers published in this volume, covering the period from the outbreak of war in South Africa in 1899 to the return of Milner to England in 1905, show him struggling against the democratic system at the height of its power, attempting—as in the proposal to suspend the Constitution of Cape Colony in 1902 to pave the way for reconstruction—to free himself from its trammels, but neverthe-less using it for more solid achievement in constructive statesman-ship than any other man of his time, until it finally overwhelmed him. Democracy, if the party system is essential to its practice in England, has never recovered from the price which it had to pay for his defeat. His introduction of Chinese labour in the Johannesburg mines—misrepresented by methods so unscrupulous that they were disowned by the official representatives of the Liberal Party—was used by that party for electioneering purposes in January 1905 to discredit the party which had supported him. In thus securing a decisive victory at the polls the Liberal Party did even more than had hitherto been done to destroy confidence

[1] *The Milner Papers (South Africa)*. 1899–1905 (edited by Cecil Headlam). vol ii. Cassell & Co., Ltd

in parliamentary politics and to demonstrate that the democratic system—at any rate, as developed in the land of its modern rebirth—was incompatible with a continuity of constructive statesmanship; and yet many far-sighted people had already perceived that such continuity was essential if the crash which came nine years later was to be averted.

By 1905 Milner, who was blessed with a freedom from illusions denied to most mortal men, saw that the system would beat him and had already begun to turn his thoughts to the manner in which his experience could be of the greatest service to posterity. Writing in March of that year to Lady Edward Cecil (now Lady Milner), he said:

But the system is wrong. . . . I set sail in a rotten ship. By the help of the High Gods I may get her into port somehow. Clearly it is my duty to do all that I can to that end, not to leave her (unless the rudder is taken out of my hands) until she is in port. But I am under no obligation to take another voyage in her. The day might come—who knows?—when I should have the opportunity of pointing out, *why* we make such a mess of things, and make the burden on the true-hearted servants of the country so unnecessarily heavy, *where* the system is wrong. But I should not attempt that for a long time, not till I could see my own experiences at a true perspective, till personal bitterness had died out of me, as it readily does, with rest and time, and I could speak of it all coolly, with balance, with calm and therefore carrying a conviction, which I could not carry while still heated from the fray and where people might think that anger, disappointment, or some personal interest clouded my judgment. From a calm distance, as a man who is out of the fray for ever, with nothing to gain or lose, I think I might, if I lived and things so shaped themselves, make my *experience* of use to future labourers.

From the attainment of that 'calm distance' Milner was, however, headed off by fate. After his return from South Africa, while still of an age when one is stirred by the zest for action, he felt himself justified in striving to give practical effect to his political ideas, trying more than one closed door, embarking on several likely streams. In 1913, in a period later than that covered by these Papers, he sums up the futility of such endeavours in an Introduction to a collection of his speeches, published under the title *The Nation and the Empire*. He there asks what are the opportunities before a 'good citizen of the Empire' to take his part in Imperial affairs, and can only answer:

He may write academic treatises, which nobody will read. He may join associations 'of a non-party character,' to promote this or that object of Imperial interest and help to pass platonic resolutions, which will be as water on a duck's back to the Minister to whom they are forwarded. But if he desires to achieve anything practical, he must throw in his lot with some political party, and earn, by vigorous swashbuckling in the field of party politics, for which he may have neither aptitude nor liking, the chance

of occasionally being listened to on the questions which he really cares about and understands.'

Then came the Great War, and Milner was given his fill of mighty achievement. Refitting mentally and physically after these colossal labours, he enviously watched his friend Clemenceau, who had attained to the 'calm distance,' working the threads of his experience as a fellow-labourer into a philosophical woof. When speaking of this to some of us he seemed to be still looking forward to a like opportunity. But the hand of death intervened. The unnatural strain of the war had broken down, for him as for many others, Nature's kindly support of spiritual resistance to physical decay.

Can the message which Milner felt he had for 'future labourers' now be handed on? Those of us who worked under him—fellow-labourers, we know he would have called us—are more and more convinced as our experience enlarges that there were qualities in Milner, not only of a high and rare moral order, but practically effective—a unique combination of the statesman and philosopher with the trained administrator, a knowledge deeper than that possessed by others of our time (and acquired in what schools?) of the capacity and of the weakness of the democratic machinery we have inherited, of the strength and limitations of the character of the British people to fulfil the destiny which Providence has entrusted to them. We know that he had amassed so unequalled an experience of what could be done in the conditions that are, such a knowledge as to how these conditions, without over-straining the forces which give them their vitality, could and should be remoulded to the possibility of higher achievement, that a record of that experience is to us quite plainly a birthright which posterity will demand of us. We are therefore deeply moved by feelings of gratitude towards Lady Milner, to whose unshaken and untiring devotion we owe this most sure and solid foundation to that record.

In selecting Mr Cecil Headlam to prepare these two first instalments Lady Milner has shown sound judgment; for, granted the plan of the work, nobody could have fashioned it with greater skill. He has brought the mind of a scholar and a writer to the selection of his material and to the difficult task of welding a collection of letters into a consecutive story, the unbroken thread being assured by historical intercalations, which, in restrained and, on the whole, impartial manner, relate the political and other circumstances which the letters illustrate. It is not history or biography which that plan allowed; but the historian of the future will find here much new and authoritative material for his work, and the biographer, if one should arise to make Milner live as Mr. Basil Williams has made Rhodes live for South Africa and the

Empire, must base his work on Mr Headlam's masterly achievement.[1] But, none the less, this is a book which should be in the hands, now, of every statesman, of every student of Imperial affairs, and above all, as I suggested at the outset, of everybody who is practically interested in the immediate problem facing every British patriot: how far the democratic system which we cherish is to be replaced or modified to bring it into working harmony with the narrow nationalism and autocratic centralisation to which other nations are succumbing.

To a remarkable extent, considering the indignation that the treatment of Milner on occasion by his contemporaries must have stirred within him, the author has succeeded in standing aloof from the 'heat of the fray.' He has, I think, never deliberately included in his extracts from letters anything which Milner himself would have censured as showing 'personal bitterness.' But he is under the disadvantage that, the plan of his book being chronological rather than historical or biographical, he has not been able to pass over some letters, obviously the relaxations of a seemingly indefatigable but tired mind off-loading on to close friends the overburden of the moment. Some of these, as I have suggested, are in no way helpful to the elucidation of history, nor do they contribute to a true portrait of Milner as seen by his contemporaries and his friends.

How far letters of this kind may be made public is a question on which opinions may differ, and cannot be adequately discussed in an incidental paragraph in a review. In these days of the telephone probably fewer of them will be left on record, for their motive is generally an almost irresistible desire for the support of a friendly hearing. In the past the written word—which proverbially remains—was the only means of such contact with a distant friend. And even to-day, how many of us when hard-pressed seek the solace of friendship in this way, just writing 'private and confidential,' or some such words, at the head of a sheet of paper and then letting ourselves go—knowing that we can be careless in expression, and that a mind, prejudiced in our favour, will make allowance, fill up the blanks, and dismiss as due to momentary weakness any falling off from our own code of thought or conduct. Must we stop writing such letters because we fear that some day they may be read by others with no such key to our character? Life would be a much more drab and stern business than it is if we were thus deprived of these secret retreats for a harassed mind, much more formal and priggish if there were no such admitted licence of friendship.

[1] Sir Edward Grigg has given an admirable, though necessarily condensed, appreciation of Milner in *The Post-Victorians*, and Mrs Chapin some extraordinarily vivid sketches of his personality in *Their Trackless Way*.

On the whole, I am inclined to regret the inclusion in this record of some extracts from letters of this personal kind. To take the most unfortunate instance, an allusion to Kitchener as a 'strong self-willed man "in a hurry" (for he is dying to be off in time to take India)'. Milner would have been the first to sympathise with Kitchener's ambition to become Commander-in-Chief in India, to recognise that it was his due and, as a friend, to hope with him that the war would be over in time for him to accept the appointment when it became vacant. But his mind was incapable of conceiving the idea—he would have considered it unworthy of Kitchener and himself—that Kitchener was allowing this consideration to influence his conduct of the Boer War and that he was trying to patch up an inconclusive peace. But that is how the remark may be interpreted by lesser minds who read it to-day. It is the chronological rather than the biographical method underlying the plan of this book which makes extracts such as this dangerous. had they, pointed and balanced, been placed in proper context to illuminate an outlook or phase of character their use would have been legitimate and above all criticism. The unprejudiced reader will have to do this for himself, and he may wish to adopt as his attitude that indicated by Milner in an extract from a letter to Lady Edward Cecil in May 1903. Here Milner, less in sympathy with Chamberlain's attitude than possibly at any other time, unburdens himself intimately:

Joe is an extraordinary man—quite on the big lines. Under a different system, he really might federate the Empire. . . . He has most comical weaknesses—look at his impressionability. The most ridiculous incidents—and people—temporarily affect him, and may cause him to make great mistakes. But the effect is only temporary. In the long run he is swayed by big permanent ideas, and they are not external to him, but wherever he gets them from, *they have roots inside him*, which alone can insure any vitality to a policy or any greatness to its possessor. . . . I never, even to myself, criticise Joe without hastily adding 'but it is not his fault'. One is so grateful for greatness anywhere. It is a sort of *lèse majesté* of the worst description to undermine it.

Of such *lèse majesté* towards any of Milner's contemporaries no friend of his would willingly be guilty, certainly not within the unwritten statute of limitations, which may be taken as safeguarding the period in which personal interests and reputations are not yet merged in the common national tradition.

These Papers start with the Boer invasion of Natal in October 1899 and close with Milner's retirement from public life in 1905. Within these years he accomplished that work in South Africa which is his claim to a foremost place among the great statesmen of the British Empire. The part that he played later in the Great War, finally contributing possibly more than any other statesman

to victory by instituting the unity of command, is for the studen of his life little more than a reminder of what great talent wa lying neglected at the disposal of his country for nine years. Bu these Papers explain how Milner, as master of his fate, at leas twice deliberately chose a course which led away from that futur commanding position in the government of England and th Empire which would have been an irresistible goal to other men In October 1903 Mr. Chamberlain retired from the Colonia Secretaryship and urged Milner to accept Balfour's pressing offe of the vacant Office. The story is well told in these pages, bu no reference is made to the fact that behind Balfour's genuin appreciation of Milner's statesmanship lay undoubtedly the hop that his acceptance of office in the Cabinet would do more than anything else could do at that time to bolster up a tottering Government. Of this Milner was of course aware. But howeve much that may have weighed with him, in the other scale was th knowledge that here was a chance, that might not come again of admission to the inner circles of government and a standing tha would insure his future career. Looking back now, his refusa can be seen as England's loss; the nine years shortly to follow with no 'inside' power to mould national policy, would not hav been wasted—as we must now consider them when we are able t realise what might have been had Milner brought his experienc into the guidance of Imperial policy at a time when the existenc of the Empire and of civilisation hung in the balance.

To appreciate his refusal one has to understand the man an his training. Living in an age when bureaucracy is supreme—ha indeed replaced the Monarch and the Cabinet as the despoti power, never absent from our system of government, but merel shifted as a centre of gravity as the massed overload of th electorate has increased—we are apt to regard the respectiv functions of statesman and administrator as supplementary to on another; for they are as independent of one another nowaday as, for example, those of the architect and the engineer. Milne and Chamberlain were among the last, if not the very last, of those who knew no such specialised division of labour. They were no content merely to devise plans to be handed over to others t correct, to adapt to practical requirements, and to carry out Administration to them was the end of statesmanship, which itself required a knowledge of practical conditions if its object—and no other was conceivable to them—was to get things *done* and not merely to keep the ship of State on an even keel. Milner was a great statesman-administrator, all the greater becaus it was in the school of administration, first in the English Civi Service, then in Egypt under Cromer, that he had passed hi apprenticeship for statesmanship. It was therefore impossible

whatever wider or seemingly more far-reaching considerations weighed with him at this crisis in his own career, to abandon his work in South Africa, which was only just taking shape. Possibly, fretted by the great pressure which was brought to bear on him, his generous nature was cheered by the thought that he was not forsaking those who still depended on him in a distant land.

The second opportunity, in infinitely less favourable circumstances, came to him in 1905. A letter which I wrote to him in June of that eventful year is quoted among these papers. Milner was on his way home, and only his friends knew his movements. Chamberlain had sent for me and asked me where Milner was. I said that he was coming back from South Africa by the East Coast, by easy stages, getting some rest. Chamberlain briefly replied 'Tell him to come back and face the music.' I demurred, reminding him that Milner liked nothing so much as 'facing the music,' and that the implication might exercise undue pressure on him, but that anyhow I was sure he would not fling himself into the coming election. I obeyed, however, in writing to him and implored him to come back to lead us, adding, I think in this letter (if so, charitably omitted by Mr Headlam), certain observations on the leaders then vouchsafed us. Many similar, and far weightier, requests came to him, but a breathing space was necessary and he was left to make his own platform. The result is summed up in the words I have quoted earlier from his Introduction to *The Nation and the Empire*.

In the first volume of these Papers it was shown how the military support which Milner thought essential to prevent war in South Africa had failed him; this opens with the sorry story of military unpreparedness for the Boer War when it came. One burns with shame when one reads the long tale of incompetence and worse to which these Papers give additional revelation. One's humiliation is relieved by the thought that without this miserable experience Haldane would have found it impossible to obtain from British politicians the support he required to carry through the reorganisation which produced an efficient Expeditionary Force in 1914. Bewildered and powerless, anxious not to interfere with the generals in their own business, Milner is seen fully conscious that almost every possible elementary mistake is being made. I wondered, when I read this part of the story, whether any good was being done—indeed, whether public confidence in the military profession itself would not be permanently destroyed—by the publication of Milner's observations as an onlooker of 'this avalanche of military incompetence which has nearly swept the British Empire away.' Soldiers in whose judgment I have confidence take, on the other hand, no exception to these further disclosures. Briefly they force the conclusion on any

impartial reader that the only reason why the British forces were not driven into the seas surrounding the coasts of Natal and Cape Colony was to be found in the incompetence of the Boer generals to follow up their victories. In January 1900, when at last Roberts and Kitchener, appointed by the Government responsible for these disasters to meet the rising indignation at home, arrived at Cape Town, Milner dismisses the past with the observation, 'I feel now that at least we shan't be shot sitting.'

Milner's relations with Roberts and Kitchener, amply illustrated in these pages, should be studied by all those who are still endeavouring to derive from the lessons of the Great War some guidance as to the proper co-ordination of the civil and military authority in the control of military operations. His personal feeling towards each of these great soldiers is interesting and explains much that happened. It is illustrated by two remarks. Of Roberts he says:

> that wonderful old creature with a heart of gold, who alone seems untouched by jealousy, egotism, pettiness. . . . Not that others have not done good work . . . many have . . . but it needed someone like him at the head to bring out the good there was. Otherwise I believe we should still have gone stumbling from disaster to disaster.

Of Kitchener:

> His personal impact is great. . . . I am not very influenceable in that sort of way, but I am conscious of his deflecting me at times a little from my course and against my judgment.

Milner, while not interfering, sums up in a letter to Chamberlain of February 21, 1900, his own misgivings as to the conduct of military operations in the past and his new fear of the reactions which may follow Roberts' strategy, the chief aim of which was to find the enemy where he was, beat him and get him on the run. He says:

> I was opposed to the division of the Army Corps, in order to relieve Ladysmith. I was opposed to General Buller going to Natal. I am opposed to the policy of swelling the enormous force in the Free State by leaving the Colesberg-Naauwpoort line dangerously weak and Pruska altogether unguarded. In all these cases I temperately expressed my dissent from the course being adopted, and having done that, I can only hope that I may prove to be as wrong in the last case as I was unfortunately right in the two former. But, whether right or wrong, I have been overruled, and as far as any credit or any blame for the result goes, I am completely out of it.

He was right in the last case; the civilian had the knowledge which the soldier could not possess. Through the unguarded line the Boer commandos filtered, rebellion broke out in Cape Colony, and the war was prolonged.

With Kitchener his disagreements were more profound, for Kitchener was a statesman as well as a soldier—a combination of functions which has been incompatible with constitutional development in England since the days of Marlborough, who exercised them both with genius and handed down a tradition dangerous for soldiers who still look up to him as their model. Here it can only be noted that the disclosures—as to the actual length to which Kitchener, apparently with authority from home, could go in negotiating for peace with the Boers without Milner's knowledge—are startling.

The hardest of the tasks with which Mr Headlam was faced was to give due place—in a scene of chaos, amidst which a civil government endeavoured first to restore order behind barbed wire and block-houses, then to adjust democratic constitutional impulses to a form of autocratic control—to that side of his work by which Milner is still and always will be remembered in South Africa, that 'indestructible work,' as some of us heard it described by Lord Selborne, his successor. To build free institutions on firm foundations, to bring economic prosperity into territories which had escaped the progress of civilisation, to develop a common nationality which could take its place fittingly within the British Empire—never, in modern times, had a more attractive opportunity presented itself to a statesman-administrator.

It is perhaps regrettable, though inevitable, that this record of that part of his work should be compiled from an English rather than a South African point of view, and that it consequently devotes itself more than is necessary to a defence of the Englishman against his South African detractors. For what will live longest of what Milner did was his work as a South African, and it may safely be predicted that in future histories of that country he will be regarded as one of her greatest constructive statesmen. Possibly nobody but Chamberlain would have had the courage to entrust the reconstruction of the conquered Colonies to Milner, on whom his enemies among the English and the Dutch threw the whole responsibility for the war. Already, seizing on the most damaging analogy in history, he was being held up to the Dutch as a reincarnation of Alva. Chamberlain faced this with his usual directness, when, coming out to South Africa himself in 1903, he firmly installed Milner in his new position. In his farewell speech at Capetown he said:

> I know there are people who talk of Lord Milner as if he were a hard man, inclined always to arbitrary and even tyrannical methods. There can be no greater travesty of the truth than that; and if these people had seen him, as I have had the privilege of seeing him at work; if they could have seen his patient and personal attention to every grievance that was brought to his knowledge, his devotion to the details of every branch

of his administration, his constant endeavour to find new methods of benefiting every class of the population . . . to restore those who have suffered during the war to their old prosperity . . . they would themselves be the first to be ashamed of their suspicions.

One of the chief assets which Milner brought to this work was, as is shown again and again in these Papers, a respect for the Boers and a warm admiration of the dignity and courage they had displayed in adversity. Indications of this appeared in the first volume, where he was constantly seen carefully distinguishing, in his letters home as well as in his speeches, between the Boers and the corrupt government which he was determined to destroy. Trekking after the war in the country districts, whenever he was able to free himself from the burdens of officialdom, this respect deepened and reciprocal respect for him slowly developed among the Boers, fostered by the perfect loyalty of his two immediate lieutenants—Sir Arthur Lawley in the Transvaal, and Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams in the Orange River Colony.

By his own nature, strengthened by his training under Cromer, Milner was, in the jargon of to-day, a 'planner.' Had he been given the freedom from interference which ten years of Chamberlain at the Colonial Office would have insured him, his stupendous plan for the reconstruction of a sub-continent might have been one of the greatest achievements in the records of government. That his success was only partial was, as I have endeavoured to show, due to the democratic system which controlled him. In South Africa such representative institutions as existed (his failure to obtain the suspension of the Cape Constitution is fully related in these Papers), or were set up in the new Colonies as a concession to convention, preferred present freedom to far-sighted policy. In the Transvaal even the official members on the nominated Legislative Council, with 300 years of parliamentary tradition in their blood, considered themselves free arbiters on the proposals which came to the Council from him for legislative sanction. The most glaring instance of this was our refusal (how wrong and short-sighted we were events will show conclusively in the future) to support his proposal for the extension of the franchise to the 'coloured' people. And finally, resenting the interference and obstruction of Downing Street in our daily work, from which even Milner was powerless to protect us, some of us were in favour of the granting of full Representative Government without the delay of a transitional period—a course incompatible with the complete success of his plan.[1]

Did the plan fail? In a footnote to these Papers a detached

[1] It will be of significance to those interested in this irresistible tendency to manage our own affairs that the vote of the official members of the Transvaal Legislative Council was solid in favour of the Chinese Labour Ordinance

saying of Milner, when he revisited South Africa in 1924–25, is quoted. 'We have made this country for the Boers. They never could have done it for themselves.' I [illegible] Lord Selborne's saying that Milner's work was indestructible. Many of us who have watched developments in that country believe that as time passes and events justify Milner's foresight more and more, by the slow devious route which he foresaw [illegible] will be attained. In these Papers space has not allowed that more than a summary narration of that plan should be given, and little more than an honourable mention of [illegible] who worked for carrying it out under Milner's [illegible]. Of those colleagues the one who has already seen the greatest fruits of his labours is probably Mr. F. B. Smith, who, starting under Milner's encouragement and direction, [illegible] for several years and revolutionised agriculture throughout the Union. I can only talk with knowledge of one small part of it, but that part Milner always [illegible] understand he regarded as the foundation of the whole—Education.

Education was practically the first constructive work which Milner started. On [illegible] considerable [illegible]. Thanks to that touch of genius which distinguished Mr. E. B. Sargant, during the war itself schools were opened in the refugee camps [illegible] (and in [illegible]) and staffed with teachers drawn from all parts of the Empire. Their success was striking. Immediately after the declaration of peace in 1902 I obtained Lord Milner's approval to a scheme by which this work [illegible] continued unbroken. [illegible] the Boer families returned to their farms the teachers, who had already become their friends, should accompany them. Volunteers were called for, and nearly all the teachers responded. They were almost all women. A waggon, a dwelling-tent, a school marquee, and a 'unit' of furniture for the teachers' use were provided for each pair of ladies (they were almost invariably despatched in 'twos' for company), and they trekked off on to the veld, where under the guidance of an inspector they selected a suitable spot for a school. [illegible] yet paid adequate tribute to the devotion (I had almost used the hackneyed word 'heroism') of these teachers. They found the people living in ruined houses, often enjoying no shelter but that afforded by strips of corrugated iron [illegible]. They shared their hardships, cheered them to recovery, and gave their children the most efficient education which we knew of. The teaching of [illegible]

An interesting list of the young men [illegible] associated with him [illegible] Johannesburg [illegible] Mr. [illegible], Mr. John Buchan, Mr. Lionel Curtis, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Mr. Patrick Duncan, Mr. Lionel Hichens, [illegible] to mention a few of those who have become best known for their subsequent work.

Dutch was encouraged daily, often under pressure from the English inspectors, and the popularity of the schools was immense. In about a year there were 29,000 children in the schools, as against 14,000 before the war.[1]

In these Papers allusion is made at some length to the political discussions to which this success gave rise, based largely on the traditional clash between the Church and the State in the field of education. Milner met such political attacks when they occurred, but in my experience his constant and single aim was the efficiency of the schools; politics, except in so far as the provisions of the Treaty of Vereeniging for the teaching of Dutch were concerned, never entered into the many discussions I had with him on the matter. In support of this and its ultimate appreciation by the Boers perhaps I may here without indiscretion state the following facts (I have less hesitation in doing so as I know that right and left the same thing was going on: the Boers were rapidly learning that, however distasteful the *form* of government might be to them, Milner was using it in the best interests of their country, to whose service he was giving all that was in him). As a result of the negotiations with the Boers referred to[2] I was present at a meeting in Johannesburg between Lord Milner and Sir Arthur Lawley on the one side, and General Botha and General Smuts on the other. I travelled back to Pretoria in the train afterwards with General Botha and General Smuts. They discussed very freely, with some criticisms, our educational developments. I put all my cards on the table—there was nothing to conceal—and explained how Milner's policy was in the real interests of the children and the people. A few years later (I had taken up other work in England), immediately after the grant of self-government to the new Colonies, Botha asked me to return to take charge of education in the Transvaal. He made it perfectly clear to me that he wished this part of Milner's work to be continued in the same spirit as that in which, as I had explained to him, Milner had designed it.

I am inclined to think that the best and fairest appraisement of Milner's work in South Africa may yet be given us by a South African.

FABIAN WARE.

[1] I cannot here refer to the development of town schools or secondary and university education, which Milner guided with constant attention and interest.

[2] Pages 513–517, in which the issues are briefly but fairly stated.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER, 10 & 12 *Orange Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.*

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

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THE LABOUR PARTY FROM WITHIN

At the moment, and for the next two years—until the next General Election, in fact—the major decisions in English politics depend upon what happens to the National Government, rather than upon anything that happens to the Labour Party. The dominant fact in the immediate future is the situation within Conservativism, divided as it is between the section that goes on supporting the National Government, though with growing reluctance and disillusionment, and the section that is openly restive and will have no hesitation in revolting the moment it finds its leader. The question is, who will that leader be? Mr. Winston Churchill, for obvious reasons, is not the man; nor is Lord Lloyd; Sir Henry Page-Croft hardly fills the bill. But—Lord Hailsham? Mr. Neville Chamberlain? Who knows what a judicious move at the psychological moment may not do? In 1922 there was Mr. Baldwin; but up till recently it looked as if any such move would have to be made *against*, rather than with, Mr. Baldwin. But after the lunch recently given by a body of persons calling themselves the 'National Labour' group—it

seemed to consist of a sprinkling of ex- or pseudo-Labour men among two or three hundred Conservatives—more particularly after Mr. Baldwin's speech, one is not so sure. I have always been convinced that the moment—or a little before or after—Sir John Simon and the Prime Minister became a liability rather than an asset the Conservative Party would revert to normal, from the motive of sheer self-preservation, and that Mr. Baldwin would in that day know best how to provide for his flock. Perhaps that day is already approaching? In the case of one of the adventitious members of the triumvirate the cup is about full; it would have been impossible for any other man in English politics, even for Mr. Churchill, to have accumulated so many mistakes, so many tactical blunders, so many *faux-pas*, as the present Foreign Secretary; as for the Prime Minister, it would have been impossible to keep up the pretence of his being a national figure—figure-head, perhaps one should say, or, in Lloyd George's phrase, the man 'in the dickey'—if we had not known all the time that Mr. Baldwin was the man at the wheel. Why keep up the farce any longer? But in any case, the ending of the farce is a matter for the Conservative, and not the Labour, Party.

And yet it still remains true, as I stated in a previous article,[1] that the problems connected with the Labour movement, its leadership and its equipment to carry through Socialism, are the most significant in our internal politics. The two views are not incompatible; they only visualise a slightly different perspective. In the immediate future, the breaking up of the National Government dominates the scene; in the long run, the use that the Labour movement makes of the intervening years before it attains power is a more important consideration.

There are many signs that the Labour Party has taken its experience of government from 1929 to 1931 to heart, that it has reflected to some purpose upon the implications of the crisis of 1931, and that it is engaged in thinking out what its intentions are with regard to Socialism and in formulating a policy of political and economic reconstruction. For the eventual accomplishment of this task its period in office can have done nothing but good; to the younger men it gave the opportunity of gaining administrative experience; and I have heard the opinion expressed by one of the most distinguished of great business managers that the group of younger Labour politicians—Herbert Morrison, A. V. Alexander, Dalton and, alas, William Graham—were the most promising group of any in present politics. The difficulties that Government had to contend with in the complex minority conditions of 1929–31, the excessive timidity with

[1] 'The National Government in Decline,' *The Nineteenth Century*, June 1933.

which that Government, dominated by old men (the National Government is *ex hypothesi* even older!), approached any problem requiring a radical solution, have left the lesson with these younger men to tackle the problems of socialisation boldly and radically, to think out ways and means for the next stages of advance realistically, and to concert a common policy upon which the whole movement may go forward unitedly.

The effect of the crisis and of the circumstances surrounding the formation of the National Government was less beneficial. For if it had the result of removing from the party certain older leaders who were an obstacle in the way of carrying out an effective policy—and whose ideas on social and economic reconstruction are now *pour rire**—the *débâcle* at the General Election plunged the party into a profound gloom, which in many areas of the movement was indistinguishable from apathy—most dangerous of political symptoms. This general atmosphere of discouragement and lack of confidence lasted up to last year. An interesting statistical analysis of the voting at bye-elections, recently made by the *Economist*,† shows that it was not until the latter half of 1932 that Labour had recovered its former voting strength, while the elections of this year showed the average Labour vote to have passed the high-water mark of 1929. A result which is confirmed by the local government elections and reveals that the party is advancing into new ground electorally, and that confidence in its future is reviving. Meanwhile, the most regrettable result of the stampede of 1931, and one which has weakened confidence in politics as such, has remained—a totally unrepresentative House of Commons. Parliament has suffered in the result, no less than the Labour Party; but to the latter it has been an almost insuperable handicap. Fifty-five men in a House of 615 members, and of them perhaps a half total ineffectives for all parliamentary purposes! Nearly all the experienced leaders were thrown out: Henderson, Dalton, Morrison, Greenwood, Alexander, Miss Bondfield, and so on down the list. In the circumstances, the work of the Opposition has become almost intolerable to be borne; but there is a general feeling throughout the movement that the Parliamentary Party has done well, particularly in view of the restricted numbers and the still more restricted ability it has to draw upon. Other factors, some of them personal ones, have added to the party's difficulties, notably the absence of Mr. Arthur Henderson during the last two years at Geneva. That Labour certainly has been

* *Vide* the highly amusing, if somewhat mischievous, brochure *A Strong Hand at the Helm* (Gollancz), containing an anthology of conflicting (and unintelligible) statements as to policy from the heads of the National Government.

† *Vide* the *Economist*, November 11, 1933.

gratified by his presidency of the Disarmament Conference, and is proud of the unremitting zeal he has put into his work there, is witnessed by the long string of resolutions coming from all sections of the movement to the conferences at Leicester and Hastings. But all the same, the party has lost much by the removal—or rather, by the discontinuous presence—of his guiding hand upon the machine, and it may be expected that with the end of the Disarmament Conference and his return to the House of Commons the Labour Party will gain much by the accession of his authority and more in the way of integrating the various sections and strands of policy into an effective whole.

It was only to be expected that the circumstances in which the Labour Government came to an end, and its failure to go faster during its previous two years of office, should have left a legacy of discontent and much restiveness. This came to a head with the revolt of the Independent Labour Party, a body which in the past has had an importance out of all relation to its numbers, since it was one of the main channels for the propaganda of Socialism within the movement, had taken a leading part in the original formation of the Labour Party, and was the chosen instrument through which Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, and Philip Snowden had worked. Later on the I.L.P. degenerated into a rump of idealogues and doctrinaires—though always with a number of sincere and even able men attached to it—and it manoeuvred itself into a position of constant, fretful, unconstructive opposition to the movement. It became a sort of *Athanasius contra mundum*—particularly against the world of the average trade unionist—cherishing its own political virginity above all things, 'a fugitive and cloistered virtue,' which was the less soiled and the more admired by its own votaries since it never attempted to work in contact with the hard and ugly realities of the world. A campaign for disaffiliation from the Labour Party, as being too compromising with the wicked world, raged within the I.L.P.; and, paradoxically enough, it was crowned with success *after* the Labour Party had disentangled itself from the corrupt influences of minority government, had pledged itself to amend its ways at the Scarborough Conference, and was clearly more determined, after the late lessons it had received, to go forward uncompromisingly with a Socialist programme! So, at any rate, some of the ablest of the I.L.P. leaders thought—for example, E. F. Wise, Tom Johnson, P. J. Dollan, H. N. Brailsford, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, who remained with the Labour Party after Maxton and Fenner Brockway with the majority of the I.L.P. had gone out. But this secession by no means ended the troubles of the I.L.P., or made unity any the more possible within it. It is now divided from top to bottom

between those who want co-operation with the Communists and those who do not. The Revolutionary Policy Committee—a self-appointed body which has only the London area behind it and the fearfully revolutionary I.L.P. branches of the cathedral cities of the South of England—has rushed the executive into the arms of the Communist Party—a policy which is opposed root and branch by the Lancashire Federation of the I.L.P., one of the most important of its areas, and by many other branches. There seems to be a law of the infinite divisibility of small fragments in politics [1]; the fissiparousness of a dissident faction seems illimitable. There is everything to be said for catholicity in a great political movement.

But it would be easy to over-exaggerate the importance of the I.L.P. It was said to have a membership of 10,000; but it is probable that its total membership is now less than 5000, and that, as we have seen, hopelessly divided within itself. The first result of its departure was that the ordinary Labour rank and file, emancipated from the necessity of defending its leaders from what it regarded as disloyal attacks, was enabled to go freely and gleefully to the Left itself. The Leicester Conference of 1932 presented the spectacle of the 'floor' of the conference, joyful as a boy let out of school, tugging the 'platform' to the Left on almost every issue. It declared, against the wishes of the executive, for public control of the joint-stock banks, in addition to that of the Bank of England, to which the official Policy Report had limited itself; Mr Herbert Morrison's conception of public control of industry, as laid down in the Policy Reports on 'The National Planning of Transport,' and 'The Reorganisation of the Electricity Supply Industry,' was referred back, in spite of the fact that the previous Trade Union Congress at Newcastle had accepted it, in favour of specific representation of the workers on the boards of public control, and, further, the conference wished to commit the party against ever again accepting the responsibility of government in a minority. It listened with ill-concealed disapprobation to Mr. Henderson's statement of the orthodox constitutional position; and, to allay the gathering storm, he promised on behalf of the executive that they would consult a special conference summoned *ad hoc*, should the leaders of the party be called on to assume office.

It was at the Leicester Conference—or rather, on the way before it opened—that the Socialist League was formed; but its propaganda had been for some time in existence, and the swing of the conference to the Left received strong support from the leaders of the new body. The nucleus of it was the young

[1] Cf also the Liberal Party!

Society for Socialist Inquiry and Propaganda (S.S.I.P.), which had been formed during the previous winter mainly under the inspiration of G. D. H. Cole, but with the active support of the trade union leaders, Ernest Bevin and Arthur Pugh. This body had come into existence with the idea of carrying forward research on political and economic questions and of reviving the propaganda for Socialism. But its main field of activity was to be *within* the Labour movement, and all its supporters were determined to avoid the mistake the I.L.P. had made and to work along with and through the party. During the short period of its existence it had a remarkable success; it entirely succeeded in reviving the almost lost art of the political pamphlet—the Labour movement was flooded with the familiar red-and-white diagonal covers—and it set going new and active centres of Socialist discussion and propaganda. When came the disaffiliation of the I.L.P., what more natural than that those of its members who did not want to leave the Labour Party should think of fusing with S.S.I.P. to form a new body? The Socialist League, which in such a short space has gained so much notoriety, was the product of this fusion.

This notoriety has been largely worked up by the Press for its own purposes; even Mr. Baldwin has thought it worth while, for the sake of a little party capital, to join in the hue and cry against Socialist 'dictatorship,' As if there were any likelihood of such a thing! But all the same, the Socialist League has done a good deal itself to raise a stir by the boldness of its proposals and by the energy of its propaganda of them. In this propaganda Sir Stafford Cripps has played a leading part, and the counter-attack has naturally been concentrated against him. The campaign, for and against, has had the effect of bringing him, a comparatively late-comer, to the front rank of politics and to a possibly decisive position in the Labour movement. Since it may be important, let us go a little further into the point of view of the Socialist League as expressed by him and his friends. They start from the position that if the radical changes in our political and economic system necessitated by Socialism are to be carried through swiftly and efficiently, they will require an overhauling and speeding-up of the machinery of government to carry them through. And they have this much on their side: that the constitutional machine has gone for a long time without repair or amendment, that it is in many respects out of date, cumbersome, wasteful of time and energy, inefficient. No substantial attempts to bring it into line with the greatly changed needs of government have been made since the Parliament Act of 1911; the House of Lords still goes creaking on; the electoral system retains the anomalies of the

nineteenth century; the procedure of Parliament, the whole conception of its function in government, is a nineteenth-century one and does not represent the present facts of politics. The National Government itself, they argue, has made a step in the right direction by making much greater use of Orders in Council and short-circuiting a certain amount of superfluous discussion in the House of Commons. They are, further, impressed by the fact that the growth of dictatorship in various countries has been due to the demand for a more efficient form of government, more direct and swift in action, so that necessary changes in the political and economic structure may be enabled to go through. So that, from this point of view, their attitude is directed against dictatorship—to avoid the danger of it by speeding-up and making more efficient the working of democratic and parliamentary institutions. They hold the view that there is no attitude more fatal to the very existence of the latter than that obscurantism which would erect the means into the end, which worships the old constitutional forms apart from whether they are serving their intended purpose or no—a form of obscurantism which is nowhere more rife than in the Liberal mentality, whether in the Liberal Party or outside it. Indeed, in their view, the sheer ineffectiveness of political Liberalism, its lack of any real will to power, its attachment to the forms of democracy when the reality is to be found elsewhere, are the very factors which have enabled Fascism and dictatorship to triumph on the Continent.

They are determined that, if they can help it, Fascism shall not triumph in this country through any such obtuseness of the Liberal mentality within the Labour movement. In order that democracy may continue, there must be a tightening-up of democratic institutions—more direct and authoritative government. But their policy is democratic in its basic assumption—*i.e.*, it depends fundamentally upon getting its mandate from the people. As Sir Stafford Cripps says[1]:

> Before any great changes are brought about in the structure of the State, we must obtain a mandate from the majority of the people. Once given, that mandate, expressed in clear and unambiguous terms, it is the duty of the elected Government to see that the desired changes are carried through with the least possible delay. Delay is bound to prove fatal, for it will provide the opportunity for the extra-parliamentary economic power to bring destruction to a democratically elected Government.

It will be seen that what Sir Stafford Cripps assumes is that something corresponding to a state of emergency will arise the moment an independent majority for the Labour Party is declared in the country and the party is faced with the necessity to embark upon the transition to Socialism. That is why he is opposed to

[1] *Cf. Problems of a Socialist Government*, pp. 12–13.

any more minority government—and in this aspiration he is at one with the whole Labour movement—though whether the country will reward this aspiration for a [illegible] is another matter. But this is why also the proposals for emergency legislation play such a large part in the Socialist programme; they have the phenomena of [illegible] in mind. The greatest danger point will be the financial [illegible] of the country and the foreign exchange position. Therefore:

The Government's first step will be to call Parliament together at the earliest moment and place before it an Emergency Powers Bill to be passed through all its stages on the first day. This Bill will be wide enough in its terms to allow all that will be immediately necessary to be done by Ministerial orders.*

The House of Lords, with its 'permanent reactionary majority,' stands in the way; and for this reason a mandate for its abolition must be clearly included in the mandate the country has given. And in order that it may, as Sir Stafford argues, the country must be clearly given to understand what the Labour Party's intentions are with regard to the House of Lords. It is clear that nothing could be more democratic—democratic, it may be thought, to the point of [illegible].

It is here that the issue is joined with the more opportunist old guard of the Labour Party. It was on this question that the debate was concentrated at the Hastings Conference. The Socialist League and their supporters are at one in their aim of abolishing the Lords; they are open-minded as to the desirability of setting up a Second Chamber on improved and more representative lines. The difference is one of tactics, or rather of political strategy: whether the party is to go to the country making it perfectly clear that it asks for a mandate to abolish the House of Lords; or whether it is to wait until the Lords have thrown out some popular Labour measure, and then to appeal to the country. The [illegible] much-advertised, and in substance vital, debate [illegible] took place on the resolution of the Socialist League asking the executive to reconsider the section of its report dealing with the transition to Socialism, and

> to specify the means to be adopted by the next Labour Government for a rapid and complete conversion of the Capitalist into the Socialist system, including, in particular, the following:
>
> (a) The immediate abolition of the House of Lords.
>
> (b) The immediate passing of an Emergency Powers Act giving the Government authority, both to take over [illegible] the financial machine, and to put into force any measures [illegible] the situation

* *Problems of a Socialist Government*, pp. 42–43.

may require for the immediate control or socialisation of industry and for safeguarding the supply of food and other necessaries.

(c) The revision of the procedure of the House of Commons and the machinery of government, so that a rapid transition to Socialism may be carried through constitutionally, and dictatorship avoided.

(d) An economic Plan for industry, finance and foreign trade designed rapidly to end the present system and thus to abolish unemployment and poverty.*

Here are embodied the main points of the Socialist League programme. In an excellent speech which very favourably impressed the conference, Sir Stafford Cripps stated the case for them, and then proceeded to withdraw the reference back of the executive's report, on the undertaking that it would reconsider the whole matter, including the above points in its consideration. The executive, with unexpected alacrity, agreed. The great wrangle was "off"; not only was the London Press, which had been working up a stunt about a split in the Labour movement, elegantly dished, but poor Mr Shinwell (late Minister of Mines), who had been preparing to ride home to popularity with the big battalions on this issue, was left almost literally speechless.

But, in reality, was this *dénouement* so surprising? Only to those who, for various purposes, had exaggerated the differences that existed. My own view has always been that the standpoints of the Socialist League and of the party are not incompatible, but complementary. The League, in their proposals, presuppose a Labour Government coming into office in conditions approaching a crisis; they have, as I have said, the circumstances of the panic of 1931 in mind. The official party, on the other hand, assume that normal political conditions will prevail and that a Labour Government will be able to proceed with its legislative programme like any other Government, once it is returned with a majority. Which of these two forecasts is correct only circumstances can decide. I incline to think the latter; but, all the same, it is just as well that the Cripps programme should be worked out in case the conditions should not be so normal.

There is obviously a reconciliation of the two points of view along these lines, and it is clearly that that has produced an understanding between the executive and Sir Stafford Cripps, so that it is idle to speculate, as so many have done, whether it was a tactical victory for the former or for the latter. One would say, on the face of it, for the latter, but only because the executive was genuinely anxious to meet the point of view he spoke for. Moreover, the decision, as in certain other matters of Labour

* *Vide* p. 5. Amendments to Draft Policy Reports (the Labour Party Hastings conference).

policy, will be made by the way things develop in the next three or five or seven years. If the world depression in trade mends, and industry returns to more normal conditions, then we may expect political conditions to resume their normal upward and progressive movement in this country. At some time in the future, if not at the next election, the Labour Party will be given a mandate to carry forward a progressive social and economic policy a few stages further. If there should be no general improvement in trade, and the Labour Party should come back into power, in conditions of continued depression, or even of a relapse after a temporary improvement, the policy of Sir Stafford Cripps would be much more in keeping with the circumstances and offer a better chance of grappling effectively with them.

It is the same with all the issues and possibilities bound up with the National Government's economic policy, in so far as it has a positive aspect, and is not mere protectionism, particularly as regards Mr. Walter Elliott's agricultural policy, the regulation of imports by quota, marketing schemes and so on—those aspects which Mr. Baldwin regards as pointing the way to a new economic system. It is clear that such Labour Ministers as Dr. Addison, Major Atlee, Mr Herbert Morrison, and above all Sir Stafford Cripps, will watch their working with acute and sympathetic interest. For in their view the regulation of economic affairs, even for protectionist ends merely, may well provide the foundations of, and the experimental guidance for, the later stage of publicly controlled industry. On the other hand, if these experiments fail—*i.e.*, if they raise prices to the consumer out of all relation to the return to the producer, or if they involve insuperable difficulties in administration and become thoroughly unpopular with all classes of the community, even with those whom they are designed to help—then the repercussions in the Labour movement towards freeing trade and industry from restrictions may become irresistible. They may have the effect of swinging the Labour Party around to Free Trade in general. Already food taxes were an issue, if a minor one, in the East Fulham election, and their unpopularity helped to influence the result. Such a development as this would open the way to an increased collaboration with the Liberal Party. Already there are signs, among those younger elements of Liberalism that still remain intellectually attached to *laissez-faire*, if not to any particular party,* that they would welcome an understanding with the Labour Party in the name of free imports, cheap food, and the general interest of the consumer.

* *Vide* the leading articles in the *Economist*, August 19 and September 23, 1933.

It is clear that these elements are looking for an alternative Government to the present one, and they know that there is no alternative but a Labour Government. What the response within the Labour movement will be, if any, short of a marked swing in favour of Free Trade, is another question. After its experience of the behaviour of the Liberal Party in the 'crisis' of 1931, and their share in responsibility for the measures of the National Government, no one in the Labour movement would advocate an understanding with the Liberal Party as such—certainly not the trade unions, however right wing they may appear in matters of policy. It looks as if there will be another attempt made to refloat an independent Liberal Party, before its inevitable hopelessness is finally acknowledged; for, indeed—it is in the nature of things impossible—there does not exist any more in the country a wide social basis for a Liberal Party,[9] nor is there any third choice between government based on the conservative classes or on the basis represented by the Labour Party. It is only when the impossibility of this attempt is finally revealed, as it will be in the course of the next two years, and the Liberal Party comes to an end, that local understandings between Liberal organisations and Labour will become possible. And to these there can be no objection, any more than to similar understandings, on the other hand, between the Labour Party and what remains of the I.L.P.

Meanwhile, the main work of the party is being steadily if unobtrusively carried on—that of building up the party's programme of economic and political reconstruction. Already the most important sections of it have been hammered out in the various Policy Reports,[10] and adopted in two main blocks at the Leicester and Hastings Conferences. But even more important than its policy is the whole question of its leadership and of the personnel for carrying it through. Even as regards its leadership—in the narrower sense—the prospects are much more hopeful than they are usually regarded. It is true that the Labour movement reflects even more, if possible, than the Conservative Party the losses of the middle generation due to the war. And yet there is a sufficient group of men in the forties—Cripps, Morrison, Dalton, Attlee—to provide an effective group leadership when the older leaders have gone. Everything depends on there being a good understanding between these men as to the future; but much depends also on the individual decision of a

[9] Cf. my *Politics and the Younger Generation*, pp. 84–85.

[10] 'Currency, Banking and Finance'; 'The National Planning of Transport'; 'The Reorganisation of the Electricity Supply Industry'; 'The Land and Agriculture,' 1932; 'Socialism and the Condition of the People'; 'Housing and Slums'; 'The Colonies'; and Mr. Arthur Henderson's 'Labour's Foreign Policy,' 1933.

trade union leader like Ernest Bevin, who is in many ways the most constructive mind and possesses the widest vision, in addition to his organising genius, of any man in the movement. It is in the last respect of all, the use it makes of its personnel, the organisation of its resources in man power, that the Labour Party is most wanting. The frequently low standards of its parliamentary representatives are a matter of common knowledge. How it thinks that it can carry on the political struggle in Parliament, in the country, against highly gifted, highly trained members of the governing class with a number of effete old stalwarts, of sweet old illiterates like the old M.P. I lately came across who thought that Germany's only outlet was to the Black Sea, passes comprehension. What makes it the more lamentable is that it is not for lack of man power that these things are as they are; it is sheer maldistribution of its resources, which makes me sometimes wonder if the Labour movement *wills* itself to be effective, really *wills* power. For among the younger trade unionists there are a number of men of first-class ability, for whom the old and the effete should be made to give way. While in the universities the swing to the Left is extraordinary, and it is only too easy to underestimate its importance. Yet it is at the universities that the political ability of the coming generation is being trained; and of this new generation it is probably true to say that the majority of those who are able and politically minded—like the Asquiths, Balfours, Simons and F. E. Smiths in their day—are now in sympathy with the Labour Party and are its material for the asking. But so far the Labour Party shows little enough sign that it realises the resources it has there to draw upon; as certainly the influence of these younger men will not begin to tell for the next five or ten years. But that they will exert a great influence there is no disputing, as also that, if the Labour movement knows how to integrate these resources, how to fuse them with the old main body of the movement, how to dispose of its man power to the best advantage in the great struggle it has embarked upon, it will, in the long run, have the future with it.

A. L. Rowse.

HISTORY FROM THE LOOM

A MONTHLY SURVEY OF WORLD AFFAIRS

THE United States continues to present itself as a monstrous sociological phenomenon, at once fantastic and awe-inspiring, whose ultimate importance is perhaps only comparable with the bolshevisation of Russia. The European, whose world is built to a smaller scale, is bewildered by the vastness of that confusion where no finality is yet discernible. The feature of the past month has been the spectacular day-to-day destruction of the dollar by the American Administration. Europe thought, and said, that America had gone crazy, and not a few Americans shared that opinion. Nevertheless, whatever the ultimate sanity of the Presidential idea, that policy was no fortuitous aberration but a completely logical sequence from his premiss. From the beginning of his administration, President Roosevelt has held fast to one simple axiom. The collapse of values in the world-wide economic disaster halved the prices of primary commodities and doubled the burden of fixed monetary charges based on gold. The syllogism of recovery—expressed succinctly in a return to the price level of 1926—was: double the prices of commodities or halve the gold content of the currency. Arbitrarily to double prices, in face of a world glut, was manifestly impossible. Uniquely concerned with America as the President then was, there remained the alternative of devaluating the dollar. Had he used his power, by summary decree, abruptly to reduce its gold content to 50 cents the thing would have been done—in one short, sharp convulsion. But the prospect of that convulsion was probably too affrighting. The Administration preferred to reach its end by a more gradual process. The dollar was detached from gold and the prompt emigration of a billion dollars of frightened American capital broke the foreign exchange rate of the dollar by some 20 per cent. in the first four months. Dollar prices at first rose in exactly the same ratio, with the additional stimulus of panic purchases by people exchanging henceforth doubtful dollars into commodities. Those purchases coincidently stimulated industrial production. Wall Street and the com-

modity markets enjoyed a speculative boom. For the first four months it seemed that the Roosevelt policy was working out. A new hope dawned for the American people.

The President had correctly diagnosed the determining cause of the economic disaster as the sudden contraction of credit, and thence of purchasing power, produced by the action of the Central Banks, on whatever theory, in 1929. The obvious remedy would seem to be the injection of new credit, forcibly if need be, into the paralysed organism. But the converse of the first proposition is not so immediately true. Credit is not rows of figures in a bank ledger (valueless if they are not used); it is another name for confidence. Confidence can be annihilated at a stroke. It cannot be so revived. It has not been so revived. Quite the contrary. After that first brief and partial resuscitation, it has been more and more destroyed. Coincidently, on quite a different plane of thought, the President undertook to reconstruct the entire economic system in America, to substitute the idea of social service for that of individual profit. The codes of the N.R.A., enforced by a virtual dictatorship, were to be the implement. The N.R.A. commenced its operations in July. Simultaneously, as the result of Government intervention to check speculation, Wall Street and the commodity markets crashed. The stimulating vision of quick profits vanished. From the end of July the beautifully soaring curves on the business charts flattened out, sagged, and dropped. If the great American people was ecstasised by a nation-wide processional ballyhoo, business executives faced again an unpleasant reality of shrinking turnover complicated by a new factor—the ubiquitous interference of the N.R.A.

Apart from the question whether a bureaucracy, which always boils down eventually to a second-rate clerk with Olympian powers and no responsibility, can run a gigantic modern business more efficiently than, say, Mr. Henry Ford or Mr. Schwab, and noting that the beneficent aim of the N.R.A. is to increase purchasing power by enforcing an increased employment with lessened working hours, the first and immediate effect of the N.R.A. is heavily to increase overhead costs. In a non-money-using Utopia where profit and loss is immaterial this would be of no moment, but in the still capitalistic United States it matters very much. The banks, under strict regulation to safeguard their customers' deposits, declined to finance that very real expenditure for a problematic future repayment. There resulted what Washington angrily called a 'money-strike.' After thunderous fulminations, the Administration endeavoured to break the 'strike' by announcing that it would lend a billion dollars of public credit—approximately the amount of private

capital which had fled overseas from the New Deal—at 3 per cent.—to banks which would lend it freely at 5 per cent. This, disconcertingly, had no appreciable effect. The vast private deposits in the banks continued to stagnate. Business, coded and regulated, continued to shrink in its strait-jacket. Not only did world prices measured in gold still fall steadily, but American dollar prices also steadily and contumaciously receded from the July peak, the 1926 desiderate ever more remote.

With the advent of autumn, the American people definitely awoke from its first fine careless rapture to an acute anxiety, to a realistic perception of its unrelieved distress. From every quarter and from every class came (and still comes) a swelling roar of angry disillusionment. The vast Middle West farm belt broke into almost open revolt. The very serious and violent farm strike of early November—when the State governors feared to call out the militia—was indeed somewhat pacified by the Government's promise to rush its $200,000,000 corn relief programme, which will lend 50 cents on the bushel. But the ugly potentiality was and is still there, with leaders defiantly proclaiming that 'No great reform was ever effected without the rising up of the masses.' In industry, now functioning at nearly 25 per cent below the July level, newly organised labour celebrates its opportunities under the N.R.A. by destructive strikes become ubiquitously chronic. Capital and the big industrialists have thrown off their first bewildered acquiescence, are likewise in rebellion. Mr Swope, president of the General Electric Company, resigning from the administration of the N.R.A., publicly demanded that the codes should be handed over to a super-N.R.A. of big business, where bureaucracy and organised labour would be in the discard. Mr Ford, smarting under the action of the N.R.A. in disqualifying his products from public tender because he had not signed the code, complied, and signalised his compliance by laying off 9000 employees in accordance with its provisions. 'The company is taking this mandatory step to comply with the new prohibition against work in this country,' said the Ford Company's public announcement, with biting sarcasm. 'It seems possible to enforce this kind of prohibition.' Simultaneously, the New York State Chamber of Commerce, representing some of the biggest business interests in America, passed uncompromisingly emphatic resolutions, demanding an announcement from the Administration that it would have nothing to do with 'an automatic commodity dollar,' a 'managed commodity dollar,' or 'similar currency expedients.' The National Association of Manufacturers vehemently denounced the N.R.A. and all its works, and proclaimed its intention to 'fight for the return of self-government in industry.' Everywhere bitterly labelled the 'No Recovery

Allowed ' Act, the N.R.A. is assailed by a storm of criticism and abuse from every side, labour included. From end to end of America the entire New Deal is openly regarded as on the verge of disastrous failure.

Early in November it was clear that the vast and complex recovery scheme was in fact in serious jeopardy. Time was indubitably now working *against* it. Not only gold prices but dollar prices were irresistibly falling. From among the conflicting counsels of his multitudinous advisers the President decided upon a heroically drastic remedy, always implicit in his original determination. Local American action was manifestly failing to raise the price level. Nothing less than international action would suffice. The Administration announced that it would buy gold, at first American-mined gold and then foreign gold on the foreign markets, at arbitrary premiums. It decreed for itself a similar right to sell, which might be equally cataclysmic in its effect upon the foreign exchanges. Paradoxically, and doubtless as the result of intervention by the British Equalisation Fund (Great Britain looking anxiously to her export markets), the dollar rose a trifle on the first purchases. Then the British (possibly having conferred with the American Treasury) withdrew an opposition that might prove unpredictably expensive. Successive purchases of gold at ever higher premiums drove the dollar startlingly below 1914 parities, amid a universal consternation. The Secretary and the Under-Secretary of the Treasury resigned. A dumbfounded world guessed wildly at the policy—if any—behind this ruthless destruction of American values. Apart from forestalling a Congress certain to clamour for an outright 50 per cent. devaluation in January, it could be conceived that the establishment of New York as a potential Pan-American gold market might be a factor in the American hope to offset British influence at the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo in December. Then Washington allowed it to be understood that a far greater object was in view. President Roosevelt was reported as having said that he proposed to do 'what the British have done for so long'—control the price of gold. According to this inspired diagnosis of his always cryptic intent, he aimed at nothing less than the absolute control of the gold market, and the disruption of international values based on the price of gold. This enormous world-revolutionary act was to be unflinchingly carried out, regardless of British or other opposition.

France, and not England, was the indicated strategic point of attack. Whereas America was previously indifferent to the French retention of an expensive gold franc, from the middle of November the United States specifically attacked the franc market, leaving London alone. It was a double-edged operation.

Comparatively small purchases of French gold might provoke a mass flight of funds from Paris to London which would embarrass the British, anxious to keep sterling low, and force France off an already precarious gold standard. The dissolution of the gold *bloc* would be the immediate result. Gold would at least temporarily cease to exist as an international standard. From the chaos would or might result a new and world-wide revaluation of commodities, and a new monetary system, freed from what *The Times* Washington correspondent, reporting the President's alleged thought, described as 'interests served here and everywhere by "astute and hostile men."' Also, if there should be an eventual re-establishment of a gold standard on a new valuation, the United States would be in possession of a vast metallic reserve as a basis for its currency and, pledged to a commodity dollar, could by virtue of its domination of the international gold market unchallengeably effect those changes in gold content necessitated by that ideal. As reported, it is a grandiose project. But it assumes a supine acquiescence by Britain which was inherently improbable. In fact, stemming an immense exodus of gold from Paris, the Bank of England immediately made huge purchases of francs, and at the time of writing the franc has not yet broken. Visibly, a great battle has been joined. This would seem to be the spectacular last round in the fight between the pound and the dollar—between a British and an American standard of values—which has already lasted two years, and wherein Great Britain, as the centre of a preponderant sterling *bloc* which must sell to the world's greatest purchasing unit, has an intrinsic advantage denied to the United States.

Whatever the ultimate effect in America, up to date this colossal filibuster, if filibuster it is, has merely provoked the emigration of another billion dollars of American capital (after which the Administration took steps to hinder, if not openly to interdict, its continuance), and intensified the chaotic economic confusion which paralyses American business. Prices have fallen further. The embattled farmers of the Middle West (not yet firing the shot that would echo round the world) still clamour for the issue of that three billion dollars of new currency which would start the United States upon a fiat-money inflation whereof the end is not predictable. They may get it. Anything may happen. The American people no longer knows where it is going. But the members of the Brain Trust kindly give it a hint, as seen from their academic pinnacles. Professor Tugwell, at Chicago, declared that what the critics of the Administration meant by sound money was 'the gold standard, and with it they mean a Shylock's collection from debtors which can be stored away and made safe from the vicissitudes which beset less cautious or less

lucky people.' He added that 'The election was a mandate of repudiation. . . . To me it seems that this was a thoroughly sensible mass revolution.' Mr. A. A. Berle, another *éminence grise* of the Brain Trust, took up the exposition in an important newspaper article. 'Will this gigantic attempt to mould an individualist capitalist system into a directed economic effort produce the result?' he asked. He thought it would, but professed no terror of the alternative. The alternative, he said, with idyllic simplicity, is the possibility that the Government of the United States, 'forgetting all about the Constitution, might commandeer everything and everyone, abolish all debts,' and establish a *régime* like that of Soviet Russia. As was pointed out in 'History from the Loom' for August last, the Socialist professors who apparently perform the President's thinking for him have indeed acquired a nominally legal power, *viâ* the President, to do just that. All that is wanting is the peaceful acquiescence of the American people.

The vast adventure at home into which President Roosevelt and his shadowy advisers have led the American nation is likely to be at least paralleled in importance by the Russian adventure into which the Roosevelt dictatorship is now rushing the United States, 'for commercial advantages only.' Before they are completed both adventures will have colossal repercussions on the outside world. Immediately prior to the negotiations the most popular syndicated publicist in America endeavoured to reassure the American people as to one of the dangers of supping with their erstwhile bogey. The Comintern, he explained, which alone was interested in world revolution, was comfortably extinct, save in name. Simultaneously, the Comintern, with its cynical conception of a good joke, was issuing, in Russian, English, French, Spanish and German, a survey of American conditions under the title of *Roosevelt's Starvation Program*, which pleasantly opined that 'It is necessary to convert this discontent into a gigantic struggle of the proletariat of the United States,' and continued that 'Objective conditions are becoming ever more promising for the necessary changes, etc.' On the very day that M. Litvinov landed in New York the Comintern trumpeted a rousing call to the Communists of the United States—regretfully, 70 per cent. immigrants—to withdraw their forces from outlying centres and concentrate on determined strikes in the metal, automobile, mining and textile industries in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland. Both of these 'directives' were O.K.'d by the Soviet censorship stamp. The Comintern is distinctly still alive. Stalin, as opposed to the Trotsky school of thought, may prefer to consolidate the Communist dictatorship in Russia before proceeding further, but the Soviet Government is still, as

ever, an emanation from the Comintern, and not *vice versa*[4]. With diplomatic immunity for its agents, the Comintern is going to have an easier time in the United States than hitherto.

The deal was not put through with the swift nod and a wink and the 'half-hour's chat' anticipated by the Soviet envoy. M. Litvinov, *alias* Finkelstein, *alias* Maximovitch, *alias* Gustav Graf, *alias* Buchmann, *alias* Harrison, but whose real name appears to be Meyer Genoch Moisevitch Wallach, was forced to miss his boat while the Administration thought up a formula for an inconveniently religious section of the American public, and another one to offset the 768,500,000 American dollars lost in Russia. Moscow—at least at present—does not get the urgently desired loan, but the Soviets will magnanimously accept vast quantities of American products valued, 'at the express request of the State Department,' at 350,000,000 dollars annually, with a concomitant return of 300,000 workmen to the American pay-rolls. It is not quite clear, since America lacks only manganese and furs among the commodities that Soviet Russia can supply (unless one includes the 'jewels' listed by the same authority among the equivalents that America is to receive), how all this is going to be paid for. But an Administration which buys hogs to throw them into the Mississippi has presumably no objection to throwing what-you-will of other commodities gratuitously into Russia. All this talk of commercial advantages is of course addressed to the immortal constituents of Buncombe. Outside the United States the Soviet-American *rapprochement* is universally accepted for exactly what it is, a politico-military move of the first order.

Short of an earthquake or some other interposition of Divine Providence, a conflict in the Far East is visibly all but inevitable. The expansion of Japan is directly athwart the ambitions both of Moscow and of Washington, each looking hungrily to China for totally different reasons. The United States alone would, in all human probability, beat Japan in four years or so of war, of which the first two years would be luridly calendared by spectacular American defeats. Soviet Russia alone has less chance against Japan than Tsarist Russia had in 1904–5, it has no Port Arthur and has lost the direct road to Vladivostok. But Soviet Russia and America together have, at least in theory (doubtless glibly expounded by the interested parties), Japan between the nut-crackers. It may be presumed that M. Litvinov emphasised the recent feverishly hastened preparations of his Government in the Far East, the huge aerodromes established along the Manchurian frontier and sheltering (it is alleged) 300 bombing planes, the quite abnormal activity in the secrecy of the port of Vladivostok—for months past the Golden Horn has been closed to the entry of any ship—where mysteriously 'foreign' engineers have been

putting together submarines made in Germany and brought in section over the Trans-Siberian, and where the dry dock has been enlarged to take big warships. Presumably he pointed to the twelve Siberian divisions of the Red army already completely mobilised as a first-line force, and supported by a mass of heavy artillery and tanks Almost certainly, he—or some other person equally authorised to speak in the name of the Soviet Government—spoke of the urgency of reorganising rail transport by the northward-curving single-track Amur line from Chita, on which already miles of sidings have been constructed to accelerate the traffic, and bridges and tunnels have been protected against airplane attack It is understood that M Litvinov came charged to place extremely large orders for railroad material with his new American friends, and the American War Department allows it to be known that it will look with a favourable eye upon Russian orders for tanks, armoured cars, and munitions of war generally, placed with American firms.

On the sixteenth anniversary of the Bolshevist revolution M. Molotov, president of the Council of Commissars, after remarking that the significance of the Litvinov-Roosevelt negotiations would affect the whole world, announced *urbi et orbi* that the Soviet Union was fully prepared for 'the possibility of an unexpected attack by Japan.' On November 7 the Commissar for War somewhat superfluously warned the Red army against that eventuality, in a circular allowed to be made public. Nevertheless, from the Soviet and the American point of view, an immediate war would be anything but desirable Neither the Russian nor the American preparations are anywhere near complete. Until next spring an ice-encumbered Vladivostok cannot interfere with Japanese movements in the Sea of Japan Should Japan repeat her surprise winter-time attack of February 1904, it would be decidedly inconvenient 'As a pacific gesture towards Japan,' it was semi-officially announced, the American fleet—now entirely concentrated in the Pacific—has been ordered to make a cruise in the Atlantic next summer, returning to the Pacific in the autumn. The Japanese Government duly accepted the news as 'a friendly gesture.' The Japanese official spokesman stated that the trip would 'assuage Japanese extremists that America is not aiming at naval domination of the Pacific.' Since the days of Mr. Stimson and his notes Japan has had considerable opportunity for this kind of humour. More seriously, Japan proposes to make permanent the depreciation of the yen, which in the first nine months of this year has given her a trade expansion of £41,600,000 cash gain on balance, despite heavily increased imports, largely of war material. Also, very seriously, Japan officially announced that she proposes to construct an aerodrome

in the Marianne Islands, which she holds under mandate from the League of Nations (with obligation not to fortify), the validity of which mandate the United States has already contested since the Japanese withdrawal from Geneva. The aerodrome is to be on Saipan, in close proximity to the American non-fortified oil-fuel base of Guam, the 'Key of the Pacific,' 1500 miles from the Philippines.

In another direction, it seems probable that at no distant date Japan contemplates the restoration of Mr Henry Pu-yi, of Manchukuo, to his hereditary status of Manchu emperor, with possible repercussions not only in China proper but in Mongolia—the indicated next Japanese step from Manchukuo—which flanks the Trans-Siberian Railway at the bottle-neck of Lake Baikal. It would appear, indeed, that some obscure accord between Japan and the Nanking Government—unable to subjugate the great Communist-controlled provinces of the centre, and threatened with the secession of another province to Canton—has been arrived at. Not only has Japan suddenly withdrawn her troops behind the Great Wall, but coincidently Mr T. V. Soong, the Nanking Minister of Finance and the genius of the 'Soong Dynasty,' resigned from the Government. Mr Soong has been persistently anti-Japanese, and it was through his agency that the American 'Cotton Loan' was effected last summer, as also doubtless the alleged secret treaty by which the United States was to supply and organise a Chinese air force. There is, as has been previously noted in these pages, a growing movement in China, disgusted with Western 'civilisation,' towards an understanding with Japan, in a common Pan-Orientalism where Japan may be allowed temporarily to take the lead. This may be another symptom of it. General Araki, the potential Mussolini of Japan, has in the meanwhile suggested to the Press that Japan should call a Far Eastern conference prior to 1935, when the existing treaties will expire. This, if it means anything at all, would presumably signify a bland Japanese hope that her interim acquisitions will then be peaceably ratified. By the side of these momentous manœuvrings in the Orient the Japanese acquisition of a cotton concession in Abyssinia, which so fluttered the Italians, is of trifling importance. But it may be noted that the French, who are now joining with Japanese interests in the economic exploitation of Manchukuo, own the railway line to Djibuti, which is Abyssinia's sole practicable communication with the outside world.

In France the Ministry of M. Daladier was succeeded by the Ministry of M. Sarraut, which was merely a re-shuffle of the same hand of cards. It is still a parlour-game, played without much zest, to compute the possible Ministries which will enjoy brief

power before a stable Government is reached. Despite the proclaimed 'emergency,' M. Sarraut was in no hurry to present *his* version of a budget which will reconcile irreconcilables. By the time this article appears he will have presented it, and in all probability will have been defeated. While waiting for this almost certain event, the French people read, without being noticeably excited, that the Socialists have definitely split. What does seriously preoccupy them is what to do about this formidable new Germany, now independent of even nominal control. A demand in the French Chamber for an immediate international investigation (under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles) of German armaments was cheered by all parties, Right, Left and Centre. But no Frenchman is sufficiently optimist to believe that such an investigation is possible. A genuinely pressed demand for it would merely detonate a war in which France cannot be sure of any ally. If for one brief moment France was delighted to hear Lord Rothermere's uncompromising call for an immediate close Anglo-French Alliance, the next moment the British Government coolly wrung the neck of Locarno. In future, the Treaty of Locarno means anything the British Government may interpret it to mean.

On top of it all came the unpleasant surprise of the Polish-German accord of mutual non-aggression. Ever since the conclusion of the unlucky Four-Power Pact, Poland has considered herself as a Great Power and has acted as such. But France could not conceive it possible that her grown-up daughter would do things like that behind mother's back. It is not only ungrateful, it spoils the entire French scheme of things. At enormous cost, France arranged it so that if there should be trouble with Germany in the west there would also automatically be trouble for Germany in the east. And now if there should be a 'preventive war'—the idea was openly expressed (and, of course, repudiated in the same breath) in a quite unusually frank debate in the Chamber—France would have to fight a Germany free to make a single-minded concentration against her. For Czechoslovakia and the rest of the *Petite Entente*, closely interknit at Sinaia as another consequence of the Four-Power Pact, cannot be counted on as an aggressive force against Germany. They think more about a possible Austro-Hungarian reunion, supported by Italy, against which they are measuring the chances of conflict.

France, indeed, is caught on the dilemma either of a consultation under the Four-Power Pact or direct negotiations *à deux* with Germany. M. Mussolini prudently refrained from himself invoking that pact. He left it to Britain—desirous above all things of settling the European situation by words and not arms—to take a circuitous initiative. Four-Power consultation or direct

negotiations are equally unpleasant to France. She believed that she had 'sterilised' the pact by bringing it under the ægis of the League of Nations. But Germany has spurned the League. In either case, she would have to treat with Germany as if there were no League (which Mussolini also unkindly characterised as an absurdity), and with a Treaty of Versailles that has become only a wistful memory. Nevertheless, she does her best in these extremely difficult circumstances. To the German offer of friendship, 'equality' being conceded, M Sarraut replied with the best smile possible that an always generous France was willing to admit equality, but that France must be assured of security, and that she could not enter upon any negotiations not publicly open to her friends. (The whispered German suggestions that France and Germany should compose their ancient enmity and unite in a profitable alliance against England remind her of the nursery rhyme about a spider and a fly.) That insistence upon 'security' —who does not remember that blessed word 'Mesopotamia'? —has a brave sound, but nothing can disguise the fact that Germany has won a first-class diplomatic victory. The tables have been completely turned. Whereas a month ago Germany was being pushed up against the wall by a lath-and-plaster triple front, now—whatever the procedure—Italy and Britain are inviting an isolated France to make some nice and tactful concessions to bring Germany back into the family group. Poor France! She never did have any really reliable friends. Not one of them had the sense to see that a permanent French hegemony is the only guarantee of the peace of Europe.

Across the Rhine, as was a foregone conclusion, the electorate voted almost 100 per cent. '*Heil Hitler!*' It was not only a dramatic proof of the unanimity of the German people, it placed Hitler's personal supremacy likewise beyond dispute. Whatever truth there may have been in stories of internecine Nazi rivalries (and in particular of the ambitions of General Goering, autocrat of Prussia), those rivalries are henceforth on a secondary plane. Hitler is apotheosised as far above his coadjutors as the Emperor Napoleon above his marshals. The next step (not perhaps to the advantage of General Goering) is to obliterate the old locally nationalistic States, and re-map the Reich into a new centrally governed homogeneity where there will be neither Prussia nor Bavaria, but only Germany. Thus, even as Mussolini completed the Risorgimento, Hitler will have realised the dreams of the *Jugendbund* idealists who fought in the War of Liberation, the dreams that were betrayed in 1815 and again betrayed in 1848, the dreams which even Bismarck could only partially implement. Those optimists who as recently as February of this year, in Bavaria and in the Papal City, thought it might be possible to

resuscitate the old South German Confederation and the *Main*
may for ever relinquish that romantic fancy. Henceforth th
Vaterland is one and indivisible. And, incidentally, the Ho
zollerns have about as much chance of returning to rule over
the Bourbons had of the throne of France in 1804. The ele
did more than register the will of Germany to be an equal an
the nations. It clinched a left-wing mass revolution of which
Junkers and the Reichswehr command must be the servants
no longer the quasi-patrons. The Germans have provided t
selves with a new emperor; but they call him, in a mys
enthusiasm, '*Der Führer*.'

What next? At the moment Germany pleasantly fee
necessity to make any advances to the outside world.
Messieurs les étrangers tirent les premiers.' She is conten
remain in isolation, and—defiant of erstwhile conquerors impa
to do anything about it—to rearm herself as a great Po
Territorial questions can come later. In the meantime, she
of course no objection to accepting invitations to discussions
the peace of the world,' so long as she is invited as a complete e
with the other parties. On the contrary. Such an invit
consecrates the new status she has acquired, without havi
fought a war for it. She emphatically does not want a war just
If and when there should be another Franco-German war
would prefer that France should be the attacker. But she c
lates shrewdly that France will not dare a 'preventive' war u
assured of British support. That support is improbable i
near future, because Britain is disarmed for anything exce
maritime blockade which would infallibly renew the A
American embroilments of 1914–16. Therefore Germany
calmly employ the next two years in re-equipping herself fo
eventual reassertion of that militant Teutonism which Hitle
made ecstatic in German youth.

Apart from any trouble over the Polish Corridor, appar
postponed by the accord of non-aggression, 1935–36—when Fr
man power will commence its four-year decline, and France
have to rely more than ever on African troops—is the design
date of crisis. In November 1935 the question of the Saar
come up for definite settlement. Apart from the strategic v
of that bridgehead across the Rhine, the French Governm
operates the Saar mines as a State concern, sends as little co
possible into the Reich, and certainly will not joyously relinq
that amputation of German industrial power. Already the Fr
Press is starting propaganda on the necessity of ensuring tha
1935 *plebiscite* of a population vehemently German in race
ideals shall be a vote for incorporation with France. Sin
neously, Hitler appoints Herr von Papen to prepare fo

restoration. Germany, as Hitler made clear in his pacific speech to France, will fight if need be for that restoration. In the meantime, Germany has provoked the most powerful of enmities in this modern world—enmities by no means finally defeated at Geneva the other day—which may not wait so long. So Germany keeps her armament factories working overtime, brings back the guns 'cached' in Holland, and staggers the Canadian market with a colossal order for nickel.

This situation has compelled Great Britain to recognise that her traditional policy after a great war has come to its allotted and recurrent term. Historically, when the war is won she disarms to the lowest possible limits and spends the resulting economies on the parish pump. Pleading, very ineffectively, with all the other nations to do the same, she has acted according to schedule since 1920. An Air Force of overwhelming superiority in 1918 has been reduced to a fifth-rate remnant scattered all over the world. The Army could at most mobilise two divisions for instant service, with a gap of months before they could be followed by the next. The Navy is hardly a skeleton of the great armada of August 1914, and is even more deficient than was that fleet in the all-important cruisers and destroyers. Impotent to back any diplomatic policy by military force, Britain has for the past fourteen years deftly, and on the whole successfully, exploited the immense prestige acquired in 1914–18. But Germany's withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference called the bluff. There is a point at which rhetoric ceases to be a substitute for effective power. Henceforth, Britain must rearm, or remain conspicuously a mere and possibly endangered spectator of events on the Continent, and in the Pacific, quite beyond her control. With more to lose than any other nation, and nothing whatever to gain, she has no desire to engage in any conceivable war. But it is pleasant to be able to retain one's neutrality if one wishes. It is also sometimes useful to be able to act the part of policeman. Despite the scornful disparagement of 'service ideas,' in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's recent eloquently idealistic re-assurances to the Archbishop of Canterbury and a deputation from the League of Nations Union, it is certain that the Navy and the Air Force—particularly perhaps the Air Force—are going to be readjusted more closely to expert appraisals of the potentialities of a wicked world.

In Palestine the Arab outbreak timed to coincide with the opening of the new port of Haiffa was a disagreeable reminder of an increasingly dangerous situation that may one day explode with far-reaching results. This time the Arabs, not in the least sharing the enthusiasms of the Zionists and not unnaturally perturbed by the prospect of a mass invasion of German Jews

added to those diligent and prosperous Galician and other Hebrews who are reducing the Arabs to a landless proletariat, shrewdly made their action, not anti-Jewish, but specifically anti-British. In this matter, apart from the all-important Haiffa pipe-line, Britain is in a non-reconcilable dilemma. Mindful of the circumstances in which the Zionist mandate was extorted, the British Government has no desire whatever to incur the hostility of international Jewry, and to forfeit whatever advantages may accrue from Hitler's anti-Semitism. On the other hand, it has equally no desire to provoke the Arabs (who, without the British, would eliminate Zion overnight) into an anti-British holy war. There are sixty-odd millions of Moslems in India. In contrast to the Hindus, to whose glib capacities for debate the destinies of India are to be entrusted, the Indian Mohammedans are on the whole pro-British. But, immediately after the war, they showed themselves singularly susceptible to propaganda on the Khalifate question, until Kemal Pasha relieved the British *raj* by agnostically wiping out the Turkish Khalifate. They could be equally susceptible in a British conflict with their co-religionists in Palestine. Also there is Iraq, the other end of the Haiffa pipe-line, already exultantly conscious of having considerably shaken British tutelage, demonstrably impotent to do anything *re* the Assyrian massacres, where the events in Palestine produced tumultuous sympathetic demonstrations. Also, again, there is Egypt, fanatically Moslem, almost free from British control save for the small garrison at Cairo protecting the sole fresh-water supply to the Suez Canal. Pan-Islam is not dead. It slumbers uneasily, and anon it dreams *Insh'allah!*

The assassination of Nadir Shah, King of Afghanistan, opened up another disquieting potentiality for Britain, from day to day nobbly weakening the *pax Britannica* in India. In contrast to Amanullah, the flighty enthusiast for the Soviet *régime* who now dwells in Rome, Nadir Shah was definitely pro-British. The murder of Nadir Shah was doubtless a clan vengeance for the execution of Ghulam Nabi, Amanullah's ambassador to Moscow, whom Nadir Shah had recalled under promise of amnesty from a prudent self-exile in Russia, and then had arrested on a charge of treason. But it links up with the earlier murder of the Afghan Minister in Berlin by one of the students whom Amanullah had sent to Moscow. There is no doubt that, with the benevolent accord of the Soviet Government, Amanullah dreams of returning one day to Kabul, and that he maintains a secret organisation, both in Europe and in Afghanistan, to that end. In that land of a tribal system and tribal loyalties he is still the titular head of a powerful section. The nineteen-year-old successor of Nadir Shah has received assurances of allegiance from all the clans, but

the durability of that allegiance has yet to be proved. From the British point of view, which Nadir Shah thoroughly appreciated, the total independence of Afghanistan is of the utmost value and importance. From the Soviet point of view, Afghanistan is merely the historic road to the invasion of an India which will presently be in chaos. Moscow has no intention of fighting a war to the death with Japan for the benefit of the United States. It would delightedly commence such a war and, having entangled America in the conflict, leave the United States to carry on. In the immense upheaval of the Orient produced by that event, opportunity would gleam golden. India is still, as ever, the prize of conquerors.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE AFGHAN THRONE

For close on a century Great Britain has been concerned in establishing a stable, peaceful, and contented Afghanistan that would be a reasonable trading neighbour to India and also be capable of resisting the canker which was resulting in the absorption of the Central Asia khanates by the Russian Bear. No other main objective has prompted our failures and our far more frequent successes across the Indus. It is certainly instructive, though perhaps a little saddening, to glance at the astounding kaleidoscope of the happenings of this mountain-land since Nadir Shah, the Persian Turk, the 'slave of destiny,' came to visit his brother Turk at Delhi, a few years before young Charles Stuart made the last attempt to gain his crown.

For many generations Afghanistan had been part of the Empire of Delhi, a relic of the day when, shortly after the period of the Norman Conquest, the Turkish slave dynasty of Ghuzni conquered northern India, to be succeeded by the Ghori dynasty, also Turks of Afghanistan, and after them the many Turkish dynasties which, almost without exception, ruled India till late in the British trading period. When in 1737 Nadir Shah came to Delhi and took from his brother Turk all that he required, including the famous Peacock throne, he, emulating Darius and Alexander of Macedon, detached Kandahar and Kabul, with the provinces and districts adjoining both banks of the Indus, and added them to Persia. In 1748 Nadir Shah went the way of most such world-compellers and was assassinated. Then it was that Afghanistan for the first time in history became a kingdom—or empire, to use the high-sounding description of its new owner: a nation it can never claim to be.

Nadir Shah entered India with a large number of Afghan soldiery at his heels as well as his own Persians and Turks. Prominent in command among them was one Ahmad Khan the Abdalli—that is to say, a member of the principal clan of the Semitic folk who claim the name Afghan. Ahmad Khan, in command of large forces of Afghan horse, also happened to have charge of his dead master's field treasure-chest. This, and the thousands of horse which he and it could command, was a god-

granted opportunity. Ahmad Khan declared himself to be Ahmad Shah, Ahmad the Emperor, and he named his people *Duranis* (said to mean 'of the pearl,') styling himself *Dur-i-duran* ('the Pearl of Pearls'). He found no difficulty in making his own, for the time being, all the districts or provinces which had fluctuated between Delhi and Persia—namely, Kabul, Kandahar, Herat, Ghuzni, Jallalabad, Peshawur, Mooltan and the Derajat, and even Kashmir. To it he added much of what is now Afghan Turkestan, and the Turki countries, including Balk, which lay on the hither side of the Oxus. This formation of the Durani empire, dramatic enough in itself, brings us into touch with the word 'Afghan,' and that, if pursued, will take us into strange and romantic byways. The people to whom the name really belongs is that race who call themselves the *Ben-i-Israel* (the children of Israel), claiming descent, not, as some folk say, from the 'Lost Tribes,' but from no less a person than David of Israel, through a son Afghana, at one time commander-in-chief of the forces of his half-brother, the mighty Solomon. There is no means of checking this story. But there is nothing impossible about it. The distance that this tribe wandered—probably coming into its present habitat in the vicinity of Kandahar some few years before the rise of Islam—is nothing as such matters go.

When Ahmad Khan, of the Sadozai clan of the Abdallis, became Ahmad Shah, Plassey had not yet been fought. The Great Mogul and his empire were in tatters, but Britain had not yet become the heir. The East India Company, which was the Crown in Commission, had only picked up a few of the broken pieces on the outskirts. Ahmad Shah was a hustling, restless soldier of fortune, with little power to organise a State and little knowledge of such matters. Twenty-seven times in the course of his life he invaded India, and finally added the whole of the Punjab, up to the River Sutlej, to his dominions. One of the most memorable dramas in India was the terrible defeat of the Mahratta chivalry at the last of the many battles of Panipat. There by the famous old 'Black Mango Tree,' long dead, the Afghan invaders, summoned by the Rohillas to save India for Islam, totally destroyed the Mahrattas in 1761 and massacred in cold blood many thousand prisoners, even as Mahmud of Ghuzni had done seven centuries before. This terrible story is the theme of Kipling's *With Scindiah to Delhi*. The historians tell of the banker's message that flew by the underground channels of India to let the gold stream know the news, and this is how it ran: 'Two pearls have been dissolved, twenty-seven gold mohurs have been lost, and of the silver and copper the total cannot be cast up.' The term 'Rohilla' (the men from the Mountains of Roh) was that generally in use in India for Afghan colonists and settlers.

and in Hindu minds was synonymous with bandit and oppressor. Roh is the country which we now call the 'frontier' hills, and far down into the Deccan are folk who have not seen their native heath for many centuries, yet preserve the name of the frontier Rohilla, *i.e.*, Pathan tribe to which they belong. The Afghan, or Rohilla, settled in India did not bear a good name even among his own folk.

The British Government of Warren Hastings' day, when problems and policy were first considered on broad lines by that master mind, found this danger of the Afghan invasions worthy of constant study. The Rohilla war, so unjustly condemned by Burke and others of the 'hot-air' fraternity, was undertaken to rescue Indian peasantry from a very ruthless tyranny. In dealing with the Rohillas, and indeed the Afghan barons who still dominated Bengal, the British had gained some knowledge of the Afghan character—their personal charm, their guile, and their ruthlessness. It was not, however, till 1803, when the blinded Mogul emperor was rescued from his Mahratta dungeon and restored to some personal dignity, that British officials assumed control at Delhi and political agents first touched the raw Afghan—the Afghan of his own hills. Then they found that the Afghan frontier was claimed to be the Sutlej, and the whole of northern India was in deadly fear of those constant invading streams, of which every living man had memory.

But before turning to the Afghanistan of the nineteenth century we must examine the fortunes of Ahmad Shah and his immediate successors, and see how almost at once the throne of Kabul was destined to be the scene of perpetual tragedy and rebellion. Ahmad Shah's Durani empire gave him immense trouble to maintain, and he was often recalled from his invasions of India to face rebellions and invaders on his Persian and Turkestan frontiers. His ruthless energy and his long, furious countermarches when threatened by foes in different quarters, gained for him an astounding reputation and the great admiration of his clansmen and allies, who followed him eagerly for the victory that almost always crowned his efforts. For twenty-six glorious years of war, plunder, and rapine, he had led Afghan and Turk, and his empire stood where his horses had carried him from the Sutlej to the Oxus and the Marches of Khorassan. He died in a tented bed, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Timur, a man graced with a name of fear but a feeble nature, and for the ten years that he lived, his father's prestige to some extent supported him while his enemies nibbled at his boundaries. Then he, too, died in his bed in 1793, and was succeeded by his second son, Zaman Shah ('the King of the Age'). Shah Zaman, with the help of the great Barakzai chief Payindah Khan, ousted and blinded his half-

brother, the eldest son Humayun, and then essayed to follow his father's *rôle* as invader of India. Hence the anxieties of the British in their new position as rulers of India. The far-seeing Lord Mornington—after the Marquis of Wellesley one of the real builders of modern India—was settling once and for all the British count with the Afghan-descended Tippu. Tippu far in the south had called on Zaman Shah to come to the rescue of Islam against the Feringhee, or Frank, as his great father had come to save it from the Mahratta. Zaman Shah came and had already marched south of the Indus; then internal troubles called him back, but not before he had reached Lahore and made young Runjhit Singh, the Sikh soldier of fortune, Governor on his behalf of Lahore, thus unwittingly turning over a new page of Indian history.

Timur Shah, if inefficient as a ruler, was competent as a parent and left many sons. At the time of his death five were governing provinces: Humayun in Kandahar, Zaman in Kabul, Mahmud in Herat (and with him was his younger full-brother, *Firoze*), Kuhun Dil in Kashmir, and Abbas in Peshawur. The father of Payindah Khan had been Ahmad Shah's Minister and supporter, as Payindah Khan was of Zaman. With Humayun blinded, the other brothers for a while accepted Zaman. But Zaman Shah was not the man his grandfather was, and Payindah Khan, the Afghan Warwick, was concerned in plotting to put Shah Shujah-ul-Mulk, another brother, on the throne. Zaman Shah, hearing of this, was man enough to have Payindah Khan and several of his supporters put to death, but had not enough force to ride the storm. Fateh Khan, the eldest son of Payindah Khan, summoned Shah Mahmud from Herat to occupy the throne, and together they eventually seized Shah Zaman. His half-brother and his Minister now handed out to Zaman the same treatment as he had devised for Humayun. He, too, the 'King of the Age,' was blinded with a red-hot iron. Shah Mahmud was quite unfit to sit in the saddle of Ahmad Shah, and he was easily ousted by Shah Shujah, who was whole-brother to the blinded Zaman. The tragic curse of Kabul was getting to work: two emperors blinded to make an Afghan holiday, a Prime Minister done to death, as well as many of the 'silver and copper.'

By now the East India Company was anxious to get on with its proper job of fostering trade and prosperity, and also with its policy of alliance with the outer States, which should present a combined front to the plans which Napoleon and the Tsar of Russia were weaving against India. Among the missions to various courts, one was sent under Mountstuart Elphinstone to Shah Shujah, with whose charm of manner the British envoy was as much impressed as Lord Crewe had been with that of Nadir Shah. Charm of manner is one of the Afghan assets. But even

Shah Shujah, whose affection and care for his blinded brother was one of his good points, could not ride an Afghan storm. Fateh Khan, the son of murdered Payindah Khan and the eldest of a huge tribe of virile sons of the Barakzai family, who aspired to his father's *rôle* of king-maker, was not satisfied with his position and brought back Shah Mahmud of Herat. Shah Shujah fled, trying for many years to recover his throne with the help of the astute Runjhit Singh, while Shah Mahmud, in the hands of Fateh Khan, ruled ineffectively over Kabul and several of the provinces of Afghanistan.

Then occurred the crowning tragedy of the 'royal' family of Afghanistan, the Sadozai dynasty of Ahmad Shah. This is the cruel story. The youngest and wildest of the Barakzai brothers was Dost Muhammad, by a series of events which do not matter here, it came about that he violated the zenana of Firoze Shah, Mahmud's brother, now Governor of Herat, and, it was said, actually dishonoured the daughter-in-law of Firoze, usually known to history as Hajee Firoze, who was no less a person than the daughter of Shah Mahmud himself. Such an insult set all the wild Afghan blood a-boil, and cried aloud for vengeance. Shah Kamran, the king's son, brother of the lady in question, seized the Minister, Fateh Khan, on the ground that he was responsible for his young brother's outrage, and with his own hands put out the Vizier's eyes with a dagger. It has been said that 'the shout of Vizier Fateh Khan as the knife of the executioner was thrust into his visual organs was that of the expiring Afghan monarchy.' It certainly turned the whole of the Barakzai family and influence against the Shah and civil war broke out. To make the outrage more complete, before rebellion caused the Shah and his son Kamran to flee from Kabul, they hacked the blinded minister to pieces with every refinement of cruelty.

We need not follow history further—how the deposed Shah Shuhjah attempted to return, how the young hothead Dost Muhammad, the ablest and in many ways most popular of the Barakzai brothers, succeeded in establishing himself as Amir of Kabul and the adjacent provinces—except to mention the attempt of the British to settle the Afghan question and to ensure peace on the Indus, so long upset by the Sikh conquest of Ahmed Shah's *cis*-Indine Empire. We tried to restore the royal family of that conqueror—marched by the devious ways of Sukkhur and Kandahar to Kabul in 1839, the Sikhs in ineffective alliance. For two years a portion of the force stayed in Afghanistan in great friendliness, hawking, horse-racing, skating with the Afghans, teaching them cricket and how to grow English vegetables. Then came the *débâcle*—the tragedy of a policy clumsily and half-heartedly pursued, military disasters (amply revenged), and our

withdrawal, leaving Dost Muhammad, whom we had treated as an honoured guest at Calcutta for two years, to return. Not long after the disaster to Elphinstone's Brigade in 1842 the occupant of the precarious throne, Shah Shujah, grandson of Ahmad Shah, was murdered while inspecting troops. The Dost, as the British called him—perhaps ironically, since *dost* means friend and neighbour—now was accepted by the major portion of quarrel-racked Afghanistan, and actually died in his bed in 1863, having, save for a short lapse in the excitement of the second Sikh War, been a faithful *dost* to the British. He thus established for a while the first Barakzai dynasty.

The Dost's third son, Shere Ali, was nominated his successor by his father, one of the many Moslem methods of succession. He had a stormy ride. Driven forth by Afzal Khan, an elder brother, he eventually regained his throne, and with vicissitudes held it till 1878, when his coquetting with Russia brought the British to Kabul once again. The troubles and difficulties of this war are still in the memory of many living. Suffice it to say that Shere Ali fled and Abdur-Rahman, son of Afzal and therefore grandson of the Dost, was established by Lord Roberts. He was, however, not to have Kandahar, which had almost always been separate from Kabul. A special ruler of that province, to be supported by the British in the interests of defence against Russia, was set up. A change in the British Government modified this Kandahar policy, which raised a very fierce controversy in Britain, and Abdur-Rahman fully obtained the wish of his heart, the complete sovereignty of his lawless land. Shere Ali had died a refugee from Kabul when the British first advanced up the Khaiber, but his son Yakub might have had the throne rather than Abdur-Rahman had he not realised that his seat on the saddle was not strong enough.

From 1881 to 1919 our share in the establishment of a new Barakzai dynasty in Kabul had been remarkably successful. Abdur-Rahman, the child of British policy, reacting to his own astute and resolute character, created in the years that followed 1881 a united, prosperous, and logical Afghanistan. This country, be it remembered, is larger than France, with a population of perhaps 11,000,000. Since its breakaway from the Delhi Empire its chief feature had been its bitter fissiparous tendencies. Never for more than a year or so, till the days of this determined and forceful ruler, had Afghanistan been one kingdom. He obtained peace by measures peculiarly his own; he stimulated trade of all kinds and the productiveness suited to a mountainous country. He introduced as much Westernism as he thought desirable (or as his people would stand), and he warned his would-be successor that Afghanistan was the home of reactionaries, religious or other-

wise, and of old-world inhibitions of undying strength, and that 'go slow' alone would profit them. Wise words! The first ten years of Abdur-Rahman's ride on the horse of kingship were exceedingly rough. The Afghan provinces, nobles, barons, and bandits, tried their time-honoured right to rebel. But Abdur-Rahman would not have rebellions. It was that determined John Bull, Sir Salter Pyne, head of the War Factories, who once told me that he had recently seen the Amir deal with 400 mutinous Herati soldiers. They were marched into the palace courtyard, where Pyne, paying a visit to the Amir, sat in a verandah aloft 'eating ice-cream.' 'Poke their eyes out,' growled the Amir; and it was done then and there. But as the Amir said, 'I rule a rough people and I use rough ways.'

Sir Alfred Lyall, who understood so much of that wild, sad spirit that still broods in Kabul and used to haunt India, puts these true words into his mouth:

> Fair are the vales well watered
> And the vines on the uplands swell,
> You would think I am reigning in heaven
> I know I am ruling in hell

And he that was himself named, ironically enough, 'the Slave of Mercy,' did rule in hell to some purpose, bequeathing to his son, Habibullah Khan, the 'Beloved of God,' an Afghanistan that was a prosperous united kingdom. He was, except for the amusement of poking fun at the Indian Government over the frontier tribes, a staunch abider by his treaty with the British. That, perhaps, only showed his astuteness. In 1885, when the Russians attacked his troops far away on the Oxus, the whole British Indian field army was mobilised in his defence. During and after his wars of stability he drew a handsome sum from the British as their contribution to the shield that a properly armed Afghanistan gave to India. The ways of the *Amir el Kebir* were not gentle. He removed from his path all who would plot and intrigue against him, and it was probably for this reason that he died in his bed ripe in years, and that his son, Habibullah Khan, contrary to general expectation, was able to carry on the same policy for seventeen years—years that much increased the growing prosperity, but were perhaps too dull for his unruly countrymen.

During that war the Amir, as he and his wise father preferred to be called knowing the independence of his countrymen, remained, in the face of great temptations and much hot-headed urgings, loyal to his treaties and obligations. He was fully cognisant of the good-will and substantial help that he always received from India, and both he and his father knew that without British help in arms and war material it was probably impossible

to survive for long as an Afghan ruler. When the Sultan tried to cry a holy war, a war of religion, from the mosques and minars of Islam, Habibullah held his hand. 'When,' he said, 'you victorious Turks arrive on the Oxus, on your way to expel the infidel from India, I shall be there waiting to join you.' In the days of Habibullah and those of Abdur-Rahman, after the disastrous massacre of the British Minister and his escort in 1879, no European officer represented Britain at the Afghan Court. That was done by a Moslem *vakil*, a gentleman of standing from northern India. By him Habibullah sent two outstanding messages. The first was, 'Watch what I do, and don't listen to what I say, for I have kittle cattle to handle.' The second was, 'Don't have any frontier punitive expeditions if you can help it.' That, too, was good advice, for matches are best kept from bonfires. After two years or so, however, of the World War, when the tribes of Waziristan, after prolonged raiding, took to invading peaceful British plains and carrying off merchants and women, the British Government sent to say, 'What about it? We can't stand this much longer.' Then the faithful Habibullah sent to say, 'Very well, punish them, but for my sake, don't send too cruel a general.'

And so Habibullah's country had peace when all the world went mad, and was ungrateful therefor; for on February 10, 1919, the old curse broke out. Habibullah, the 'Beloved of God,' was murdered, after seventeen serene years, at his shooting-box in Lughman, north of Kabul. The reasons that prompted this outrage are not clear; hints there have been of a 'skirt,' and an obscure colonel was executed. The army was furious and had their own suspicions. Amanullah, who was the third son of the dead Amir, and was officiating as Governor of Kabul in his father's absence, seized power, though Nasrullah Khan, a full brother of Habibullah, also claimed it. The army was highly incensed at the murder of its Amir, and arrested the commander-in-chief, Nadir Khan. Amanullah sent him off to govern the stormy southern province of Khost, and, apparently to placate the fanatical party in Kabul, but more likely to divert the army's attention from his father's murder, tore up all his treaties and invaded India, in some hope, perhaps, of emulating the great Ahmad Shah, and at any rate of profiting by the rising in the Punjab, which was in process of being repressed.

Nadir Khan invaded Waziristan and succeeded in raising many of the frontier tribes and in suborning the frontier militia, and entered Kurram, whence he was kicked out by General Dyer with his tail between his legs. In the Khaiber more Afghan troops marched across the border, but, in spite of the fact that the British Indian Army was demobilising, were very soon driven back.

Beyond Quetta the British invaded Afghanistan and took a frontier fortress. That was what Amanullah and his people are pleased to call the 'War of Liberation.' The war-tired British made a feeble peace, having, as it happened, Kabul at their feet and massed aeroplanes waiting to bomb it. It was an undignified peace, but it released Afghanistan from its subsidiary alliance, and the Government of India withdrew the gold subsidy. Amanullah next tried to drive the country into the ways of the West, bringing in Turks to train his armies. Much that was admirable was done in the way of development and education, and the French were active as leaders in this advancement. Only a few weeks before Amanullah fell a French magazine produced an illustrated number lauding the young king and the wonderful progress to the skies.

Then, however, the old curse got to work. Habibullah, a bandit, with all the scallywags of the Kohistan, north of Kabul, at his heels, screaming '*Din! Din! Fatteh Muhammad!*', with all the green standards that are so useful to cover rapine, burst on Kabul, where there were plenty of malcontents. The bandit and his scallywag followers actually formed a cabinet of rogues, looted the bazaars, murdered anyone they liked, while Amanullah, with his crown jewels, was making hard for Europe, since no one would fight for him. A sad ending, which we in England, who could condone but hardly forget his astounding treachery of 1919, watched with mixed feelings.

Then in the welter and collapse of a jerry-built civilisation arose a patriot, Nadir Khan, himself one of the Barakzais and related to the ex-king, by now an elderly man in bad health, left his peaceful shelter in France to see what he could make of it. The bandit, the water-carrier's son, the '*bachha saqao*,' had soon outlived his welcome. The great Ghilzai peoples, who lie between Ghuzni, Kabul, and India, would have none of him, and they helped Nadir Khan expel him. It was a rough expelling, with the finale of being taken for a ride at the end of a rope behind a swift motor car, before being suspended in the Kabul bazaar for all the world to spit at.

Nadir Khan was elected Shah because no one would have Amanullah back. He set to work to rebuild, to restock his empty magazines, to regather the threads of his revenue, to bring back the European diplomatic Ministers. He had knowledge of Europe and great knowledge of India and of his own country. Britain, which wants a prosperous and contented Afghanistan, was ready to give him such help as he needed. But rebellion and intrigue would not let him alone. Last year he accused one of his big men of plotting against him, and he then and there put him and several others to death. The curse of the country would not lie dormant.

t is difficult to see what else he could have done. Now, through an act of vengeance, he himself has followed the road of so many of his predecessors, though, so far as the world knows, he only tried to do his duty by his country. It is still on the lap of the gods if there be enough stout men and true who will care for long enough to sink their own ambitions and jealousies for the sake of the young son, Muhammad Zahir, whom the leading men and that passes for the national assembly have elected king.

Amanullah waits a possible summons, but it would seem that nobody is yet keen enough for his return. The appearance of a banished sovereign in Afghanistan is apt to mean a call to the gallows and the block for many. To Britain, who only wants a prosperous neighbour, it is all disturbing enough. What it may all portend on the Oxus and to the Grey-coat Guard is another matter. We can only wish and hope that the boy king may 'reign in heaven,' and not find himself 'ruling in a hell' that may be too much for him.

GEORGE MACMUNN.

THE REAL GERMANY

The hostility of the world's opinion towards Germany, which already before the war had been very noticeable, reached its height during the war itself. It seemed beyond human power to conquer the barriers of hatred and distrust erected all around the country, which during more than four years had borne arms against three-quarters of the earth. Nor did a new political spirit descend with the Peace Treaties, putting aside all that had been before, and only serving the idea of a new community. The barbed wire and the police-posts, that in Paris and Versailles had to protect the German delegation against the invectives and the stones hurled by the French population, in themselves were a symbol which every German statesman had to keep before his eyes. It appears all the more miraculous, therefore, that in a very short time the German Republic succeeded in raising itself out of its direst isolation to the genuine and friendly esteem of the entire world. And this during a period in which the whole country had to struggle to the utmost not to be dragged down by the chaos of inflation, of unemployment, and of lawlessness.

We find the explanation of this in the fact that among the citizens of nearly all the nations the conviction was born that they had to deal with an entirely different Germany, with a Germany that had honestly fought for freedom and justice and that had given the people in the Weimar National Assembly the most democratic Constitution of the world. In spite of all endeavours of a still chauvinistic Press, it became evident of itself that this country had to be treated and thought of in a different way than they hitherto had done, and that its leaders were worthy of every assistance, seeing that they had to contend, more desperately almost than with outward difficulties, with those forces in their own country which wanted to drive Germany back into the blackest reaction. They knew, therefore, what it meant when the German Foreign Minister, Walther Rathenau, who was the first after the war to prepare the way for the acceptance of Germany on an equal footing with other nations, was struck down by the bullets of a violently Nationalistic murderer, and they honoured the courageous actions and the pacific policy—from the

point of view of the real Germany truly national—of Dr. Stresemann, who because of this was persecuted and calumniated to his life's end by the parties of the Right.

During all these years the Weimar Republic was honoured and respected in a way that was almost unexampled in history. German authors, German actors, German musicians, and German philosophers—everything German, in fact—were in the foreground everywhere, and so it was possible for a country, vanquished in war and almost annihilated, to conquer the world with the creations of its spirit which became the property of all nations in common. This development, which seemed predestined to create the foundation of a new Europe, has been precipitously interrupted by the coming into power of National Socialism. Fifteen years after the end of the war a renewed distrust of Germany is witnessed everywhere, and centuries seem to lie between the days of Stresemann and that which is happening now. As the war psychosis had already subsided before Hitler began his rule, no adherent of the National Socialist *régime* will be able to make that responsible for the change. Phrases like 'the foreign nations, antagonistic on principle,' may carry weight in internal controversies, but only because there is no Press that can communicate to the German people the real cause of this changed attitude. Otherwise they would learn that all that has happened since January 30 beyond the German border, all the contempt and all the hostility with which the name of Germany is greeted, is exclusively due to the altogether new conditions which National Socialism has created. For as National Socialism has undertaken to speak in the name of the entire German people, and as it suppresses every discussion, however theoretical, whether it is the form of government which is most truly representative of the German people, the world inevitably has to take it for what it pretends to be—namely, Germany itself. Whatever, therefore, it does or professes is for the country and the people in it of the most vital importance, as their character and conduct is judged by that of their official representatives. The result is that even those who until now have loved and honoured Germany and its great works of art and science begin to turn away disappointed and to ask themselves whether the Germans, after all, are not a barbaric people, among whom there are some isolated and therefore all the more astounding exceptions.

This point of view is only too natural, for it would be taxing the judgment of outsiders too much to expect that behind the open confession on the part of the official German representatives as promoters of barbarism and justice-breaking, of 'jungle and uncivilised primitiveness,' they should be able to discern the image of another Germany, which for us is the true and real

Germany. To speak of these things is therefore an indispensable duty, for those of us who are not fighting against the National Socialists in the ranks of Communism. We believe that the entire world should know that there is a people in the centre of our Continent that in its real self has nothing whatever in common with what now is being said and done in its name.

Not in order to exonerate National Socialism, but in order to understand Germany, it, therefore, is necessary to give a short analysis of what has led to the present situation.

The German people at the end of the war were willing to work loyally with everybody who would help to heal the wounds of Europe. For it was weary of being in arms, weary, also, of its autocratic government, and it hoped in a free and democratic republic, as the preamble of the Weimar Constitution proclaims, 'to be able to renovate the *Reich* in freedom and justice and to serve peace without and within its borders, and the progress of civilisation.' It was the tragedy of Germany that these words, meant to express the attitude of a whole people, were written in an atmosphere where the Treaty of Versailles already had created new animosities and new burdens. Germany, in its struggle for a new polity, found itself isolated, and from the very beginning all those who saw the salvation of the future—above all the gratification of their own ambition—in the forcible methods of the past were enabled by the conditions created by the Peace Treaty to gain predominance. A wise policy on the part of the other nations would have been aware of the dangers this involved, but at that time the insight still was lacking that the inner liberty of Germany—*i.e.*, the maintenance of its newly acquired democratic ordinance—was the preliminary condition for all real peace.

Adolf Hitler from the first moment was able to avail himself of the opportunities which the former enemies of Germany put at his disposal. He knew perfectly well that his movement was in direct proportion to the pressure that was applied to Germany from outside, and whenever it threatened to become less he himself and his associates in the Hugenberg circle did all they could to revive it. Furthermore, he profited by the social overthrow which the war and the inflation had brought about. He got the support of all those who formerly belonged to the middle classes and who were now practically on the same material level as the proletariate. It seemed to them the word of salvation that they were allowed to be Socialists without having to become proletarians, and without having to sacrifice any of the social privileges of their former order. It is certainly a striking testimony to his psychological gifts that he contrived to make the red flag accepted in the parlour, and that by this he secured to himself the political and material aid of the people he met there. Among those most

irretrievably bound by education and heredity are the German lower middle classes. They may admire revolution, but they [illegible] established [illegible] when they assume power [illegible] it contributes to their [illegible] In such cases [illegible] revolution [illegible] the lower middle classes [illegible] proletariat [illegible] wealthy and powerful [illegible] Germany. No creative [illegible] changes comparable to what happened in the French Revolution [illegible] Russian [illegible] for the Third [illegible] brought [illegible] In reality, nothing at all has [illegible] happened, [illegible] in mind, as it is essential [illegible] to the idea of the real Germany.

National Socialism has made a great deal of noise. It has broken the dam of self-possession and decency; [illegible] as it were, a wandering [illegible] posters are the [illegible] proclaiming [illegible] revolution since the time of [illegible] the position of Germany [illegible] economically [illegible] as big as ever [illegible] and artists have left [illegible] across the frontiers. [illegible] Germany whenever they were able to [illegible] is needless to try to [illegible] Nazis have conceded the [illegible] Labour Front, the [illegible] Ring, and even [illegible] united in a National [illegible] ideal of a state [illegible] of their corporation [illegible] National Socialists [illegible] psychology, with a [illegible] themselves complete masters [illegible] of the laws [illegible] that all human thought [illegible] they have created a sham world [illegible] values that has to serve one end only—namely, to maintain and strengthen their power.

The National Socialists followed exactly the opposite tactics to those pursued by the Weimar Republic. For this broke down largely because it had too little of what its opponents have possessed in so great a measure. It was crammed together in few Government departments, and it was never understood how to spread its ideas over the whole people. Only through speeches by higher officials and through emergency paragraphs

(*Notverordnungen*) was any connexion with the masses established. Unlike the Nazis, who absurdly overestimated their own personality, it was from the first day burdened so much by inferiority complexes that it hardly dared to live for fear that it might thereby hurt its opponents. To speak of its own merits or to make it fully clear to the people what they were going to lose with the democratic freedom it had given them never occurred to its leaders. The Press, the radio, etc., might have been at their command as much as they now are at that of the National Socialists, but they would have considered it unfair play if they had used their sovereign power to warn the people emphatically against their worst enemies. What this was bound to lead to everybody in Germany foresaw with the exception of the Republican Ministers. And even if they did see it, they probably submitted quietly, accepting it as part of 'the rules of the democratic game.' No wonder, therefore, that the National Socialists were allowed to repeat over and over again what they would do when they came into power. Propaganda, and nothing but propaganda, seemed to them what was wanted. And this idea they put into practice and have worked out to the bitter end.

But they forget that propaganda is nothing productive in itself, and that if modern economy to a great extent is founded on trust and confidence, yet a few results have to be produced. Therefore it must be presumed that before long disillusion will set in, and that neither official proclamations nor announcements of victory will be able any more to conceal this. The real state of Germany as presented to us now, therefore, is far different from what its leaders pretend. It is a pitiable country, no longer aware of its own condition, disturbed by the marching of Storm Troopers; it suffers hunger, and it is told it is amply nourished; it is freezing, and it is shown a painted fire. But not even the National Socialists feel themselves so powerful that they believe it possible to rule by these methods for ever. So they must find ways again and again to divert the thoughts of the people, to invent for them new sensations. Though anti-Semitism is gradually losing its attraction, it can be still used; it only has to be worked up to excesses to become a demand for massacre. Human beings in their blood orgies are insensible to everything else, and above all they do not appear dangerous to those who dispense to them the intoxicating drugs.

As an example—one among many—the following may be brought to notice. In the official Nazi paper in Nürnberg, *Der Stürmer*, the editor of which, Julius Streicher, holds a high rank in the party, there appeared an article (No. 43) at the end of October with the headlines: 'The Jacksonville nigger. How the Americans protect their race against pollution and dishonour.'

This article described how a negro, who, as was hinted, had kissed a white hospital nurse, after his release from prison was knocked down by the mob, was carried by them to a doctor, castrated by him, and thereupon thrown unconscious in the gutter. The newspaper continues:

> Sexual relation between negroes and white people from the racial and national standpoint is a vital and damnable crime. But this crime is still greater when perpetrated between Jews and Germans. Here the greatest contrasts existing are mixed. Here the pure and noble German blood, the bearer of culture, is mixed with the race of the most notorious and depraved scoundrels which the earth has known. The result is terrific. An under-man is born, the slave of his criminal impulses. Bearing this in mind, how far greater is the right of the German to deal in a similar way with every Jew, by whom his race is dishonoured? More so, considering the awful devastation caused by the Jews among the German people—i.e., among German matrons and maidens—it would be his *duty* to act likewise.

In view of this, it is easier to understand why the German Jews 'of their own free will' have emitted a summons to vote for Hitler.

The causes of anti-Semitism have been investigated sufficiently often to make it superfluous here to repeat them. We know that it was the best means of propaganda the Nazis could hit upon, and that in this way a scapegoat was found to bear the burden of all their incompetence. And we know, also, that it is the most expedient way to get rid of more talented and therefore unbeloved rivals. What interests us here is only this starting from our affirmation that in Germany in reality nothing tangible has been created, and that the populace now, as before, has to face the same or even a deteriorated situation, anti-Semitism becomes the only concrete thing which the leaders are able to hold up to the expectant multitudes. For should their theory be correct that the Jews are the greatest and most terrible, the most diabolical, danger by which the German people are threatened, then certainly their expulsion would be of the highest importance; it would even amount to something so momentous that many other seemingly more pressing things might be neglected. And then it would be foolish to reproach the National Socialists that they have not yet devoted themselves to the task of regulating on a just basis all wages and tariffs, of establishing the promised social justice, and of effecting the socialisation of the big industries, as was proclaimed in their programme. As the anti-Semitic doctrine, embellished with incredible legends and founded on falsified documents, is more difficult to refute than the non-fulfilment of simple material promises, to denounce the Jews appears to many millions as really something positive, and they would be astonished if

anyone told them that, in spite of all this, nothing has been done.

The real Germany, therefore, is far from being as homogeneous as Hitler likes to represent it to the world. It is kept together none too solidly by a network of propaganda tricks, which confer an apparent unity on two very diverse elements—the crowd of those who are looking for personal advantages and the others who are held in subjection by machine-guns and threats of the concentration camp or the fate of the 'Jacksonville nigger.' This must not be forgotten, for the emphasis of unity means everything to Hitler. Indeed, for the second time within a few months he has called the people to a 'general election.' The first, that of March 5 of this year, was already a pure parody. The Communists were not allowed to hold any meetings or to make any propaganda, nor were the Social Democrats permitted to do so, after their largest assembly had been dissolved as guilty of 'derision of the *Reich* Government.' And the meetings of the Centre were watched in such a way that only by the most absolute faith in a redeeming Providence might the risk be taken to speak openly of the situation. The governmental parties, however, had at their disposal all the means by which to wield power; every day the radio was employed for National-Socialist propaganda, the recruiting was paid out of the Treasury, thousands of S.A. men filled the streets to beg the people passing by for 'voluntary' contributions to the election funds; and, in spite of all that, Hitler succeeded only in getting 48 per cent. of the votes.

The election of November 12 gives a still more unreliable image of the real Germany. A single list of candidates was proffered, and the pressure used is until now unexampled in European States. Many newspapers therefore were perfectly right in declaring that the voices containing a 'No' only served to make the 'Liberty of the Election' more outwardly plausible. It is as if a pupil should copy the work of his neighbour and add a few mistakes to make the whole procedure more verisimilar. Even the official reports which announced the election were formulated in such a way that the people believed that not to vote for the Government was a punishable act. The whole of Germany was in a state of maddening fear. The elections in the concentration camps do not need to be explained. In these cases the only surprising thing is the utter shamelessness with which the results were announced. The real meaning of the elections has to be read aright: the percentage of opposing votes published officially is certainly small, but in the circumstances the actual numbers are enormous. What other country has lately been able to show 2,000,000 people ready to sacrifice their lives for their political opinion? Garibaldi had only 500 men and still they conquered

Italy. These 2,000,000 in Germany are the foundation of a coming resurrection.

In this way November 12, 1933, has been able to give a clear picture of the real Germany; a country in which neither law nor justice are of account any longer, in which the judges are ordered to give their verdict as it best suits the Brown section, a State in which perorations are endless, in which people are made to swear all the oaths that are wanted. And at the head of the whole an exceedingly un-Nordic-looking prophet of the Nordic principle 'bearing its own justification already in itself.' And then an *intelligentsia* that has become weary, covetously snatching at the 'irrational.' Under all this glamour, however, and in spite of the 95 per cent Hitler 'majorities,' a great people that could not find happiness under the rule of the Weimar Republic, because the extreme right and the extreme left persuaded them successfully that they had nothing to lose, and because the central parties were too weak and too cold to attract the millions which the democratic State would have needed.

To-day it may realise that it still had much to lose; for, in spite of all its faults, the Weimar Constitution, now put aside, was the foundation of its freedom, and with that of its future. Endless endeavours will be necessary to bring this idea back to life again, and above all to secure a peaceful development to the German people. For if at present the Nazi Government speaks officially a great deal about the will to mutual understanding, yet the balance of conflicting forces in Europe will first be possible when its centre has returned to a free Constitution. To expect a real desire for peace on Hitler's part would be fatal self-deceit. This *régime*, which is based on the oppression of very large numbers of the people, inevitably has to look out for a safety-valve, without which the inner tension would become unbearable. The withdrawal from the League of Nations and from the Disarmament Conference was only the first step; but, completely absurd as it seems, this step is explained by a very special love of peace. From this it must not be concluded that Hitler wants war. At this moment he certainly does not want it, but he must rattle his sabre, he must speak in a loud voice, for sensations are the only reality by which his Government is nourished. But he who incessantly plays with fire, whether out of carelessness or from lack of responsibility, is apt one day to cause a great conflagration. Every concession made to him encourages him in his policy and thereby increases the danger. This is something all leading statesmen ought to realise, for their countries are immediately concerned with it. Do they really wish to give Hitler what was denied to Stresemann and Brüning? At that time they would have prevented disaster; now they would augment it. As

everybody knows, hunger grows in eating, and the end of the banquet cannot yet be visualised. Therefore there is only one policy: to take no solemn declarations of the National Socialists seriously, but to consider them as the most astute, and thereby most disastrous, enemies of the Western world. Hitler has pledged himself solemnly, over and over again, to legality and to reverence the laws and the Constitution, and what was the result? It would not be different in foreign politics either. It is time to realise these things to the full, for to warn for ever is not the way of Providence. This demand is uttered above all in the name of that Germany which is not represented by Hitler—the true, the real Germany.

To speak of this now is an immediate and politically obvious duty. For the consequences would be fatal if in the world's opinion, as the result of an efficient National Socialist propaganda, the conviction should be born of a single alternative: either Hitler or a Bolshevist Germany. For it would end in this: that many of those who feel antagonism towards the *Hakenkreuz* would begin, out of their fear of a communistic Germany, to tolerate Hitler, as we already in many cases have seen happening. But this is the very road to Communism in Germany. Moreover, it is of no importance whether the form of Communism is national or international. Russian Communism in the end has taken a national, not to say a nationalistic, turn; why should not German Communism also?

It is difficult to speak of that other 'real' Germany, because up till now it merely exists in a spiritual atmosphere and is embodied only in a few. Its greatest prophets are those who came from the world of Stefan Georg, who foresaw the coming fulfilment of Germany as the bearer, not of a hegemonical State, founded on compulsion and force, but of a widely spread, universal, community. It is the dream of seven centuries unfulfilled since the end of the House of Hohenstaufen. That it still is effective may seem strange to the outsider, above all to the western European, but he must know of it and accept it if he wishes to understand this real Germany. This becomes even more evident when we realise that it was possible for the National Socialists to rise to such dazzling heights only because they appropriated ideas which they had borrowed there. For in the soul of the German people this hidden Germany has long been a reality. The earliest fairy-tales and sagas, which every German child has heard, speak of this, and in the spirit of the people—a community bound not by the bonds of blood, but by those of a common destiny—the knowledge is alive. By much that was negative all this has been strengthened: the nation knew by intuition that the state founded in 1871 was not the *Reich*. And

so it was with the Weimar Republic. It did not break in any way with all that stood for 'tradition,' but it was too much guided by common sense, too intellectual, too much a contemporary shelter, to figure as the promised fulfilment. Many of us who gave it our support because we understood the danger of National Socialism and of Communism have known this, and in no way have we ever considered it ideal, or a tolerable permanency. Only this republic was essential as a guarantee of free scope for all to work for the German future. That in itself was sufficient to make it worthy of every protection. But the fatal mistake was that the republic was unable to distinguish who used this freedom in the right way and those who did so to its ruin.

Still less has the longing of the German people for a 'righteous realm' been fulfilled now. It is advertisement, propaganda, and nothing more, which tries to persuade the masses that they have reached the turning-point in the history of the Germanic race. It is withheld from them on purpose that this moment can only arrive when Germany ceases to be a chauvinistic State rigidly confined within its own borders, when laws prevail in it that are of eternal validity, not as they are now, subject to the caprice of a dominating handful. Beyond the clutch of the National Socialist censor the thoughts of millions are already taking a new flight, and some day perhaps this will give their ultimate meaning to the concentration camps, that they have become the fixed central point round which the hope of deliverance revolves.

But where are we at this moment to find the helping forces which shall lay the foundation of Germany, as we shall rule it after the fall of Hitler? Among those who left their country there will be many who have the necessary equipment. But they can only be made useful so long as they do not in their own way imitate the National Socialist mentality and identify Hitler with Germany. No German conscious of European responsibility, and therefore part of 'the real Germany,' will ever allow himself to commit the slightest injury to his country. Whoever sins against this law will for ever be disqualified from joining in the work of reconstruction. With this understanding as a starting-point a ring can be formed round Germany consisting of national German men and women who therefore are justified in saying of themselves: 'We are German.' The official representatives before the world of what is truly German will have to be chosen more and more among those who for the sake of Germany now live in exile. In spite of all the restrictions of the censor they will succeed in carrying the conviction to the rest of Germany that a new front for freedom and justice is in existence. For the thoughts and sentiments of the masses, which suddenly appear

and nobody knows whence, are beyond the power of the S.A. leaders.

This new Germany will be personified by the religious-minded, by all those, therefore, who abhor Hitler's self-deification, and to whom the message of the Gospel means: Freedom in Christ. Already evidence is accumulating that the Vatican is beginning to draw away from National Socialism after having tolerated it for some months. Besides, we must not forget that the German bishops over and over again have admonished the faithful with the greatest severity and always condemned National Socialism as anti-Christian heresy.

But also in the Protestant creeds there are many from whom this new Germany will be able to accept assistance, as is shown by the courageous action of the 3000 pastors. With all the overbearance of megalomania Hitler has interfered with the tenets of Protestantism; he has done away with everything that until now was the pride of the free congregations. In the end Hitler will become the victim of what may perhaps be called a 'religious revolution.' The exact nature of the intermediate period is not very important. It may or may not be a military dictatorship—the principal thing is that the power of the armed Storm Troops will be broken, and that thereby the road will be free to a Germany in which the great bearers of world-wide ideas—Goethe, Hölderlin, Bach, Dürer, and all the others—no longer are exceptions, but can truly be taken as exponents of the whole people. This future Germany will become the harbour and shelter of European peace, for it will not want to gather any war-like laurels, and within its borders social justice will reign and all will participate in the government and culture of the commonwealth. Perhaps this Germany will have a monarch at its summit, but it will be widely different from that of the Hohenzollern State. It will be a thoroughly socialised empire, and not merely the exponent of a single capitalistic or feudal order.

And so this real Germany will be not only its own fulfilment, but that of the entire Western community. Perhaps the Nazi leaders will laugh when they read this; for they hold the machine-guns, they have the fulness of external power—at the notion that anyone would dare come to them, and vanquish them with the power of a mere idea. But their laughter does not matter, for every time in history those ideas which had their roots in the innermost purpose were stronger than all guns and all armies, stronger than all terror, and victorious where all else went under. But for the world at large it is important that it should remain aware of this struggle and that it should do everything within its power to strengthen these living forces of the 'real Germany.' All the concessions which must be denied to Hitler must be

promised to it. The German people must be made to feel that all other nations are willing to deal with them on a footing of equality, but that they are forced to consider National Socialism, in spite of all its speeches and solemn declarations, as a permanent threat to the peace of Europe. This rise of real Germany, born of the confidence and goodwill of all civilised nations, may happily call back from the ranks of the Communists many who were there only because they could find no other place for their fight against Hitler.

Viewed in this way, Austria's struggle for freedom is seen in a different light. Austria at present is the only territory of German language and purely German mentality and lineage where the fight for the 'real Germany' can directly be fought. It is the one germ-cell, saved in the general upheaval, that can fulfil independent functions. Therefore the Austrian question is of importance to all Europe, for Austria would not be able to live in a confederacy if Germany were permanently estranged. Not that Austria already now is the 'real Germany,' but it forms a bridge to it already; the fact that it is able to resist the greatest pressure from outside will give new courage to millions of people inside Germany.

And as already the outer foundation exists, we need not feel too pessimistic when thinking of Germany's future. Its real image will live when in works of history Hitler's name will hardly be mentioned.

HUBERTUS PRINZ ZU LÖWENSTEIN

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM

THE question of the Reform of the House of Lords has in recent years become so familiar, and its necessity so generally accepted, that it will be superfluous to waste many words by way of introduction. Suffice it to say that it has been raised once more in a more or less acute form by the proposal for immediate abolition brought forward by Sir Stafford Cripps at the recent Labour Party conference—a proposal which, in spite of official camouflage, has not yet been shelved. Though in Parliament, somehow, the question never quite succeeds in being treated as an urgent one, that is nevertheless exactly what it happens to be, and Mr Asquith's famous dictum—at the time of the Parliament Act—about Reform 'brooking no delay' is gaining additional weight and menace each succeeding year. When I ventured, now nearly twelve years ago, to put forward some suggestions on this question, I imagined that the course of events would certainly have brought it to the front in three or four years' time, and that the problem would have been tackled by Parliament and definitely solved; but here we are in 1933, apparently as far off as ever, with nothing done except that Reformers are still evolving fancy schemes. Yet all the time our Constitution remains, under certain conditions which might easily arise, in serious jeopardy. Once again I venture to submit some proposals in the hope that at least some discussion, for or against, may follow. These suggestions will be precisely similar, as a matter of fact, to those for which I previously tried to gain some attention; for in this long interval, after studying and restudying them from every angle and discussing them with a good many of those who have always displayed an interest in this question (the late Lord Melchett was very encouraging and was always urging me to peg away), I have come across no adequate reasons for altering any of my views on this question of Reform.

Let me first justify, if I can, the term 'fancy' employed a few lines above. A great many schemes for Reform have been evolved in recent years. Constitution-building is—and history shows that it always has been—a most fascinating pursuit. But, without going too far back, there are certain schemes that

stand out, and of these the Bryce Report, the resolutions on Reform brought forward by the late Lord Rosebery, and more recently the Salisbury Report, merit the chief attention. Without the slightest hesitation, it can be said that they are all excellent in their way, but that they all happen to be tinged with one defect, which in this type of question I hold to be decisive. They are in their nature far too complicated.


For what is their chief characteristic? They appear to be built up out of a jumble of expedients, compromises, carefully balanced checks, and so on. To be more precise, a certain number of hereditary peers; a certain number of peers elected by county councils, municipal bodies, by grouped members of Parliament, by electoral colleges or by other devices; a certain number of pro-consuls, some distinguished servants of the State, some admirals or generals, to be selected, elected or co-opted, some bishops and the heads of other religious bodies to be included, and, lastly, some eminent leaders in the various professions and in other walks of life, together with a few representatives of Labour, who are apparently to receive a stipend. Obviously there is nothing to be said against any of these gentlemen either individually or collectively, except that most of them, with the exception of those representing Labour and the non-Anglican Churches, are to be found in one way or another in the present House, and it seems hardly worth while to go to the trouble and risk of destroying one capable and well-tried Chamber in order to place all these gentlemen in another that would lack the great prestige that has been accumulated by the former from Age, Tradition and History.

But that is not the chief objection, and this brings me to my real point. I maintain that if you once start reforming the present House of Lords and scrap the well-tried hereditary system, then you cannot stop where so many Reformers would apparently like to take their stand, with their new House composed of different categories of members—nominated, selected, elected and co-opted. If you do away with the hereditary system—which has served this country well, notwithstanding what shallow demagogues may pretend to the contrary—then you cannot stop half-way. The alternative, the only one, must be boldly faced—namely, a wholly elected Second Chamber. It is no use trying to pack the jury; nowadays, that is not practical politics. Election forms the only foundations on which a really strong Second Chamber can be reared. The ballot-box would produce a House which, though new, would at least be of some value if ever the country were involved in a dangerous constitutional crisis, for it would derive its authority, not from a series of carefully balanced checks and compromises, but from

the electors themselves, and, as will be shown later, from a more responsible type of elector. The choice is really between erecting a new structure based on foundations either of Mosaic or of Concrete.

On these general lines I submit a few practical and simple proposals, which may be summarised as follows:

(1) Numbers: 330
(2) Election: in a county by proportional representation
(3) Franchise: thirty years or over.
(4) Period: ten years
(5) Any vacancies occurring to be filled by members of both Houses voting together



(1) *Numbers*

On one question at least all previous schemes will be found to agree. The present House of over 600 members is too large, and must be cut down; 300 is the figure generally suggested. Now there is no particular magic about this round number, though doubtless a scheme of subdivision could, if wanted, be devised to fit into this total. I have found, however, by a process of trial and error and by experimenting with various figures, that for practical reasons 330 provides a more suitable basis than 300, the underlying idea having been to find a total that would give as many counties as possible *some* representation. It is not possible to allocate a member to every county—to Rutland, for instance, for if Rutland were to have its own representative, then Yorkshire on the same basis could justly claim 250 for itself, which, as Euclid might say, is absurd. Accordingly, after much experimentation, it is on a basis of 330 that my schedule is worked out, and the map on p. 692 will, I hope, make the scheme clear.

England would have 270 members, Wales 16, Scotland 35, and Ulster 9. The larger counties, like Lancashire (30), Yorkshire (31), and London (31), will, of course, want further subdividing into manageable areas, but there should be no difficulty about this. It would probably be found suitable also to divide into at least two constituencies the following counties: Durham (11), Essex (13), Middlesex (12), Staffordshire (10), and Warwickshire (11). The counties concerned could be trusted to submit for approval what they considered to be the most suitable schemes. It will be convenient here to give a list of the counties with the number of members allotted to each:

Bedfordshire	2	Hampshire	8	Nottinghamshire	5
Berkshire	2	Herefordshire	1	Oxfordshire	1
Buckinghamshire	2	Hertfordshire	3	Shropshire	2
Cambridgeshire } Huntingdonshire }	2	Kent	9	Somersetshire	3
Cheshire	8	Lancashire	30	Staffordshire	10
Cornwall	2	Leicestershire	4	Suffolk	3
Cumberland	2	Lincolnshire } Rutland }	5	Surrey	8
Derbyshire	7	London	31	Sussex	7
Devonshire	7	Middlesex	12	Warwickshire	11
Dorset	2	Monmouthshire	3	* Westmorland } * Cumberland }	2
Durham	11	Norfolk	4	Wiltshire	2
Essex	13	Northamptonshire	3	Worcestershire	3
Gloucestershire	6	Northumberland	5	Yorkshire	31

Total for England	270
" " Wales	16
" " Scotland	35
" " Ulster	9
	330

* Alternatively, one member each to these two counties

(2) Method of Election

The members of the Second Chamber would be elected by the system of Proportional Representation, with the single Transferable Vote. Over twenty-five years ago the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems, which sat under the chairmanship of Lord Richard Cavendish, recommended in their Report that this method of election for any reformed House of Lords should be adopted, and their opinion, so far from being challenged, has always been confirmed by other Committees that have since considered the House of Lords question. So we may take it for granted that any future Second Chamber will be elected by Proportional Representation. This system ensures that any considerable body of opinion in the country would automatically get its fair proportion of representation in the House; and surely no one can ask more than that.

Proportional Representation—P R, for short—is also quite easy to work. It would take the form of a list of candidates which the elector would be invited to mark with the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, in the order of his or her individual choice. As a matter of fact, the electorate during the last few years has been well instructed in this system, for newspapers, especially the Sunday Press, have been carrying on various popular competitions which, with their voting coupon, are really of the same nature as proportional representation. The only difference is that, instead of voting for parliamentary candidates, newspaper readers were asked to number in the order of their individual choice a list of horses, football teams, books or something of that nature, and I doubt if any coupon-holder experienced any great difficulty in doing this. Well, that is P R so far as the elector is concerned.

There is one point that it might be worth while referring to here, for I have frequently heard it used by the opponents of this system. Proportional Representation necessitates multi-membered seats, and for this scheme the whole county, except in a few cases of subdivision, will form a constituency. The criticism appears in the shape that candidates before an election would be unable to canvass a whole county. They will not have to do so. There will be no necessity for it. Their whole life, their public careers, the reputation that they have built up for themselves during the last twenty or thirty years, will be their true recommendation to the discerning elector. One cannot imagine Lord Derby, for instance, should he be public-spirited enough to offer himself for still further service to the State, having to tear around the neighbourhood of Knowsley to get himself known in the South-Western Division of Lancashire.

His whole career, with its record of public work, is his canvassing card, and the same would apply equally and locally to leaders in every county in England.

The best men, the men with public records, the men held in esteem by their neighbours, the men whose character had stood the test of time, would inevitably, under this system of Proportional Representation, be chosen in their county for election, and a strong, capable House would be the result. And this, let it be noted, applies not only to what might for convenience be called the lord-lieutenant class, but to men (or women) in all walks of life. The large manufacturer, the local preacher, the chairman of quarter sessions, the trade union leader, the school teacher, the local magistrate (if you like the local agitator), the engine-driver, or the country gentleman—every county will have its outstanding personalities, who have come to the front over a series of years through sheer force of character, and it is these men (or women) whom the popular vote under a Proportional Representation system will send up as the county quota to the Second Chamber.

(3) Electorate

No elector, male or female, should have a vote for this Second Chamber under the age of thirty. The intention is that it should be a Senate, a steadying influence in the State, and a House that can be relied on to express on every occasion a more mature judgement. It should therefore be elected by a more mature people. There is really an enormous difference between the outlook of twenty-one and of thirty. Most persons who have reached the age of thirty have acquired something in experience and ripening judgement that they could not contribute at the age of twenty-one to the general advancement of the State. But besides this very strong reason for adopting the age limit of thirty there is the further argument that it would be undesirable to have both the House of Commons and the Second Chamber returned by precisely the same electorate. There should be some differentiation between the two. Civic value and acquired experience point the obvious way. After nine years of political probation, the parliamentary elector would automatically qualify for his (or her) higher status.

The age limit of thirty would naturally also apply to candidates, in whom as much experience should be presumed as is exacted from those who are qualified to elect them. As a matter of fact, I expect that this Second Chamber would generally (by popular choice) consist of members who were nearer forty or fifty than thirty; and this would be all to the good. Experience, responsibility, and character are more requisite for a Second

Chamber than mere youth, and the successful candidates should be individuals who in some walk of life have already made their mark, or at least some mark.

(4) The Period of Election

It is important that the underlying idea of stability should be borne in mind. However much the House of Commons may chop and change, it is very desirable that the Second Chamber should be looked up to as something inherently stable and not to be affected by every passing gust. Members should be able to feel, when once they are in, that they are there for a sufficiently lengthy period to be able to act with complete independence of judgment in the best interests of the State. The period, therefore, should be ten years. The general election to this new House should be a grand and well-marked affair occurring once every ten years—that is, about three times, perhaps four, in the life of the average elector. On this occasion the elector, having carefully weighed up the issues and the candidates, will be asked to make up his mind and to vote, and then to trust the latter until the next election comes round. Such a method would make a strong House; but surely that is what is wanted. I remember when discussing this question with the late Lord Birkenhead his saying to me that though this scheme would undoubtedly produce a good House, he could conceive of some who would argue that it would be too strong. In what way? Can it be too strong? After all, politics are not a game, where things ought not to be made too difficult for the disruptive forces to have a sporting chance. This does not mean that the conditions should be made unfair. But they would not be. Everybody would get a chance under Proportional Representation, though I cannot guarantee that every crazy scheme would get popular support. So I suggest ten years as the suitable period, and I set great store on this particular point in relation to the scheme as a whole.

There is one objection, or so-called objection, that might conveniently be discussed here, and I approach it, after twenty-two delightful years spent in the House of Commons, with the outlook of one who is proud of having had the term 'a House of Commons man' applied on more than one occasion to himself. I have heard it said that the two Houses would fail to agree. Very likely; but after all, that is a coincidence that is not unknown to-day. Again, that it would lead to a big fight. Who would be any the worse if it did? I can imagine the House of Commons, being the more loquacious body, hurling one or two well-filled volumes of *Hansard* at the other House, who might reply by sending about three-quarters of a *Hansard* back down

the long passage. While all these oratorical displays were taking place the world, strange to say, would continue revolving on its axis just the same. Undoubtedly a first-class fight would be staged—by the Press. Very well, then, let us see what would happen. It must be borne in mind that under the present conditions the House of Lords is really at the mercy of the House of Commons, which is rather too fond of acting, in the name of Democracy, like some big bully. Let us suppose that to-day some major question has arisen on which the two Houses disagree. Purely on the merits of the question the House of Lords may quite likely be in the right. But the question itself is not fought, or rather put to the country, on its merits at all. A raging, tearing campaign is at once started on the tendentious lines of 'Lords *v.* The People,' and every kind of misrepresentation, *suggestio falsi*, personal vilification, is brought into use. Ask Mr. Lloyd George. He could give the present generation a few interesting recollections of those good old days, even if he fought with clean hands himself. I can remember well the two General Elections of 1910 that were fought chiefly on 'Peers *v.* The People,' and I found it fairly easy. I expect that was because it was down in Devonshire, where the electors are peculiarly sensible. But you cannot count on Devonshire electors all over England, and on the wholly false issues that can be raised in this kind of fight the country might very easily be stampeded. And it must not be forgotten that during the last twenty years the technique of political poison-gas has made considerable strides.

But with an elected Second Chamber such as I have described the situation would be entirely different. The calm of conscious strength would reign. The members of an elected House could neither be stampeded, as in 1909–10, nor would they submit to being bullied. They would quietly remind the other House that *they* were elected too, and that wild threats and blustering were merely so much waste of time. Being loyal and responsible citizens, they would let it be known that they were perfectly ready and willing to meet their opponents and quietly talk over the matters in dispute, but they would also make it very plain that this time there could be no threats about swamping the Upper House with new creations. There would, in fact, be nothing to create. The members of the Second Chamber would have all been elected, not created, and in this way their numbers would have been definitely fixed. And so it can be foreseen that before very long men of good will, of which there are always many in both Houses on both sides, would be getting together, and after a few more rumblings the crisis would be brought to an end. A solution would be discovered, perhaps even a future

modus vivendi hammered out, and both Houses would emerge from this clash with no great damage done beyond a few verbal insults but—and this is no idle prophecy—with a due and proper respect for each other's rights. It is for these reasons that I think we may refrain from getting into a needless panic about what is likely to happen when the two Houses disagree. I foresee in the end, when the champions have let off their rhetorical fireworks, nothing but a sensible and workable compromise.

(5) *Vacancies*

Though Proportional Representation is the ideal method for the election of a Second Chamber, and will certainly ensure a House in which all substantial blocks of opinion are accurately and fairly represented, there is no satisfactory way of working a bye-election such as we are accustomed to in the present system of election to the House of Commons. Various expedients have often been suggested to get over this difficulty, but they are none of them really satisfactory. But, fortunately, bye-elections as we understand them to-day would not be necessary. To fill up the vacancies that may be expected to occur during the ten-years' period the co-operation of the members of both Houses would be enlisted, and they would sit and vote together on the proposed list of candidates. In fact, the members would perform the function of 'electors' in the historic sense of the word, and since when acting together they would number over 1000, and since they had all themselves been directly elected at one time or another, it would mean that the people, through their representatives, would be able indirectly to express their views as to the filling up of vacancies without the bother and expense of holding an outside election. Any changes of opinion in the country would be adequately reflected owing to the fact that, over a period of ten years, some three or even more different Houses of Commons would have a hand in filling up these vacancies. In practice, it might probably be found convenient, in order to save all the ceremonial and ritual of a joint session of the two Houses, to wait until there was at least three vacancies (about 1 per cent of the House) to be filled up.

The above is a brief explanation of the five major proposals. It is fully realised that there are a great many more points that will have to be dealt with, but in a sense they partake of the nature rather of 'committee' points, once the overriding principle of an elected Second Chamber has been accepted. They will, of course, have to be settled, but they should not present any real difficulties if tackled by men of good will, for they are not

fundamental to the scheme. My only reason for not going into them here is that their presentation would require so much space that this article, which started as a short and simple exposition, would get lost in a maze of detail.

Before concluding, there is one argument which is sometimes used against doing away with a hereditary House of Lords—I rather think that it also appears in the Salisbury Report—to which, with all respect, I should like to make a brief reference, because it appears to me that its advocates have got it upside down. I will call it the 'buttress' argument. It is urged that to do away with the House of Lords as a hereditary body would weaken the position of the Crown, which is likewise a hereditary institution. Surely if there is anything in this argument it is exactly the other way round. I can imagine the present House of Lords getting involved politically or being jockeyed into some equivocal position which would lend itself to an avalanche of hostile agitation and propaganda, and in the struggle that ensued certain unscrupulous persons might endeavour to complicate the issue further by representing that the Throne itself was taking sides against the people, and so on. Some of the mud that was being irresponsibly thrown about might conceivably stick even though all honest people would know that the King, as usual, had kept all through to the strictly constitutional path. Thus gradually, in what had originated as a squabble between the House of Lords and its political opponents, the Throne might find itself indirectly involved—all of which merely goes to show that the present hereditary House of Lords could in certain circumstances be more of a liability than an asset.

But how the reverse can be true, as the argument seems to hint, I utterly fail to see. To me the 'buttress' argument seems of little weight and rather far-fetched. It cannot with any justification be set against the desirability in a new Second Chamber of substituting the elective principle for the hereditary principle, especially when it is remembered that the latter has already been more than half surrendered by the Peers themselves.

And, lastly, let me venture a word as to the powers of the new House. I do not believe that at first there should be anything hard and fast laid down as to these. As the late Lord Oxford might have said, *solvitur ambulando*. The Second Chamber would start on its career with one limiting proviso—namely, that all finance originated in the House of Commons. A gentleman's agreement on this point would, as a matter of fact, be quite sufficient. Otherwise there would be complete freedom. And why not? The new House, composed of every element, would not have come together with the idea of seeing how much mischief it could do. There would be no desire of

inclination to start running amok at once. The State and its many-sided interests would be in safe hands. For it would consist of an elected body of well-tried individuals, trained in the public service or in the hard school of life, animated with the desire to do what was best in the best interests of the country, and fortified in this resolution by the respect and esteem of their life-long neighbours, as expressed in the county ballot-boxes. The first fine, careless rapture of political irresponsibility would have been long ago left behind. A deep sense of patriotism would colour all their proceedings. Why, therefore, with the above well-understood exception, seek to limit their legislative activities? It would be both unwise and unnecessary.

Here is a simple practical scheme, to which, surely, no party in the State can object. Why should they? While ensuring a strong and thoroughly representative House—which is what is chiefly required—it gives to each party, under this system of voting, electoral justice and a fair deal. I am content that it should be judged by that standard.

CLIVE MORRISON-BELL.

THE NEED FOR A JUDICATURE COMMISSION

From 1873 onwards the Legislature and the Rule Committee have been tinkering with the legal machine, but, by universal consent, the litigant still has cause for grave complaint. There are not a few who think that the time has come for another full inquiry into the doings of the courts of law. None has taken place for many years.

In 1869 there was a loud call for reform, the response to which was the appointment of the Judicature Commission. Legal incongruities were certainly in need of overhauling. There was a conflict between Equity and Law. Equity was administered by the High Court of Chancery in the Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn, where the two Lords Justices sat, in two or three sheds hard-by which accommodated the three Vice-Chancellors, and in the Rolls Court in Chancery Lane. Law was administered by the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer at Westminster, in the building—now no more—which Sir John Soane erected against Westminster Hall. It was possible for defendants, sued simultaneously in the Court of Chancery and the Court of Queen's Bench, to find themselves defeated at Law but victorious in Equity, or *vice versa*. An appeal from a common-law judge lay to the Exchequer Chamber, manned by judges of first instance; the appeal from a Vice-Chancellor was to the two Chancery Lords Justices. Judges' Chambers were in Serjeants' Inn, and twice a week a struggling mass of juniors tried to fight their way into the dingy room where the judge dealt with summonses. The sittings at Westminster were supplemented by sittings 'after term' at the Guildhall. Before the days of the Embankment and the Underground Railway, a busy barrister hurrying from Westminster to the Guildhall made the journey in a 'four-wheeler' on the other side of the river. No witness was allowed to raise his voice in a Chancery Court; the affidavit reigned supreme. The cross-examination of a Chancery litigant took place before a minor official, and the judge was furnished with a note of the result. The eighteen judges of the common-law courts, when not sitting at Westminster or the Guildhall, travelled on circuit in pairs. In their absence the courts of common law were practically deserted.

The rules of pleading, though simplified by the Common Law Procedure Acts of 1852 and 1854, were still full of pitfalls for the unwary. City men were grumbling at having to go to trial before judges with no knowledge of business. Everybody complained of delay, uncertainty and expense. The Commissioners, named as the Judicature Commissioners, proceeded to take evidence and deliberate; and in their Reports, issued between 1869 and 1874, they made four main recommendations:

(1) That a fused system of Law and Equity ought to be administered in a Supreme Court of Judicature, consisting of a High Court of Justice and a Court of Appeal;

(2) that the county courts ought to be incorporated in the High Court of Justice;

(3) that the circuit system should be amended by the creation of large assize districts;

(4) that commercial cases should be tried by judges assisted by business men as assessors.

Legislation followed, but the attempt to carry out some of the wishes of the Judicature Commissioners failed so signally that the rest were disregarded. The result of their first Report was, it is true, the creation of a Supreme Court of Judicature; but it proved to be 'Supreme' only in name. The rest of their recommendations Parliament left severely alone. The county courts have not been incorporated in the High Court. The circuit system, save for trifling changes, remains what it was in 1873; and, had it not been for the Commercial Court, which is held by judges of the Queen's Bench Division, business men would have deserted the courts altogether.

Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, the begetters of the Judicature Acts of 1873 and 1875, were not content to rest upon those activities. That their efforts as reformers after the passing of the Act of 1876 is not surprising. They did not carry out their plans in their entirety; they abolished the courts of common law without absorbing them; they perpetuated the double appeal; they failed to establish the Court which was Supreme. Heartily approving of a new Court of Appeal, Lord Selborne (then Lord Chancellor) and Lord Cairns (ex-Lord Chancellor) set to work with a will. With this end in view they did not hesitate to make changes in every direction. The House of Lords, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the Courts of Chancery and Common Law, and the three Chiefships were all attacked. To level up and harmonise everything was their intention; and this purpose was

to be accomplished, as they hoped, by the Judicature Act of 1873. The double and conflicting system of judicature exercised by the Court of Chancery on the one hand, and the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, on the other, was to be ended.

The Lord Chancellor was to preside over the new establishment, which was to consist of 'Justices' of the High Court and Judges of Appeal. Vice-Chancellors and Barons of the Exchequer were to disappear, and the 'distinction of the offices' of Chief Justice of England, Master of the Rolls, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Chief Baron of the Exchequer was to be abolished if the judges, on a vacancy occurring, should be in favour of that course. Pending their disappearance the three 'Chiefs' were to be presidents of their respective divisions. A Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, of which the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and the Judge of the Court of Probate were to take charge, was to deal with matrimonial and admiralty causes, and the Judge of the Court of Probate was to be its president.

Any 'Justice' of the High Court or Judge of Appeal was required, when called upon to do so, to deliver Her Majesty's gaols on circuit. Once in each year a Council of the Judges of the Supreme Court, summoned by the Lord Chancellor, was to assemble 'for the purpose of considering the operation of this Act and of the Rules of Court for the time being in force, and of inquiring and examining into any defects which may appear to exist in the system of procedure or the administration of the law in the said High Court of Justice or the said Court of Appeal,' and to 'report annually to one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State what (if any) amendments or alterations would in their judgment be expedient to make in this Act, or otherwise relating to the administration of justice.'

The Court of Appeal was to be the corner-stone of the new edifice. There were to be five *ex-officio* judges (the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the three 'Chiefs') and as many ordinary judges (not exceeding nine) as Her Majesty should from time to time appoint, and from this tribunal there was to be no appeal to the House of Lords. As to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Her Majesty was empowered by Order in Council to direct that any appeals which according to existing laws fell to be heard by the Judicial Committee should be dealt with by the Court of Appeal.

The Judicature Act of 1873 thus went a step further than the first recommendation of the Commissioners. That body had not ventured to disturb either the House of Lords or the Privy Council; but the framers of the Act of 1873 felt that a Supreme

Court of Judicature from which an appeal would lie was a misnomer, and that the 'double appeal' was a mischief which ought to be cured. The Act was not to come into operation until November 2, 1874. Parliament approved of the measure, but trouble soon began to brew. No provision had been made for the representation of Ireland, Scotland, the Colonies, or the Dominions in the new Court of Appeal, and hostile criticisms came from many quarters. What was to be done? Clearly the House of Lords and the Judicial Committee, sentenced to death as they had been, must be reprieved and pardoned. Lord Cairns invited Parliament to say that the date for the coming into operation of the Act should be postponed to November 1, 1875, and proceeded, with the assistance of Lord Selborne, to prepare the amending Judicature Act of 1875 and the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876. By the Judicature Act of 1875 it was provided that the coming into operation of the Act of 1873 should be further postponed till November 1, 1876, and the magnificent Court of Appeal contemplated by the latter statute was shorn of its glory. The five *ex-officio* judges were to be assisted by three others—the two Chancery Lords Justices, and one other person to be named by Her Majesty. And, mindful of the circuit recommendations of the Judicature Commission, the draftsmen of the Act enabled Her Majesty by Order in Council to provide 'for the discontinuance, either temporarily or permanently, wholly or partially, of any existing circuit by the union of any counties or parts of counties' and 'for the appointment of the place or places at which assizes are to be holden.'

The Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876 fortified the legal element in the House of Lords by creating two Lords of Appeal in Ordinary (with power to the Crown, in the happening of certain events, to add two to their number), whose duty it should be to hear appeals from the Court of Appeal in the House of Lords and from the Colonies and Dominions in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Thus the 'double appeal,' intended to be abolished by the Act of 1873, was quietly restored.

Meanwhile the Royal Courts of Justice were beginning to show above the surface of the Carey Street site. The history of that unhappy edifice resembles that of the Judicature Acts in being one of muddle, uncertainty, and confusion. Nobody can accuse the authorities of undue precipitancy. Between 1822 and 1843 Parliament from time to time considered the desirability of erecting a Central Court of Justice. In 1860 a Royal Commission thought the matter out; and in 1865 two Acts—the Courts of Justice Building Act and the Courts of Justice Concentration Site Act—were passed. Then arose the anxious

question, which was the best site? The Carey Street site had been bought, but the completion of the Thames Embankment made the riverside an attractive alternative, and a rival school of thought proposed that the Courts of Justice should be built on a line with King's College and Somerset House. Lincoln's Inn and the solicitors favoured Carey Street, the barristers of the Temple were inclined to vote for the Embankment. The building, as yet undesigned, was to cost £1,000,000, or thereabouts. In April 1869 the question was debated in Parliament. Mr. Robert Lowe, who thought that the plans for the Courts of Justice were unduly grandiose, recommended a humbler building, to cost £100,000, on a six-acre site to be secured for £600,000 in Essex Street and Norfolk Street. He had unearthed an Inigo Jones design for a palace for King Charles I, the façade of which he thought would do very nicely indeed for the new Law Courts. Ultimately upholders of the claims of the Carey Street site won the day, and the thrifty proposal of Mr Robert Lowe was rejected.

Still more difficult was the choice of a design for the new Courts. Plans had been submitted by selected architects of eminence by December 15, 1867. Mr Barry, Mr. P. C. Hardwick, junior, Mr Gilbert Scott, R.A., Mr G. E. Street, Mr A. Waterhouse, Mr T. Wyatt, Mr Brandon, and Mr Deane were the competitors. The winner was to have a fee of £50,000, and the unsuccessful were to be comforted with a solatium of £800 apiece. It was obvious that the judges ought to have a say in the matter, but in 1867, their opinion having been invited, they announced that no one design was to be preferred, and that they considered Mr Barry and Mr. Street should combine their efforts. Whether a joint attempt was made by the two great men is not recorded. By 1869 Mr Street, who had somehow secured the prize, began to grapple with the problems created by the Judicature Acts, and to change his designs as Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne changed their minds.

It is little wonder that the Royal Courts of Justice did not give satisfaction. By 1876 the new *régime* had begun, everybody hoping for the best; but before long unexpected difficulties were encountered. It had been confidently expected that the Chancery judges, accustomed as they were to the solving of intricate Equity problems, would readily master the simple art of presiding over a criminal trial. The trying and sentencing of a prisoner for stealing a pair of boots involved, in the opinion of Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, no great intellectual strain. But strange stories began to be told when Equity judges and the judges of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division began to deliver Her Majesty's gaols.

One, determined to stamp out crime, thought that malefactors would be deterred if he were to pass in every case the maximum sentence allowed by the law. Another, summing up in a murder trial, dwelt upon the significance of the evidence that the prisoner had requested his wife, on the morning after the crime had been committed, to hand him his bloody shirt. The same learned judge, having heard from the constable that the alleged burglar had greeted him in a back garden at 1 a.m. with the words 'Hullo, Robert; so early in the morning!' commented to the jury upon the fact that the accused was familiar not only with the Christian name but also with the ordinary habits of the police officer, for he had expressed surprise at finding him abroad when the day was so little advanced. A judge of Admiralty training expressed the opinion that a verdict of 'Guilty, but insane' amounted to an acquittal, and was with difficulty prevented from releasing the prisoner. Such are the legends which have been handed down to posterity. As with the 'Supreme Court of Judicature,' so with the circuit arrangements. The new scheme having failed, the old plan had better be restored, and the judges of the Queen's Bench Division, accustomed to criminals and their ways, must find time to attend to the assizes. Thus it happened that in 1884 the news was broken to the judges of the Queen's Bench Division that no further assistance was forthcoming from the Lords Justices, the Chancery judges, or the judges of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, and that they must manage the circuits unaided.

By now, however, the judges of the Queen's Bench Division were a smaller body by three than were the common-law judges of 1873. The three 'Chiefs' had five 'puisnes' each; but these eighteen common-law judges had become fifteen after the passing of the Act of 1875. On the deaths in 1880 of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the judges had determined (in accordance with the intention of the Judicature Act of 1873) to abolish the two offices, and in the same year an Order in Council had amalgamated the Common Pleas Division and the Exchequer Division with the Queen's Bench Division; and in 1884 Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice of England (whose office had been spared by the judges), presided over a staff of fourteen puisne judges. How was this diminished body to deal with all the civil business in London and the causes and criminal work on circuit? And, as judges had to pay their own circuit expenses, why should the other judges be freed of this expense while the Queen's Bench judges were alone penalised? The device adopted for securing their reluctant consent was the grant, by an Order in Council, of a circuit allowance of £7 10s. a day to each judge of assize; and the

judges of the Queen's Bench Division proceeded to parcel out their time, as best they could, between the metropolis and the provinces. It was hoped that by having some seven of their number constantly in town the needs of the London litigants could be satisfied. That the results have been unfortunate, so far as London litigation is concerned, is beyond doubt.

Three years later there appeared a leading article in *The Times* which might have been written in July 1933.

> The absence [it ran] at the present moment of ten of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division at the Assizes, leaving only five in town, and only three available for the trial of actions, again draws attention to the necessity for a drastic reform in our Circuit system. It is satisfactory to know that the question is under the consideration of the Judges. . . . That our costly legal machinery should continue to be thrown out of gear at the beginning of the Hilary, Easter, Trinity and Michaelmas Sittings is nothing short of a national scandal . . . It is a monstrous thing that although in the Provinces it is common enough for an action to be heard at Assizes within six weeks of the Writ being issued, in London it would not by any possibility be reached within six months. It is obvious that there is an undue preference extended to country suitors under the present system.

Apparently the 'consideration of the judges' bore no immediate fruit. Not till twenty-three years later was anything done to assist the London litigant. The discovery of a power, latent in the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876, to appoint another judge of the Queen's Bench Division was availed of by the Government. Their number, thus increased to fifteen, was again raised in 1910, by the Additional Judges Act of that year, to seventeen, the statute providing that fifteen should remain the normal number, and that neither of the two additional judgeships should be filled up 'unless and until an address from both Houses of Parliament representing that the state of business in the King's Bench Division requires that such vacancy should be filled.'

The burden placed upon the Queen's Bench Division in 1884 has become heavier with the passing of the years. In 1892 a Council of Judges of the Supreme Court—which had remained unsummoned throughout the Chancellorship by Lord Halsbury—was assembled to consider the situation. A lengthy Report, covering a large field of inquiry, was presented. The judges, convinced that the Queen's Bench Division was overloaded, called for a grouping of counties for the purpose of civil actions, and advised the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal with a power to review sentences and verdicts, the establishing of a Commercial Court, and the simplification of legal procedure. Unfortunately, the new Liberal Government, much concerned to keep itself in existence, had no time for legal reform. In 1895 the judges of the Queen's Bench Division themselves

placated the business community by providing a Commercial List; and it was not till 1907, after the scandal of the Adolf Beck case, that Parliament created a Court of Criminal Appeal.

The requirements of the latter tribunal, which called for the time of three judges once a week, has made it increasingly difficult for the judges of the King's Bench Division to provide for the assizes, the sittings at the Central Criminal Court, the work in judges' chambers, the special and common juries, the non-jury list, and the commercial list. What judges may be available for these various purposes at any particular time is always in doubt. The need of an address from both Houses of Parliament has resulted in vacancies in the sixteenth and seventeenth judgeships being left unfilled, and nobody can be certain how many judges there will be twelve months hence. It was hoped in the Temple that the Judicature Act of 1925 would stabilise the number of the common-law judges at seventeen, but the necessity for the preliminary address was preserved. Niggardly in its treatment of the King's Bench Division, Parliament has been generous in other directions. The four judges who formed the Chancery Division in 1880 have been increased to six; and the two Lords of Appeal provided by the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1886 have become seven in number. And yet the cost to the country of a King's Bench judge is negligible. It seems to be forgotten that his depleted salary is provided by the court fees from the cases which he tries. The adage that 'Justice delayed is Justice denied' is illustrated by the present condition of things in the King's Bench Division. Litigants whose cases are entered in the special jury list may have to wait for twelve months before their claims are dealt with. Nor is delay their only grievance. In an endeavour to turn the Courts of Justice into a paying proposition the court fees—always heavy enough—were raised some ten years ago in every direction. The cost of litigation is greater than ever. Victory is won at heavy expense; defeat is a financial disaster. And the possibility of a slow and stately progress to the House of Lords *via* the Court of Appeal is ever present to the mind of the plaintiff and the defendant.

Something has been done of late to secure a greater measure of economy and dispatch. The 'New Procedure' rules have worked well, and the judges sacrificed ten days of the last Long Vacation in the hope that the accumulated arrears of London cases might be disposed of before the autumn circuits began. The device of inviting the Chancery judges—still liable to be called upon to act as judges of assize—to travel on circuit has not yet been adopted. Lord Hanworth's Committee, which has already made valuable proposals in connexion with procedure, is believed to have thought out revolutionary schemes of reform.

Will it recommend a Royal Commission? A new Judicature Commission would have plenty of food for thought. On such a body those who are familiar with the working of the King's Bench Division would recommend the permanent strengthening of the King's Bench Division; the grouping of circuit work; and the abolition of divisional courts. That a majority of its members would wish to see the end of the 'double appeal' can hardly be doubted. Regret would be universally expressed that the 'Council of Judges,' provided for by the Judicature Act of 1873, had not been summoned with greater regularity. The enemies of the 'double appeal' would point out that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, sitting in three or four divisions, could cope with appeals both from the courts of the Empire and the High Court of Justice, and that the 'paid member' of the Privy Council (now extinct) might hereafter take the place of the Lord of Appeal in Ordinary. They would argue that the fate of the parties would be decided by a body of lawyers no less distinguished than those who sit in the House of Lords without the necessity for a visit to an intermediate tribunal. Thus one of the main objects of the Judicature Act of 1873 might be realised. Nor need too many tears be shed if the House of Lords were again condemned. That perfect justice is secured by permitting a second appeal to the House of Lords nobody pretends. Its composition has not always been fortunate; it has often spoken with a divided voice; and, not infrequently, the opinion of the profession—for what it is worth—has not coincided with that of the majority of the Lords of Appeal. But what it says is final. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would be no less infallible if it were to have the privilege of saying the last word.

T. MATHEW

MORALS AND THE GROUP MOVEMENT

A Reply

The Oxford Group Movement has already been the subject of an article by Mr. R. W. Lennard in the November issue of *The Nineteenth Century*. Writing as one who stands outside the movement, and as a philosophical moralist, Mr. Lennard maintains a critical and perhaps somewhat depreciatory attitude to the movement on the basis of a number of theoretical inferences. Because the Group stresses the importance of the standards of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness and absolute love, he assumes that other virtues are neglected. The uncompromising nature of the word 'absolute,' he argues, reveals a 'limited and barren conception of moral excellence.' He contends that the triviality of certain incidents, mentioned in Mr. Russell's book *For Sinners Only*, indicates that the Group is concerned with puerilities, and that to seek guidance is waste of time. He devotes three pages to what he feels 'are likely to be the moral results of sharing and argues that 'it must be' a serious danger; but he gives no instances of any evil results. Arguing from one or two anecdotes recorded in print, he concludes that 'guidance' is opposed alike to conscience and to reason, and is therefore attended in practice with grave moral dangers. Yet he does not suggest that any such dangers have been observed in practice.

On such hypothetical grounds Mr. Lennard makes a sweeping criticism of the whole movement, to which he lends the weight of his position as fellow and tutor of an Oxford college. And yet, like the Bishop of Durham, he leaves the impression that had he proceeded to make a personal acquaintance with the movement, like others who came to curse, he would have stayed to bless. I once wrote an article on a part of Europe I had never visited—mercifully the book in which it was to have been printed never appeared.

The fact is that if, as Mr. Lennard says, lives are being changed through the movement, and if, as he says, it is vital to consider whether the change is for the better, it is desirable to consider

what is the nature of the change and what are the resultant effects both in the lives of individuals affected and in their surroundings. This will be the main purpose of this study. I will first give a brief historical sketch of the development of the movement.

The history of the Group Movement begins in 1921, when a small Group was formed at Oxford. Dr. F. N. D. Buchman had for some years previously held a position in an American university similar to that of the 'pastorate' at Oxford. While on a visit to China in 1917–18 he and two of his colleagues had formed the conclusion that the comparative failure of the Churches in certain fields was attributable to the lack of a sufficiently deep experience of personal religion in the leaders. He himself had already become convinced of this during a visit to England in 1908. From this corporate conviction there had followed a first movement in China and India, and a book had been published by Howard Walters, entitled *Soul Surgery*, which is an epitome of the principles on which the movement subsequently developed. From 1921 to 1923 the Group slowly extended at Oxford, and at the same time a similar development began in the United States. In 1928 a party of six Oxford men, including a South African Rhodes scholar, visited the South African universities. It was on this occasion that the editor in the *Cape Times* first applied to them the title of 'the Oxford Group'. In the two following years further teams visited South Africa, and the movement acquired a considerable influence in all parts of the Union. In 1932 an international team visited the United States in support of the movement already established in New York and other cities. In the same year activity began in Switzerland, both at Zurich and Geneva. From Holland, where the Group had been established for some years, it had already begun to spread into Germany. At the beginning of 1933 it spread to France. Groups also exist in Egypt, Jerusalem, the Near East, India and China, and Japan, in Scandinavia and the Baltic States, and in various other parts of the Empire and the world. Groups now exist in forty-eight different countries.

In the winter 1932–33 a second international team, this time totalling over 100 persons, visited Canada and the United States and met with a remarkable response in both countries. In Vancouver on one Sunday 30,000 people listened to members of the team speaking in churches. At a luncheon of the Cabinet to meet members of the Group the Prime Minister, Mr. R. B. Bennett, said: 'Speaking as a statesman, I am convinced that the forces you so powerfully represent are the only ones that can save the world.' The Premier of one of the Western Provinces said the Group was the most extraordinary association of Christian adventurers since the first century

This winter a similar team, though in its great majority British in nationality, is working in London, having been commissioned by the Bishop of London and welcomed by Dean Inge and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I will now pass to a consideration of the nature of the process involved. The first pre-requisite for any advance is the recognition of a necessity for a change. The fact that something ought to be done is, of course, easily recognised. We are always ready to say, '*Que messieurs les assassins commencent*.' In a world, however, where each party waits for the other to begin, whether it be in disarming or in declaring war, or in reducing tariffs or going off gold, we are in the end forced to see that the rational attitude to adopt is, 'What can I do about it myself?' This is the question which sets a sick man on the road to his doctor or a firm to its chartered accountant. On a national scale it is the question that lies behind movements for reform. For the individual it may mean relinquishing some pride or resentment, or fear or other feeling, that may have kept him from taking the first step. For the idealist it may mean the questioning a cherished belief that the world's woes are due to this or that party, or class or nation or generation, and inquiring into the causes in himself which have militated against efficiency or clarity of judgment. Whoever we may be, the first step involves a willingness to face facts in oneself which if altered might change the situation. This, it would appear, applies with equal force whether the blame attaches to oneself or some other person; and experience suggests that it is the one who has most suffered in a relationship that has gone wrong who may most easily be able to take the necessary action. There thus appears to be little to be gained by laying the blame on the other fellow—which is like the lady returning one Saturday night with a friend from a party who said to her companion: 'My dear, you must be drunk; you've got two noses!'

Having become convinced of the need for a change of some kind, the next step is *diagnosis*. Here 'sharing' at once becomes important—indeed, essential; for unless I am willing to confess my trouble to my friend, he cannot be expected to prescribe a cure. It may be that the cure occurs at once following on the confession. But my friend must in any case also be ready, if need be, to tell me of his own experience, for by this means I discover myself to be less peculiar than I had thought, and I become readier to face a problem which I may have supposed so rare as to be incurable. The patient chooses his own doctor. There may be worse reasons than that given recently by two young men who came to one speaker and said they had come to the meeting because they had heard him speak in Geneva, and thought he would know if the Group had an answer to the social problem. But the word

'doctor' is misleading: in spiritual matters every man must in a sense be his own physician; all I can do is to tell my friend of a cure I have tried and which has succeeded. The prescription is one that the patient perceives for himself He can take it or leave it as he chooses But whatever it is, it will have one invariable feature—it will be a giving up of something that in the past has been felt to be good for something that now seems to be better. Such a 'surrender' is a daily affair, for, as Mr Lennard points out, the absolute is an ideal standard, and in some respects we approach nearer and nearer to it all through life But there is another sense in which it is necessary to face and surrender a problem or element in human character once for all, so that we do not thenceforward willingly allow it to take possession again; if it does so, it is a usurper

The central question, however, is that of a general act of surrender of the Will as a whole to what is perceived as the Will of God This is what in the Group is known as the first step in Life-changing. It is the great initiation, the attainment of moral maturity, an acceptance of partnership in the Divine Purpose. It can happen independently of any profound knowledge of theology. Surrender is made 'of as much as one knows of self to as much as one knows of God.' Experience continually deepens, and knowledge goes with the desire to learn But once the general decision has been taken to substitute the Will of God for that of 'self,' then the great 'Divide' of life has been crossed and the Spirit leads progressively 'into all truth.' Indeed, in a sense this leading has already begun, for, in the strict sense of the term, no human being can by his effort change lives all he can give is fellowship, and by the mercy of Providence fellowship is counted as sufficient to this end

It is characteristic of the new life that it avoids all deliberate sin, or, in other words, all deliberate departure from the maximum level which is open to it at any moment. A mistake, once perceived, is dealt with and then dismissed. Sin is interpreted as covering 'anything that is a barrier between man and god, or between man and his fellow-man.' The reason for dealing with it promptly is to put it out of the mind, and be free to attend to other matters.

The practice of sharing, though chiefly important in leading to a recognition of issues, and in effecting release, continues to be useful among those who are working together, as preventing disharmony and misunderstandings. It consists mainly in acting on the principle that criticism is best made to the other person directly rather than to a third party, and on the converse principle that each member of a group or family or team is constantly ready to keep the remainder informed of any factors in his own position.

which seriously concerns them. The central pivot of daily life is the period, usually in the early morning, that is devoted to the harmonisation of thoughts, feelings, and will to what is conceived as the Will of God. The thoughts that come into the mind, so attuned and aligned, are known as guidance, in which there is nothing disparaging to either our conscience or our reason, for whatever portions of Truth it is given to us to perceive, they certainly express themselves to us through our reason, and whatever obligation we may feel, we feel them in the framework of our own consciences. Nor do I feel that it is in any way disparaging to the Divine Purpose that it should manifest itself to us through the machinery which it has set within our bodies. In the quiet time, and at such times throughout the day as 'guidance' is sought, the human mind simply divests itself, as far as it lies within its power to do so, of all regrets and recriminations, fears and passions, and seeks to know with the maximum of objectivity what is the will of its maker.

Finally, there is the doctrine, if it may be so-called, of stewardship, implied in surrender. With our wills we hand over to Him our possessions, our time, our relationships, and our capacities. This is neither communism nor asceticism, for we do not give them away or hypothecate them to any society or human being. It is rather a dedication, and a determination not to use the resources for our own private purposes, but to regard ourselves as trustees. I should add that the philosophy and principles of the movement are well described in a book just issued by the Oxford University Press, entitled *What is the Oxford Group?*, by The Layman with a Notebook.

I now turn to the question of the results of life-changing. I have known the movement personally for rather over two and a half years, and have been closely associated with it during that time at Oxford (where I live and have a son at the University), as well as in other parts of the country and three European countries. I can fully endorse a judgment which the master of an Oxford college expressed to me, that of the many persons he has known to be influenced by it there were none who had not been influenced for good. Instances of the way in which such influence shows itself in individual lives are given in a number of books already published. Apart from those by Mr. A. J. Russell, there are Mr. S. M. Shoemaker's *Children of the Second Birth* and *Twice-born Ministers*. Also an earlier book by Harold Begbie Everywhere where the movement has become established there are histories of persons who have found salvation from problems such as drink, drug habits, stammering, and other vices or habitual inhibitions.

The effects of contact with the movement necessarily vary

with the past history of the individual. Opposite types meet. One finds release from fear or repression, the other power over his tongue or temper. There is a general tendency towards harmony, concentration, confidence and controversion. Anxiety, hesitation, and shyness give place to confidence. The harsh become tolerant, the lazy become active, the ineffective become efficient. The individual generally becomes a happier and more useful member of the community. Wherever the movement has penetrated the same social results are visible. Families have been reunited, divorce proceedings arrested, and children and parents have found common ground on which they can meet and plan for united action. A new relationship has been established between master and servant, layman and priest or minister, employer and employee. Business methods have been measured by the absolute standard and revised. Restitution has been made for 'padded' expense accounts, and to railway and insurance companies and customs authorities. Friendships have been put on the basis of freedom from mistrust, selfishness or sentimentality. Old resentments have been abandoned and jealousy forgotten. Men have found a new capacity for fellowship in a common consecration.

Members of all denominations have found new power and a new meaning in their church life. Many have found a hitherto unsuspected purpose in the services and sacraments. Those to whom confession is a regular duty have returned to it. Clergy and ministers have found a power to change lives which they had lost or never known, and their parish councils have become teams of workers. National political problems have been affected. In South Africa the Group has been the means of hundreds of *rapprochements* between members of the two white races, which have resulted in a marked increase of political harmony. A leading South African statesman has said that 'if the Groups continue to grow in the next three years as they have grown in the last three, there will be no racial problem left in South Africa.' In the same country remarkable advance has resulted in regard to the individual relations with the kaffir population. In Europe outstanding cases have occurred in which racial animosity has been overcome without any loss of devotion to national causes. At Geneva this year, at the time of the assembly of the League of Nations, a leading delegate called on the movement to play a bigger part in relation to the League.

To sum up, the Group Movement is nothing new. It has no creed or doctrines but those which are common to Christianity. Its only organisation is that of the Churches to which its adherents belong. As Canon Grensted, the Oriel Professor of the Philosophy of the Christian Religion, has phrased it, 'the Group is the

Church militant being a little militant.' The coming of the movement is an appeal to the Churches to live up to their own standards; it is a challenge to a way of life that in its essence is the ideal of all humanity and the aim of every religion.

The Group lays stress on certain points which have tended to be neglected, or even come to be regarded as too remote for ordinary attainment. It emphasises the possibility of living constantly in the state of harmony with the Eternal Purpose which we call the rule or guidance of God. It stresses the importance of a wide human fellowship that is governed by that purpose, the fellowship that is the aim and life of the Churches, and it calls attention to the two conditions of their fellowship, which are that each should place his experience at the disposal of the community and should treat his resources, material, mental and spiritual, as a sacred trust rather than as his private and absolute possessions. The laying of emphasis on these and similar points is no newer than other features of the movement. Similar stress has been laid on them at many periods, notably in the great mediæval periods of reform, in the Reformation, and in the early days of the Quaker and Methodist movements. In these cases as in the Group Movement the inspiration has always come from the study of the life and records of the early Christian Church, and from a realisation that, though the words are half familiar and the lessons in theory have partly been learnt, the world as a whole has in many ways yet to begin to put them into practice. Such a movement is particularly needed in the present age. The traditional conventions have steadily been losing hold on each successive generation as it grows up. Commercialism in various forms is more rampant, and political and economic nationalism are more blatant, than at any time. Materialism is more confident. Hopes born of the huge effort of the war of 1914–18 have not been realised. Disarmament appears almost out of the question. War in the Pacific area, if not elsewhere, appears well nigh certain in the not very distant future. This gloomy but scarcely exaggerated picture contrasts with that of the huge advance in the arts and sciences during the past two centuries. We have never been better educated, better fed, better equipped, or better amused in the history of man, and yet never nearer to appalling catastrophes. There is no other reason for chaos, enmity, and waste in human affairs but individual and collective selfishness. Mr. Stanley Baldwin wrote recently 'I confess I am not sure if a Wesley or a St. Francis were to arise to-day that to find a body of preaching friars would not be the best thing they could do for the world.'

In the Oxford Group I see the beginning of such a movement of youth in modern dress and modern speech. To my mind it is

significant that the young generation are leading. If the Group, as Professor Grensted has put it, is 'the Church militant,' and if it is the militancy of youth, then it is surely a cause for rejoicing that youth is already taking the lead. It is significant that at Oxford, where the movement first began to take shape, and has always held its annual international house-parties, the great bulk of those who are active in it are undergraduates or men who are staying on for one or two years after taking their degree.

There is, to my mind, no more hopeful feature of the world of to-day than the history of lives that have been changed through contact with the Group. The essential feature of the Group in action is that it works as a team, bound by ties of loyalty and its cause—a team in which each member both gives to and takes from the others. Such teams have gone out from Oxford to South Africa, to Canada and the United States, to Switzerland, France, Germany and Holland, and to the Near East.

In these countries and in many other parts of the world new lustre has thus been added to the name of Oxford.

F. B. BOURDILLON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WIRELESS AMATEUR

When the United States entered the war they had a total of 979 naval wireless operators. At the Armistice they had 6700, with a proportionate increase in officers. 'This rapid expansion was made possible by the amateur'—I am quoting the Director of Naval Communications. 'Many things can be extemporised during a war, but a reserve of wireless operators is not one of these things. There is not merely the question of learning the Morse code, though this takes considerable time; for wireless operating something more is needed—the ability to 'fish' a message out of atmospherics, jamming, electrical interference and local noises, and this becomes almost a sixth sense and has to be developed. It is just this faculty that the wireless amateur in the United States is enabled to develop through his hobby; but it is necessary here to pause in order to emphasise the point that there are *two* types of wireless amateur. First of all there is the amateur engineer, whose principal interest is to work out new ideas, to develop new circuits, and seriously to experiment; and secondly there is the amateur operator, who, of course, wants his set to work as well as possible, but who then wants it to 'stay like that,' so that he can have time to 'operate'—that is to say, to talk (in Morse, of course) to other amateurs throughout the country, and even throughout the world. This latter phrase is no exaggeration: a little transmitter which could readily stand on a tea-tray, and which takes no more current than an average electric light bulb, can and does communicate with the five continents.

The first type of amateur is comparatively rare; the latter includes perhaps 90 per cent. of the American operators. Needless to say, there is no hard-and-fast line of demarcation; the engineer does operate and the operator experiments, but the rough classification can nevertheless be thus made, and will serve to simplify further discussion. It is obvious that the 'operator' type must normally predominate; not only is the mentality which makes the engineer comparatively rare, and not only must an amateur in this category be in possession of considerable scientific training (more especially of a mathematical nature) in order to

understand present-day developments, but also he must be fairly well off; since such experimentation is decidedly expensive, new materials and new components being continually needed, the indispensable measuring instruments being somewhat costly, and the risk of damage to them, as well as to the valves themselves, obviously being far greater when new methods and circuits are being studied than when old and well-tried systems are in use. On the other hand, the amateur sending and receiving set is almost incredibly cheap to build and to run; for much less than the cost of a good modern broadcast receiver a complete telegraph transmitter and receiver for the short amateur wave-lengths can be built and equipped with valves—the most costly item.

American policy has always been to encourage both types of amateur; or perhaps it would be more exact to say that until recently there was no governmental policy in the matter, but that, at any rate, neither type was discouraged. At the present day the tendency is rather to encourage the 'operator,' as will be seen later, since it is considered that he is more immediately useful to the nation. In Great Britain, up to the present, the 'engineer' or 'experimenter' type has been allowed to exist; the 'operator' has been (to put it mildly) not encouraged. This makes the recent move of the Admiralty, the formation of the 'Royal Naval Wireless Auxiliary Reserve,' of quite exceptional importance, since for the first time in this country the amateur of the 'operator' type is to be given a chance to follow his hobby, and at the same time to make himself useful to the nation. However, before going further into the subject of this new organisation, the point about the 'operator' type must be made rather more fully, in order to show why this class—the one class that is liable to be of immediate service to the country, not only in war, but (as will be seen later) even more in peace—should flourish to such a degree in America though it is practically non-existent in this country.

First, as we have said, the 'operator' has been discouraged. The general policy appears to have been to allow only those who are desirous and capable of doing serious experimental work to have transmitting licences, and thus to restrict the number of such licences issued; the power allowed to be used is also extremely limited except in special cases (*i.e.*, for amateurs of the 'engineer' type who can prove that they have really serious work in hand), and a maximum total transmitting time of two hours per day and of ten minutes in any given hour is laid down. In the United States, on the other hand, there are practically no such restrictions; anyone who wishes (generally speaking) can obtain a licence to transmit, and there are practically no limitations as regards power or hours. A rough estimate made by the army authorities puts the total of *competent* amateur operators—that is,

of such as could be relied on to handle traffic satisfactorily—at *fourteen thousand*. But, apart from the ease with which a transmitting licence can be obtained, and the absence of restrictions attached thereto, there is another very important point about the United States regulations which explains why amateur wireless is far more popular there than in Great Britain. An amateur of the 'operator' type soon tires of merely chatting with other amateurs by Morse, and finds a far greater interest in handling real messages, whether from them or from their friends and acquaintances, which messages are relayed from amateur station to amateur station all across the continent until they reach their destination. So much is this message-handling the principal activity of the average American amateur that the title of his organisation is the 'American Radio Relay League.' Nor is this relaying system by any means confined to the United States at the present day; messages being readily and reliably handled from China to Peru: I myself have helped to relay just such a message when I had an amateur transmitter in Chile.

Why there should be such a thrill in this work is hard to explain, but it certainly exists, and to such an extent that it is impossible to imagine the American amateur retaining his enthusiasm if he were to be deprived of it—when, for example, a daily bulletin of a sick boy in hospital in the Philippines is transmitted to his mother in New York, or astronomical observations are relayed between an observatory in Chile and a university in the United States, or when the only means of communication between a scientific expedition and the outer world is through such a chain of amateur relay stations. In any case, it is certainly the existence of this type of activity which alone explains the great development of amateur wireless in the United States. This being so, one is tempted to conclude that it is the non-existence of this message-relaying which accounts for the comparative deadness of amateur wireless in Great Britain, since any such activity is absolutely prohibited in this country, even for those who have been granted amateur licences; they may not even receive such messages from amateurs in countries where such prohibitions do not exist. The reason appears to be something mediæval connected with the Post Office monopoly of communications.

It would seem to the impartial observer that, whether or not there is a case for the limitation of the number of amateur transmitting licences granted, there is certainly none for such restrictions as regards the work done. Note that the British licensed amateur can transmit or receive unintelligible groups of letters to his heart's content, so that the restriction as regards messages has nothing to do with a desire to limit the amount of signals put out on the ether; it is only when the matter transmitted has any

practical value as a message that the prohibition enters. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether there is in reality any case for the restriction of the number of licences. The obvious reason would at first sight be that by such restriction the ether is kept uncongested. Since, however, the amateurs use their own special wavelengths and are not audible except on these, whatever interference they may cause is with each other. There is, for instance, practically no interference by amateur stations with broadcast reception in the United States, and where such interference may exceptionally occur, owing to a badly constructed or badly adjusted amateur transmitter, the offender is at once pulled up and very probably loses his licence. It must be remembered that there is no difficulty in identifying the offender, since he will take particular care to say who he is, by giving his station call, at frequent intervals, so that other amateur stations hearing him can communicate with him.

The only other reason for such a limitation of transmitters would seem to be of a political nature—e.g., in countries where the political situation is such that the Government has reason to fear the use by subversive secret organisations of pseudo-amateur transmitters, and this is hardly the case in Great Britain. It is interesting to note in this connexion that the present German Government is making it a part of their policy to encourage the amateur by granting transmitting licences far more freely than was the case before they came into power. Here, if anywhere, subversive political use of amateur transmitters might be feared, and it is therefore striking that the Government should consider that this risk is outweighed by the self-training which the transmitting amateur gives himself. Whatever the reason for this prohibition, it is of special interest for our purpose to note that it is just this prohibited message-handling that provides the ideal training for the wireless operator, since from it he learns just what is wanted—the ability to get the last ounce out of his little set, to transmit clearly and patiently, and, above all, to receive through all manner of interference and kindred difficulties. In the United States the amateur has the opportunity to give himself this training, and has always had it since amateur wireless began. Hence the rapid expansion in the naval wireless operating staff, made possible by the 'amateur', and it must not be forgotten that a similar or even greater expansion also took place in the Army Signal Corps wireless services.

Since 1918, however, and as a direct consequence of the good results given by this recruiting of amateurs during the war, the United States Government departments have gone a long way further, and it is their example which the Admiralty is now following. It had, of course, been found that wireless amateurs

still needed considerable training before they could act as army or navy operators, since operating methods in the services differ very greatly from those used in commercial and amateur practice, and although this training was only in minor matters, and not in the essentials of operating, it nevertheless took some time. The idea naturally presented itself, therefore, of giving the wireless amateurs this training during peace-time, so that they should form a reserve of fully trained operators in case of emergency.

As in this country, it was the navy that took the first step, in February 1925 (and, to judge by the way they have since extended the original scheme, they still seem satisfied with the results), by forming a 'radio reserve' of 6000 amateurs. These amateurs, who must possess their own station and be between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, after passing a medical examination are given rank ranging from 'chief radioman' down to 'seaman for radio,' according to the grade of amateur or other licence which they already hold. They 'drill' by handling messages at their own stations, in navy procedure, with naval or naval amateur stations allotted to this duty. All amateur reservists are also provided with technical bulletins, booklets on navy apparatus and methods, instruction leaflets on codes and ciphers, etc. Further, whenever enough reservists reside at one centre to make it possible, regular weekly instruction classes are organised (attendance being always voluntary), and in such cases naval apparatus is sent on loan, and where possible naval instructors help with the work. Facilities are also given for reservists to visit navy wireless stations when they are able to do so (*e.g.*, during holidays), and these facilities are very fully used. Finally, reservists can volunteer for fifteen days' duty each year, either aboard ship or at a naval shore station, and in this case they receive the pay and allowances of their rank if they are accepted—*i.e.*, if all the vacancies have not been filled two years or so ahead. In all, a very simple system, and one which costs the public practically nothing. It has, however, the defect of looking only to the possibilities from a war point of view, whereas, as will be seen, in practice the peace-time importance of such a scheme has proved to be very great; and one is glad that it has not been copied by our own Admiralty.

The United States army, however, produced a better scheme in October 1925; and here, again, they are so satisfied with the results that they have recently extended the original plan. In this system the amateur is not only asked to enroll himself, but also his station, which must be a transmitter. The basic idea here is not only to train the amateur himself in army methods, but also to use the network of amateur stations for handling army traffic in times of peace with the view of building up a system of communication available in times of war, or more especially in times

of emergencies when the normally used telegraph and telephone lines are out of action: 'storms, fires, floods, tornados, earthquakes, ice, or other causes,' says the original draft cheerily, and a later version adds 'riots and insurrections.' This, as will be seen, is also the aim of the British Admiralty scheme. It will be interesting, incidentally, to see whether the Army in this country will follow the example of the Navy, as was the case in America, since perhaps army wireless, using largely portable sets of low power, is even more closely allied to amateur work than is navy wireless, where the stations are in general more permanently installed and of higher power. Certainly the supply of army operators for wireless in time of war is a very serious problem; operators for field telegraphs and telephones can be largely drawn from the commercial companies and the Post Office, but there is nothing in the normal working of such companies at all similar to that of army wireless, so that a reserve is particularly needed here.

Some mention may be made of the American network, which is of a quite complicated nature, ramifying downwards from the army station at Fort Monmouth to one amateur station in each of the nine corps areas, from each corps station to one amateur station in each State capital within that area, from each capital to about five district stations (all amateurs, of course) in that State, from each of these to about five 'sub-district' stations, and finally from each of these to all other army amateur stations within that sub-district. All this network goes into operation each Monday evening (with the exception of the sub-district groups, which work on another evening in the week) and handles army traffic under army procedure. The cost to the public is that of printing the official certificates which each station receives as its only reward, and of distributing literature on army wireless methods, apparatus, codes, etc. Against this must be set a considerable saving in the transmission of messages which would otherwise be handed over to commercial companies and paid for. Needless to say, there is considerable competition for these certificates, and they are highly valued by their possessors; they run for two years, as a rule, after a probationary period and are renewable.

It should be noted that the army scheme uses both operator and station, but does not involve a formal enlistment of the amateur himself—although, of course, the intention is that in case of war he should enlist in the Army Signal Corps for wireless duty—whereas the navy definitely enlists the operator but not his station, except for 'drill' purposes. There is, however, a later development of the navy scheme (August 1930), working in conjunction with the Red Cross and only for use in emergencies, by

which naval reserve amateurs man their stations when 'disasters' occur, and communicate details thereof either to other naval reserve stations, or direct to navy stations, or to commercial stations, or as a last resource (one likes that touch of inter-service jealousy) to army stations. These messages then go through to the Red Cross. An interesting point is that in such cases the reserve amateur is justified in using any wave-length, not merely those allotted to him by law.

The results as regards 'emergencies' speak for themselves from 1919 onwards amateur wireless, chiefly as organised in the navy and army systems since these have existed, has been the principal, and in many cases the only, means of communication in more than sixteen major disasters. The most noteworthy of these were the Florida hurricane of 1926, the floods in Mississippi and New England in 1927, the California dam break in 1928, the second Florida hurricane of that year, and, above all, the recent California earthquakes. A few facts as regards this last disaster will suffice: for the first six hours after the catastrophe Long Beach, the centre of the stricken area, was cut off from all telegraphic communication; during this time amateur radio was the sole means of communication, and among the first messages handled were the official requests for help, from the mayors to the State and military authorities. Even when some sort of line communication was restored it was altogether insufficient, and amateur wireless continued to supplement it, stations continuing to operate even though they had to set up their temporary transmitters again and again as fast as they were destroyed by the shocks, which, of course, continued during all this period. Later, as the normal means of communication became sufficient to handle all official work, the amateurs took over the service of information to relatives and friends, handling literally thousands of messages. Some figures will indicate the sort of work done, although only two or three of the stations co-operating can be mentioned out of the hundreds that did so. At Los Angeles an extemporised station worked for thirty hours continuously; at Oakland another worked without interruption for three days; at Seattle a station handled over 300 messages in forty-eight hours' continuous work. When it is remembered that during this period operators often had to hold their apparatus in place to prevent the almost continual shocks from overturning it, and that they might expect every moment their roofs and aerial masts to come down on their heads, due appreciation will be felt not only for the American wireless amateur but also for the organisation and Government encouragement which has made his existence possible and his presence so valuable in such disasters.

It has, in fact, become more and more evident that such

emergency work by the two systems is at present of greater importance than the potential value of these organised operators as a reserve; it is to be hoped that the 'greater emergency,' which would reverse the condition, may never occur. Nevertheless, as an example of what might be expected of these systems in such an emergency, and to show what sort of training may be expected of the Royal Naval Wireless Auxiliary Reserve, the work done by the American army system in the big joint army-navy manœuvres of 1927 may be briefly described, when a Black fleet was supposed to be advancing on the (Blue) New England coast, with an invading army in transports. The army amateurs of this coastal area were specially organised for these manœuvres into three groups: interception, coastal observation, and net control. The interception group included fifteen amateurs at six amateur stations—it must be remembered that only a very small area of country was involved—keeping continuous watch and intercepting all suspicious messages; this group also operated one direction-finding station. (If it is hard to train telegraph operators rapidly, and harder to train wireless operators, it is hardest of all to train interception operators, and amateur operating is the best possible preparation for such work. This is too technical a matter to go into here, but had we possessed a reserve of such amateur operators during the war they would have been worth their weight in brass hats.) The amateurs acting as coastal observers comprised twelve operators at seven stations, who in addition organised their own service of visual observers along the coast: the first visual contact with the Black fleet was by one of these observers, incidentally. Finally, eight amateur operators manned the 'net-controls' (i.e., the headquarters station) of the Blue forces. The fact that the army—above all in such inter-service manœuvres—could put the wireless communications of such an important coastal area (where, as a matter of fact, the Black attack did actually take place) into amateur hands speaks for itself.

As a more recent example, the big air force manœuvres of 1931, in which some 600 planes took part, may be quoted. Here the War Department handed over to amateurs the organisation of the wireless communications between the four aerodromes—Springfield, Boston, Albany, and Hartford—where the planes were concentrated, and also between these and other points, such as Washington and Mitchell Field, the aviation centre. Over 100 official messages were handled in four days, exclusively by amateurs working at their own stations on schedules to cover twenty-four hours a day; in addition, hundreds of private messages (e.g., between officers and men of the air forces and their families all over the United States) were also handled.

The British 'Wireless Auxiliary Reserve' scheme more

closely resembles that of the U.S. army than that originally proposed by the navy. In the Admiralty scheme both amateur and station are to be recruited, but (a concession to the present difficulties in obtaining transmitting licences) there is to be room for the receiving amateurs as well as for the possessor of a transmitting station, the former being enrolled as 'watcher' and the latter as 'operator.' The transmitting stations of these latter are to be formed into 'units' of five or less stations per unit, and these are in turn to be organised into 'sections,' 'districts,' and 'areas.' It is definitely stated that the training will be with a view to forming a network all over the country, for use in war 'or emergency'—the importance of this point of view has been fully made clear in dealing with the American systems. What this will mean to what we have called the 'operator' type of amateur can be imagined, but no one who has not been such an amateur himself can realise the joy with which this news has been received throughout the closely knit and sympathetic world of amateur enthusiasts. First of all, it is undoubtedly going to mean that licences to transmit will be more sensibly granted, with the backing of the Admiralty; then, that the 'operator' type is going to have real traffic to handle, and traffic of an important nature, and that he will no longer be restricted to unintelligible tests of no value except as tests; and finally, he is going to have the chance, that his American colleague has had for so long, of making himself useful to the country.

Whether it may not lead to something similar on the part of the Army remains to be seen. One might even very optimistically hope that it might lead to a general permission to all licence-holders to handle 'real' traffic, as in the United States. In any case, it is a very important step in the right direction.

R. RAVEN-HART.

OBSCURANTISM

About a hundred years ago there were in most civilised countries a certain number of people who believed in human nature and its susceptibility to what they called 'enlightenment.' They were not a large number, and they were divided by language, political allegiance, and—most serious consideration of all in those days—distance. Nevertheless, being most of them young, clever and energetic, they contrived in a fashion to hold together and, without any actual organisation, to form an international society for the promotion of 'enlightenment.' To describe the forces arrayed against them (consisting of every constituted authority and all respectable persons) they invented the terms 'obscurant' and 'obscurancy'—well-coined words that have not been improved by being changed to 'obscurantist' and 'obscurantism.' In describing themselves they were less positive, but in virtue of their zeal for truth and their belief in freedom of thought and expression they were as a rule content to be known as 'liberals.' They had no common philosophy, for the temper and attitude of mind that bound them together impliedly forbade anything like the regimentation of thought; but of the various systems they professed that of Auguste Comte may be taken as the most useful, because the most complete illustration of the liberal outlook. It was the most particular expression of the naive but generous belief that mankind had completed the penultimate stage of his toilsome ascent. One simple stage more and he would attain for ever the starry heights of reason and happiness.

Yet, in spite of all its promise, liberalism lived not long. When Comte died in 1857 it was already sick, and after languishing miserably for sixteen years it went to the grave with John Stuart Mill. Whatever speculative reasons may be given for the suddenness of its dissolution, two facts of its career stand out clearly enough. The first is that at an early stage it became specially identified with political movements, and in England achieved in rapid succession two solid triumphs—Parliamentary Reform and Free Trade—with the result that the terms 'liberal' and 'liberalism' (spelled with a capital L) were appropriated to give a semblance of unity to the shifting group of factions and political

soldiers of fortune, now known to history as 'the Liberal Party.' In its early days the Liberal Party certainly deserved its name. It was so liberal that it could include both Palmerston and Cobden. The conjunction, though violent, was not unnatural. These two great men could both claim their part in the 'liberal' ethic—Cobden because he was the first to enunciate the truth of international solidarity, Palmerston because, underlying all his jingoism and '*civis Britannicus sum*,' there was essential decency and a demand for fair play for the under-dog. Whatever Palmerston was, he was not an obscurantist. The trouble was that liberalism was never 'practical politics.' It was a gift of the spirit in virtue of which able men of very various tempers and associations found themselves in communion, but it had no mass appeal. How could it have? A 'liberal' outlook is the last thing one can expect from any man, of whatever station in life. Accordingly the only way for liberalism to become an effective political force was to do as David did—go to Adullam and make a bid for the support of everybody who had a grievance, real or imagined. Hence arose the Liberal Party, which one of its later leaders in a moment of cynical facetiousness described as 'the big umbrella,' for the whole rabble of disgruntlement found shelter and comfort under it. Hardly one of these people had a liberal idea. They were all violently at variance with one another. Their only bond was that they all had some pet aversion—the House of Lords, the Established Church, God, beer, betting, 'vice,' vaccination, vivisection, the Coronation Oath, and many more (as Mr F. W. Thomas would say) 'too humorous to mention'—which they expected and demanded that the Liberal Party should deal with drastically and promptly in the name of 'liberalism.' After the General Election of January 1906 these various enthusiasts, who all found representation in the House of Commons, believed that the millennium was at hand. The Liberal leaders were of another opinion. In their various ways they were for the most part genuinely liberal men and in their own minds true to the tradition. But, finding themselves beset by clamorous supporters who hoped it might be convenient to settle their 'little bills,' the best they could do was to make a few paltry and perfunctory payments on account and offer fair words for the balance. To-day the Liberal Party is bankrupt because, in its chronic desperation for votes, it kept signing unconscionable long-dated bills that it could never possibly meet. It has taken the best part of a century to prove that a 'Liberal Party' is a contradiction in terms; for liberalism is in its nature incompatible with party discipline; and, even if it were not, there can never be enough real 'liberals' to form an effective party.

The case of Cobden illustrates the dilemma of liberalism

Why this should be so I cannot profess to say. Cobden perceived that the arrival of the industrial era meant that mankind must henceforth be regarded as an economic unity and that every attempt to deny or evade that fact is fraught with mischief. He was therefore opposed to war and tariffs; but the present generation, which has had the experience of war and slaughter on an unprecedented scale and is now enjoying the bliss of Protection run mad and international bankruptcy, is assured that Cobden is hopelessly out of date. He is represented on the one hand as a fool who rested his economic doctrine on the assumption that if Great Britain adopted Free Trade the other nations would quickly follow suit; and on the other hand as a knave, the hireling of the Gradgrinds, who wanted to cheapen food so as to cheapen labour. Both gibes are grotesquely untrue as accounts of Cobden's economic position, but as criticisms of the political Liberalism he represented they contain a considerable element of truth. Political Liberalism had two faces. One was like that of the White Knight, a kindly, rather foolish face whose mouth proclaimed the millennium provided only Parliament would abolish something; the other was a hard face, 'a stern unforgiving eye, a damned disinheriting countenance.'

Owing to its unfortunate political associations, the term 'liberal' ceased to have any meaning for the average man. He only knew it as the official label of that party in the State which, he was assured, stood for 'progress.' Now the liberal mind, though it must have some belief, however temperate, in the *possibility* of human progress, is quite compatible with a profound scepticism about its *actuality*. It believes in values and judges any reputed evidence of progress accordingly. By that test the popular notion of Progress with a capital P which arose during the nineteenth century stands condemned as a vulgar superstition and, as such, anti-liberal and obscurantist. It still flourishes and commits all manner of abomination in the name of science, which it jactitates as its true parent and only begetter. Actually its scientific credentials are of the same humble order as the title of Burns's 'Poet Willie' to inspiration.[1] It originated in the mob's admiration of the ingenuities of applied science coupled with an imperfect appreciation of the meaning of Darwinian evolution. The Self-made Man was the moral ideal of the age, so naturally the discovery that mankind in the mass 'was self-made'—the Mr. Bounderby of creation—was hailed with delight. The essence of the Bounderby philosophy is that it takes no account of values, but only of things. Man can do more things than the apes can and is constantly adding to the number.

[1] *The Kirk's Alarm*, stanza 11. The criticism, here very imperfectly indicated, has been brilliantly stated by Mr Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*.

The exercise of this faculty to the nth degree is called Progress. Note the paradox that when Bounderby says he is 'progressive,' he does not admit that there is anything wrong with Bounderby as he is. On the contrary, Bounderby is always, in a sense, perfect. What Progress means is that, as you cannot have too much of a good thing, you must have an ever bigger and beastlier Bounderby. Science is a free activity of the human spirit whose ruling value is truth, but Bounderby does not know that. He sees in it only something that enables him to get more and more machines, most of which he does not know how to use, many of which are useless, and some much worse. In the same way he sees in politics nothing but a means of manufacturing rules and regulations that add nothing to his life but inconvenience, which he not only tolerates but enjoys, because they minister to his lust for accumulating 'things.'

Towards the end of the nineteenth century Bounderby decided to change, not his creed—that would be unthinkable—but its name. He began to call it Efficiency. The new name was a great success, and imposed on a great many people who ought to have known better. In 1902 the late Lord Rosebery took it up, being under the amazing delusion that by its magic he could regain the leadership of a party in the State. Emerging from his tent he addressed a great meeting in a railway shed at Chesterfield, but, though vigorous in his attack on the incompetence of the Balfour Administration, he disclosed no policy. It was understood that he was reserving that for a speech at Glasgow. I heard that speech. I was a student at Glasgow University at the time, and Rosebery was our Rector, and worshipped by the students with a devotion unparalleled before or since. He held his great audience in thrall for half an hour, and then in organ tones came the policy for the Liberal party—'*Efficiency!*' I shall never forget the great gasp of bewildered disappointment with which this portentous announcement was received. The rest of the speech was a fiasco. People even laughed at the wrong places, until the noble orator showed signs of losing his temper. Clearly he felt and was wounded by the failure of his maladroit essay in demagogy.

John Morley's retort a few days later, that efficiency was neither a policy nor a principle but only a catchword, was, so far as the occasion was concerned, a mere labouring of the obvious; but it deserves to be remembered in view of the industry with which the catchword has since been reiterated, not as a party slogan, but as a political and general philosophy, by persons who make it their boast that they are neither politicians nor philosophers, but only 'plain men.' In its proper sense 'efficiency' means no more than a tested capacity for doing a specific thing.

A soldier is properly described as 'efficient' when he reaches a certain standard of skill. A machine is efficient when it can be depended upon to do what is required of it. But efficiency is not a value. Any morality that may appear to cling to it is derived only from the old saw, 'If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.' The efficiency gospellers always forget the 'if.' The fact that a thing is done or can be done is taken to imply that it must be done 'efficiently' without any consideration of whether it is worth doing or even permissible. One of the most efficient business enterprises ever devised was the partnership of Messrs. Burke & Hare. And not only was it efficient; it could plead in its justification the inexorable law of demand and supply and the supreme importance of the advancement of science. There are great business enterprises to-day that cannot say as much for themselves. Yet their promoters are not hanged. They gain great wealth and not infrequently reach the House of Lords. Messrs. Burke & Hare were badly used. In saying so I am not uttering a laboured sarcasm, but speaking a plain and sober truth. We condemn Burke & Hare because we are clear about the values they outraged, which were of the most elementary. We admire the other gentlemen because our moral standards have not developed *pari passu* with our social organisation and material culture.

'Man hath found out many inventions,' and every invention has meant an access of power. There has been no corresponding access of discretion in the use of power. As an acute, learned and witty writer has pointed out, man, like his cousins the great apes, was originally a peaceable creature. His first step on the Via Dolorosa was made when he discovered that his stone axe and his bow, invented for the legitimate purposes of the chase, could kill a human being even more easily than it could kill an aurochs or a sabre-tooth. Primitive man was not a profound philosopher, but he was quick enough to appreciate the disadvantages of the indiscriminate use of lethal weapons. Accordingly he devised restrictions and conditions, which commended themselves so much to his successors as the perfection of wisdom that they have remained in substance unaltered to this day. Divine revelation has even been claimed for them. An innovator who boldly suggested that even 2000 years ago the ethics of the Stone Age might be improved upon, was summarily dealt with. However, no irremediable harm could be done so long as, practically speaking, no means was devised whereby one man could kill more than one man at a time. In the course of the nineteenth century that blessed ignorance was dispelled, and, as the twentieth century proved, very thoroughly. The World War has frightened

[1] *They that Take the Sword*, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford

the Western nations into that fatuous panic that ingeminates that 'something must be done.' But nothing is done except talking and recrimination about 'disarmament.' The idea is that the situation can be met by adding an appendix to the Stone Age code. Any suggestion that the Stone Age code cannot be adapted to an age in which men, instead of crawling about in two dimensions, can travel at hurricane speed in all three dimensions, and when one man by a few pulls at a lever can destroy a whole city and its inhabitants, falls upon deaf ears.

The failure of the Churches at this crisis is so notorious that one hesitates to mention it. They have not only neglected the study of values, but are on the whole hostile to it, and for an obvious reason. The study of values in a rapidly evolving material culture pre-supposes a liberal attitude of mind, which is incompatible with ecclesiasticism. The position of the Churches may quite fairly be summed up in some such words as these: 'Man was made for morality, not morality for man; and by morality we of the Church mean a code divinely revealed to us, of which we have been appointed by the Most High the sole custodians and interpreters. If society has outgrown that code, so much the worse for society. We have no authority to issue it with a new ethical outfit, and what is more, we haven't the cloth, and even if we had, we haven't the ghost of a notion how to cut it. So society must wear its old clothes—or go naked, in which case we shall prosecute it for indecency.'

Now this attitude, though unhelpful, is intelligible enough in the case of the Church of Rome, which stands where it has always stood, refusing to budge an inch forward or backward. But the Reformed Churches have no such defence; for, not content with being unhelpful, they lose no opportunity of being hindrances. This is due not so much to malignity as to a panic fear of the dreadful process called thinking. All denominations are more or less afflicted by it, but the Church of England is by far the worst case. Whereas the photophobia of the Nonconformist bodies takes the form of an amiable and bewildered negativism, the Established Church, under the influence of the Anglo-Catholic movement, has for more than a generation been organising itself into a Society for the Propagation of Superstition and Intellectual Sloth. This, I am aware, is a very shocking suggestion, and many of that hard-working and not overpaid body of men technically known as the 'dignified clergy' will naturally resent it. 'What!' I can imagine one of them saying. 'You accuse us of being engaged in an obscurantist conspiracy. Let me tell you, my dear sir, nothing could be farther from the truth. We are all for Progress and Efficiency. What do doctrine and dogma really matter? Mere relics of the Dark Ages. What does

matter is that the Church should be a good going concern, with the parochial clergy running all sorts of societies and stunts. Societies and stunts are good for parochial clergy. They keep them from worrying about being parochial clergy: leave them no time to think, so to speak. Of course we must have a doctrinal background of some sort, and Catholic doctrine is the best background. It lends itself to picturesque ceremonial. Play-acting, you may call it, but where is the harm in that? Play-acting is a human instinct and admittedly may be a vehicle of spiritual benefit. Further, Catholic doctrine has the credentials of tradition, and lastly it has the supreme advantage of relieving the clergy from the painful and perilous obligation of thinking and so enabling them to get on with the job of fussing about to the glory of God and His Church. Oh yes, my dear sir, it is easy to criticise Anglo-Catholicism, but look at its record of social work. What can your Evangelicals and Liberal Churchmen show to compare with it?"

If this be the line of argument, it means that the Church of England has yielded to one of the most pernicious temptations to which human nature is subject—the temptation to shirk an uncomfortable task by discovering a fictitious urgency in other things so that we may mask our sloth and soothe our consciences by a great parade of praiseworthy activities. Indolence has a marvellous knack of disguising itself as industry. The Anglo-Catholic is in a dilemma. Either his profession of 'Catholic' doctrine is a genuine faith, in which case *cadit quæstio*—he is an avowed obscurantist; or it is a convention adopted in order that his energies may be 'released' for purposes that have nothing to do with doctrine, in which case he is obscurantist by negligence.

The effusive welcome which the Bishop of London and other dignitaries have accorded to the 'Groups' lends colour to the suggestion that any religious movement that makes a point of discrediting reason as an organon of truth and right is sure of an official blessing and that no questions will be asked about its congruence with 'Catholic' teaching, provided it shows a fair promise of saving people from the deadly sin of thinking. One can easily understand the gospel of Dr. Buchman appealing to the worst instincts of Evangelicals, but by the same token it is difficult to see what merit it can have in Anglo-Catholic eyes save its radical obscurantism *plus* the astounding success with which it has been engineered from Oxford. Bishop after bishop has written to *The Times* to say, 'Well, m——yes, there are aspects of the Group methods that at first sight are a little shocking to old-fashioned people like ourselves. But, dearly beloved, let us beware of bigotry. Let us be broad. Let us be charitable. Let not our Victorian prejudices hinder the saving of the souls of the

young people of this generation. Let us look at the results and realise that this work is of God. Let us sit at the feet of Gamaliel. See Acts v. 38 and 39.' (Now Gamaliel was a trimmer; and any ordinarily honest man, reading his recorded words without prejudice, would probably use a harsher term. Between the boards of the Bible there are many rogues, but none that has carried his roguery so successfully as the preceptor of St. Paul. In clerical circles he is always mentioned with such respect, and even unction, that one wonders how he has escaped canonisation.) In essentials there is nothing to differentiate Buchmanism from other 'revivalist' movements. It is distinctive only in respect of its novel jargon, its unsurpassed arrogance and the social status of its dupes. This last is a really disturbing feature. It is a mistake to suppose that 'revivalism' appeals principally to the poorest and most ignorant sections of the community. On the contrary, as a study of the Moody and Sankey campaigns will show, its success has hitherto been mainly among the lower middle-class of the industrial towns, who are uneducated rather than ignorant, and certainly not poor save in the emotional content of their lives. But Dr Buchman specialises in the classes that have hitherto been not only unresponsive but hostile to religious manifestations of this kind. He can appropriate with a greater *flair* for advertisement than for veracity the name of Oxford, and persuade young men and women who have been sent to the University for the purpose of learning the value of a critical intelligence that intelligence is a false light and criticism the Unpardonable Sin. More than forty years ago a young Scotsman of fascinating presence and persuasive tongue tried to evangelise Oxford, and failed. Jowett and Liddell saw to that. Dr. Buchman is more fortunate than Henry Drummond. There are no Jowetts and Liddells in these days.

Of course, the ground for Buchmanism had been admirably prepared by the disciples of Freud. I say disciples advisedly, because, if some of his later work is any guide, Freud must be appalled at the way in which, with no thought but the advancement of science, he has sold the pass to the forces of unreason. In the course of his practice as a neurologist it was brought home to him that classical psychology was too abstract; and that, though it might map out accurately enough the various mental functions under the three great categories of knowing, feeling, and willing, it had little or nothing to say about how these interacted. To put it in another way, classical psychology could tell no more about the totality of mental function as manifested in behaviour than anatomy can tell about the body as a living organism. He saw that classical psychology, though it admitted the interaction of what it called *affective* and *representative* ideas, had no

notion of the extent and intimacy of the interaction. While on the representative side it could tell all about the several senses and how mere cognition was built up into perception and apperception, on the affective side it could only generalise vaguely about *pleasure* and *pain* or (as some preferred) the *pleasure-pain principle*. Freud pointed out that the affective side of mental life was as specialised as the representative, and that it was necessary to allow a specific quality and influence to such emotions as sex and fear. He further remarked the significance of the very commonplace fact that we can recall what we have forgotten, and upon it built his hypothesis of the Unconscious Mind. Forgetting, he went on to argue, is not an accidental affair, but is as much a part of mental function as remembering and strictly ruled by the law of cause and effect. We naturally wish to forget representative ideas that have an unpleasant emotional colour, and as a rule, by means of various ingenious though irrational devices, we succeed fairly well *so far as the mere representation is concerned*. It is not so easy to get rid of the associated emotion. It haunts our conscious life like an uneasy ghost and may even take possession of some cognate but innocent idea with odd results in our behaviour. Freud devised an empirical technique for bringing the disturbing idea back into consciousness and, by exhibiting it to the patient as a mere bogey, putting an end to the disturbance. This technique he named psycho-analysis.

Now the practice of psycho-analysis has yielded many illuminating results and suggested many promising lines of investigation. But it is the very libertine of science. It cannot to any material extent be made subject to scientific controls, and from its nature its theoretical basis is vague and intractable to precise statement. As science, indeed, it ranks no higher than alchemy, and its practitioners, like the alchemists, use an impressive jargon, make extravagant claims, and are immensely popular and prosperous in consequence. Every schoolgirl now can chatter about 'complexes,' 'conflicts,' and 'libidos.' Every hypochondriac who can afford it, or even who cannot, must needs be 'analysed' and takes a dreary delight in telling all his acquaintances how expensive and protracted the treatment is. No proposition is too absurd for the hierophants of the cult, in whose discourse words lose all meaning and the very Laws of Thought are abrogated in the name of 'ambivalence' and 'symbolical representation.' I remember once being among the guests of a well-known psycho-analyst, who in the ordinary way would pass for a sane and amiable man. The conversation at the dinner-table turned on the poets, and someone mentioned Burns. 'Of course,' observed our host with an air of finality, 'Burns was homosexual.' Most of us were fairly hardened, but this was too much.

so I ventured to ask for further particulars. I got a rather involved answer which I cannot remember in detail, but the substance of it seemed to be that Burns's weakness for women was proof positive of his homosexuality! There was a glare in the psycho-analyst's eye that warned me that if I tried to argue the point I should be set down as suffering from 'resistance' and therefore no better than the poet. So I hurriedly changed the subject.

Freud's enterprising disciples take us into a world compared with which Looking-Glass Land is a very prim cosmos indeed—a world in which everything is credible provided it is irrational. But hear Freud himself:

> We may insist as much as we like that the human intellect is weak in comparison with human instincts, and be right in doing so. But nevertheless there is something peculiar about this weakness. The voice of the intellect is a soft one, but it does not rest until it has gained a hearing. Ultimately, after endlessly repeated rebuffs, it succeeds. This is one of the few points in which one may be optimistic about the future of mankind, but in itself it signifies not a little. And one can make it a starting-point for yet other hopes. The primacy of the intellect certainly lies in the far, far, but still probably not infinite, distance.

These words, which show the sturdy old agnostic faith—fainter perhaps than of yore, but still pursuing—are from *The Future of an Illusion* (p. 93). It is a queer Nemesis that the author of this anti-theistic pamphlet should have provided a basis for one of the crudest religious movements that has ever taken the name of Christ in vain.

It is unnecessary, even were the space available, to discuss the political tyrannies that have arisen in Russia, Italy, Germany and Ireland, for their obscurantist character is not denied even by their supporters. It is enough to observe that, however they may differ on points of detail, they are all agreed on the fundamental tenet of obscurantism, which is that criticism is not only objectionable, but intolerable. So far the political system of Great Britain seems to have resisted the infection, but one cannot be sure. We may be in the incubation period. One would feel more confidence if we had a different newspaper Press; but our newspapers, with few exceptions, if not consciously obscurantist, minister to the obscurantist temper. Formerly it was conceived to be the main function of a newspaper that it should provide a reasonably accurate chronicle of events presented with some regard to their relative importance. But to-day the view is that a newspaper exists, not to inform its readers, but to amuse them. In the reporting of events regard is had, in the first place, to their entertainment value, and, secondly, to the political or other prejudices of the proprietor. The very word 'news' has lost all

objective meaning. It now means practically anything that will amuse a *clientèle*, the vast majority of which are barely semi-literate. Vulgar ignorance and credulity are exploited with the utmost cynicism. Thus two or three years ago one of the most 'enterprising' Sunday newspapers decided to devote a page weekly to astrology! That page still goes on. The 'Direction' of the newspaper are not exactly proud of it, but they dare not drop it, for their highly efficient circulation department has reported that it is 'the most popular feature in the paper.'

DONALD CARSWELL.

FARM ANIMALS IN ENGLISH ART

Writers on the history of English husbandry have never tried to glean enough checking evidence from old works of art: prints and drawings, pictures and sculptures. Take Thorold Rogers. In his masterpiece, *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, he gave no testimony of artists when he reviewed the slow amelioration in farming that began, mainly, in the reign of James I. On the other hand, he has enabled his readers to place a just value on the innovations that came from Holland, and to choose the best writers of the period on agriculture—Gabriel Plattes, probably of Dutch origin, and Simon Hartlib, a friend of Milton and certainly Dutch by birth, though naturalised in England. Holland's first lesson to English farmers was the cultivation of hops, which from 1552 was allowed in England by law under some restraint. Next, early in the seventeenth century some fallows here and there were employed to grow winter roots from Dutch seed, and artificial grasses could have been borrowed then from Holland but for three influences that ran counter to reforms. Tenant-farmers were hurt very much by rack-rents, so their English habit of evading progress was stiffened by injustice and hardship; a gradual increase of prices everywhere lessened the purchasing value of wages, causing much depression among peasants and artisans; and these causes of brooding discontent put their own strife and venom into the hell-haunted fervour of Puritanism.

Yet some improvement on scattered farms did continue, providing new and better food in winter for a good many sheep and cattle, and therefore an opportunity to make them larger in size and finer in quality. The progress, of course, was thoroughly English, stopped in some places by obstinacy, checked on other farms by bad compromises, while a few landowners went ahead as pioneers, like the Smithsons, of Stanwick, whose cattle had short horns. There was a breed of white Shorthorns that belonged to the Aislabies, of Studley Royal, near Ripon; and another Yorkshire gentleman, Sir Edward Blackett, Bart., of Newby, an intimate friend of the Aislabies, took pride in his Shorthorns, and, earlier than 1702, hung portraits of his favourite cattle around his entrance-hall. Are they extant now, those portraits? Have they been inherited by the present baronet, Sir Hugh Douglas

Blackett? No; very unluckily they disappeared when Newby left the family. A thousand [illegible] have little value when we wish to see w[illegible] tried to do, and why he had p[illegible] cows that pleased his judgement [illegible] whose great career in the breed[illegible] a century later, in 1784, had a[illegible] and Sir Edward Blackett, su[illegible] pioneer who sought help from a[illegible] early portraits of cattle and sh[illegible] trate the first reforming period [illegible]

While the initial betterment [illegible] fields here and there, a few nat[illegible] (1626—1704), became devotees [illegible] subjects from landscapes and f[illegible] farms, both winged and four-[illegible] from countrysides neighbouring [illegible] little groups of men, who put in[illegible] gained from the pastime of ang[illegible] Wotton, and Izaak Walton's id[illegible] things also, as in Charles Cotto[illegible]

In many ways, too, the awa[illegible] arts was original, whereas new [illegible] be necessary to English farm[illegible] sort of Dutch leadership starte[illegible] If Dutch thoroughness could [illegible] Dutch ideas and seeds, Arthur [illegible] complain about when he wrote [illegible] crops in that year were sain[illegible] potatoes. Turnips, though wi[illegible] often the crop was thin. 'I [illegible] Young, 'that above half—or [illegible] nation cultivate clover. It is a[illegible] are necessary [in England] firm[illegible] a new plant.' Still, much [illegible] and its development became m[illegible] 1760. Then a temper akin to [illegible] from farms and gardens into t[illegible] Young to say: 'The farming t[illegible] from a duke to an apprentice.' [illegible] of crops and of pasture fields [illegible] horses, ponies, sheep, cattle a[illegible] peafowl, poultry, pigeons, beca[illegible] as the nation's zeal was making [illegible] shires, artists were urged by [illegible] countrified also.

Unluckily, the varied inspiration that artists found in the country during the first period, the seventeenth century, became very difficult for students to review, because a great many of the archives—prints, drawings and paintings—were allowed to perish from neglect. England has been much too devoted towards foreign artists, and also very willing to accept imitations of foreign styles; so her own painters and print-makers have been impeded frequently during their lives, and forgotten quickly after their death. Take Henry Peacham, who lived from 1576 to about 1650. His writings have survived, and from one of them we can learn how he made his watercolours; but his art-work is exceedingly hard to find. I have seen, as yet, only two of his drawings, and both are monochromes in bistre, pen and wash. They belong to a great collector, Sir Robert Witt, and their country life looks Dutch, not English, in its landscapes and peasants and horses, and in a variety of wains with light and high wheels. Peacham's foreign travels, apparently, lasted for about two years from 1613.

A contemporary painter, William Dobson (1610–1646), united his art to the sport of shooting in a manly, fine portrait of Herrick's friend, Endymion Porter; and a youngster of genius, meantime, Francis Barlow, was picking up a diversity of knowledge that would enable him to be the father of English sporting artists, and a pioneer in his study of landscapes, and natural history, and farm animals and birds. During the past eleven years I have written several times about aspects of Barlow's variety, shown in etchings, drawings, and pictures. Neglect has destroyed a great many of his paintings, but many—though not enough—of his drawings are extant, and 112 of his original etchings have been rescued by his book on *Æsop's Fables*, whose first edition was brought out in 1666. Students of agriculture who want to know what farms and their livestock were in England from the middle of the seventeenth century should study what remains of Barlow's productions. I am sorry that Thorold Rogers failed to consult them. To learn as much as we can about the animals and birds, both wild and tame, that Barlow selected in his travels, is to illustrate the best writings of husbandry published during the same span of years.

Rogers believed that, owing to the poverty of food in winter, only a very little improvement was made in animal husbandry between the reigns of Henry III and Queen Anne. In mediaeval times, when England's shepherds were as Lords of the Exchequer, and their flocks were the population to be fleeced, wethers and rams and ewes were undergrown, and their wool, though the best in Europe, was coarse and full of hairs.

The fleece, too, [says Rogers] was light, an average from many entries

which I have made giving 1 lb. 7½ oz. to the fleece. . . . Hence the animal must have been small; and I think I may certainly say that a wether in good condition weighed a good deal less than forty pounds. . . . The improved sheep of the eighteenth century gave nearly 5 lbs to the fleece.'

Did improvement begin with the growing of winter roots? And how much of it had been achieved before Robert Bakewell (1726–1795) began to produce at Dishley Grange, in Leicestershire, his own breed of long-wooled flocks, called the New Leicester sheep, rivals of John Ellman's improved Southdowns at Glynde?

In Barlow's art there are some interesting sheep, all studied from life. One of them, a young horned ram, is in the etched frontispiece that he composed very ably for his *Æsop's Fables*, 'Æsop among the Beasts and Birds.' The ram, standing between a fox and a he-goat, with a lion and a well-grown cow just beyond, stretches forward to rub his nose against Æsop's knee. The relative sizes cause me to think of a ram about as big as a Welsh one of to-day. The cow has short horns that curl upwards. When Barlow studies sheep and goats side by side, as in a good drawing now at the British Museum, the goats suggest that they were carefully bred and fed. Were they valued then for their flesh as well as for milk? I have not yet seen in Barlow's work a large wether or a big hornless ram—a forerunner of Bakewell's famous 'Two-Pounder,' whose portrait by J. Digby Curtis, painted in 1790, is treasured to-day by Mr C. S. Orwin, of Oxford. But some large breeds of sheep were known when Barlow died in August 1704, because they are mentioned by William Ellis, farmer, of Little Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, whose eight volumes on *The Modern Husbandman* were brought out in 1750, and cover a good span of years that preceded the Bakewellian advance in stockbreeding. For example:

There are some Western sheep that cut 4 lbs of wool each, that is so thick and curled that, if a pail of water is thrown over it, it [the water] will nearly run all off presently; and when wool grows in this manner it is commonly very fine. The Maiden Downs, near Salisbury, have a wool worth a guinea a tod [usually 28 lbs.], when ours in Hertfordshire is worth but half as much.

Further:

A middling Western ewe, that was fed in Hertfordshire, cut 3 lbs. and 3¼ lbs the first four years she lived there. After that she declined in quantity, till she was fifteen years old, and then she returned a fleece of only 1¼ lbs. A Western sheep brought into our parts at three years old cuts better wool the first year than she will ever after, because the short grass that grows on their [the Western] dry, large, open downs is much sweeter than ours in Hertfordshire.

But the largest sheep known to Ellis were the Lincolnshire, fed

in salty and fresh marshland, and Ellis drew a contrast between their fleece and that of the big Leicesters. The Lincolns had somewhat heavier fleeces, but the wool was coarse, spiry, and very long, thicker near the skin than on and near the surface. Leicestershire wool was different, 'as thick at top as at the bottom,' but 'heavy and cloddy.' It was used for making 'callimancoes,' shalloons, yarn, and stockings, while Lincolnshire wool was employed for such stuff as baize at Colchester, Brocking, and other places. As for the very best wool that Ellis knew, it came from smaller sheep bred and fed in Herefordshire, on the Licky Hills and about Leominster. When mixed with some Spanish wool it made the superfine broadcloths weaved in Gloucestershire, as at Cirencester.

If we accept Ellis's evidence—and he never overpraised his own county—the work to be done by Bakewell and Ellman, and others, was mainly that of enriching the weaving qualities of wool grown on sheep already noted for their big size and for heavy fleeces. Rogers overlooked this point, and research has not yet recovered enough graphic and pictorial evidence to link Barlow's sheep to the various breeds of which Ellis wrote. I have been doing my best, but the work is very slow and troublesome. Last year I wrote 117 open letters to provincial papers—English, Welsh, and Scottish—concerning pictures and prints of the earlier farm animals, and only *one* official, employed in agriculture, answered my appeals! The secretary of a great society to whom I wrote told me in his answer that he had no photographs of pictures which had been done for his institution by notable Scottish animal painters, because the 'types' portrayed were no longer approved. Imagine that! To know what variable ideas in 'types' have united the earlier breeders with those of to-day is very helpful to students, and a lesson also in the changes through which animal portraiture has passed. To connect the year of Barlow's death with the middle of the eighteenth century, the principal artists gradually to be ransacked by researches are Luke Cradock, Charles Collins, John Wootton, George and John Smith, of Chichester, and Thomas Smith, of Derby, who died in 1769. An earlier T. Smith, a landscapist, may have put sheep and cattle into some of his pictures, but I have seen, as yet, only one example of his style, a signed 'View of Raglan Castle,' painted in 1684 and inherited by the Duke of Beaufort. It proves that Barlow had a colleague in the art of painting out of doors.

John Evelyn knew Barlow personally, and noted in his diary that Barlow studied from the life, and was famous in London before the close of the Commonwealth. So his drawings from chosen sheep, cattle and swine, and from the winged stock that

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY
AND AFTER

XIX— —XX

A MONTHLY REVIEW

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CONTENTS OF VOL. CXIV

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he liked best, can be viewed by us as portraiture. It has been said that no specimens of our old breeds of pigs now survive, the old New Forest strain being extinct; hence I like to note the hogs in Barlow's drawings and etchings. They appear to be of a mixed descent, but their inheritance from the native wild boar, not from the Eastern hog introduced into Britain by Neolithic farmers, seems to dominate; but this is a matter for experts to decide. One good study of a farmyard by Barlow, that you will find in the British Museum's Department of Prints and Drawings, has in it four swine, accompanied by two donkeys, and behind, looking over some palings, is a yokel who carries a pitch-fork and raises his left hand. There are several pigs in Barlow's *Æsop's Fables*, and in one of his oil-paintings at Clandon Park, in the Earl of Onslow's collection, a boar looks out from a rude sty having a low entrance without a door. The picture represents a gentleman's farmyard at Pyrford, in Surrey, that belonged to Mr Denzil Onslow, a patron of Barlow and a friend of John Evelyn, who was amazed by the variety of fish and of game that Onslow preserved on his own estate. If careful pig-breeding began in Charles II.'s reign it did not reach Pyrford.

Let us turn to some of the cattle in the relics of Barlow's lifework. They will enable us to see whether they confirm a belief that Thorold Rogers regarded as a fact. He wrote:

The productiveness of agriculture in the eighteenth century was, it is plain, when land was properly cultivated, four times that of the thirteenth, both as regards corn and stock. The weight of the fatted ox was raised at least threefold; for the maximum weight in the earlier period, and even *up to the beginning of the eighteenth century*, was 400 lbs., while in Arthur Young's time it constantly reached 1200 lbs.

Barlow's cattle are of various kinds, short-horned, long-horned, and middle-horned, and they generally contradict that dogmatism about the bantam weight of oxen as late as Queen Anne's time. A good many herds in Charles II.'s reign had bulls and cows, not to speak of fatted oxen, whose average weight was variously much more than 400 lbs. It is true that a rapid evolution into some monster cattle became a popular craze very hateful to Thomas Bewick; it began when artificial pasture had enriched many farms, and when rivalry was active between Bakewell's followers and those of the brothers Colling. I find no example of overfeeding in Barlow's cattle, and I am very glad. Artists in the days of Arthur Young, and later also, were employed frequently to aid a commercial fashion by booming enormous cattle, whose overgrown bodies were dropsical with superabundant flesh and fat. These prodigious beasts were to ordinary good cattle what Daniel Lambert became to ordinary big men, and therefore fit to be shown from town to town to a

paying public. As examples of judgement in the science of breeding they were valueless, and their portraits in prints and in pictures did harm, offending the art critics, who were never fair towards painters who worked for stockbreeders and for sportsmen.

One type of long-horned cattle studied by Barlow is in John Ogilby's *Britannia*, a book of roads, printed and published by Ogilby in 1675 at his house in White Friars, London. Barlow designed a good frontispiece, and also several headpieces for some of the double-page maps. In one map—'London to the City of Bristol'—a kneeling maid milks a long-horned cow, and a man offers a tankard of new milk to a seated girl. There are several cattle in this print, all with formidable horns that grow upwards. They do not belong to that old breed of Longhorns that was greatly refined in the eighteenth century by Webster and Bakewell and Robert Fowler. In this breed the cattle were 'finch-backed'—that is, a white uneven band ran along their spines; and as for their horns, either they grew out horizontally (when they were troublesome in a crowded strawyard and a nuisance in a team of oxen for ploughing), or curved down close to the cheeks into a sickle shape. Sometimes the curve downwards went so far that it interfered with grazing; then a portion of the horns was sawn off. Barlow in his travels must have seen and drawn this particular type of historic cattle, for it had breeding districts in North-Western England as well as in the Midlands, and everywhere it was picturesque. Indeed, till it was refined through and through by very close inbreeding, it suggested old forests and a wild life.

Another sort of Longhorn is portrayed by Barlow in his *Æsop's Fables*, to illustrate the fable of the Ox and Toad. The scene is a grazing paddock with two cows beyond the ox; a gabled cottage outside on the right; and rising behind it a woody hill crowned with a castle. The horns in this type curve rhythmically upward, but not too far, and the heads are friendly, even gracious. Compare this etching with another by Barlow, illustrating the fable of the Lion and Four Bulls. The bulls are well-grown and powerful, and they appear to be white. Three show their heads, and their upturned horns have an average size no longer than that of a famous roan bull named 'Field Marshal,' a Shorthorn bred by Amos Cruickshank, of Sittyton, and calved in 1882. Moreover, in Barlow's cattle studies the dewlaps are not very thick nor very pendulous; and as early as 1659 he made a fine drawing in which four cows with horns of varying length were accompanied by a Shorthorn bull. This drawing was engraved by Hollar, 1659; it belongs now to the British Museum, and is of great historic interest.

Pretty soon I may be able to connect Barlow with the period of publicity pictures and prints of farm animals, which began about the second decade of George III.'s reign and lasted through a little more than 100 years. Then photographs and half-tone prints came into vogue and enslaved stockbreeders. Though the early innovators and their after-comers had many whims and fads, which they tried (often with success) to enforce upon their chosen artists, still, they gave useful employment to a great many painters and engravers, both major and minor, and by risking considerable sums of money in their pictorial advertising they achieved history that would endure in coloured form easy for most people to judge. So I am hoping that pictorial publicity by stockbreeders will be revived—just to illustrate the results produced by the science of Mendelian genetics.

As soon as I had written some illustrated articles and a treatise on the portraits of farm animals from the reign of George III. to the eighteen-eighties, I began to seek partly for additions that were really essential and partly for cardinal points plainly suggested by sequences of portraiture, and showing what breeders then achieved and for the time approved. To study such points in painted and engraved portraits may be called evolutionary criticism produced by breeders and chronicled by their chosen artists.

No such thing in criticism can be gained from printed words alone when we read about animal husbandry and its changes. Take those breeds of cattle that began in the seventeen-nineties, soon after Robert Bakewell's death, to démodé the Improved Longhorns, making them so little valued that they survived through the nineteenth century in only a few thoroughbred herds. Meantime the victor breeds, particularly the versatile Short-horns, received too much praise from year to year, and therefore too much propaganda, as though rival profit-seekers in agriculture should be as canny as rival advertisers of patent medicines. A correction was necessary, then, and, thanks to the many scores of portraits painted of the earlier improved livestock, and then engraved, propagandism in words could be retested by the visible and lasting evidence supplied by artists. For no leader of the reform movement allowed prints of his favourite animals to be made and circulated unless he approved the paintings from which prints would be produced. Hence we can gain useful knowledge whether the portraiture has come to us from artists who are now regarded as masters in their best work, like George Stubbs, James Ward, R.A., and Ben Marshall, or from lesser painters of varying note, like George Cuitt and H. B. Chalon, George Garrard, A.R.A., John Boultbee and Thomas Weaver, E. A. Spilsbury and James Barenger, Thomas Woodward, William-

Barraud, Charles Towne, David Dalby, Richard Ansdell, R.A., T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., and many others.

One cardinal point suggested by sequences of portraits is this—that the affinity breeding introduced by Bakewell was too 'close' and too rapid; its refinements came so swiftly that it soon caused bulls to look less male; and its production of better beef was unaccompanied by enough progress in dairy-farming. Very incestuous mating was frequent, as when Charles Colling, of Ketton, bred the red-and-white roan bull 'Comet,' calved in 1804, and sold six years later (at the Ketton sale) for 1000 guineas. A good many portraits of 'Comet' were painted for the brothers Colling by Thomas Weaver, and one of them is well known in a print. The refined head and neck are too small and too bisexual, also the breadth of nose and mouth looks too narrow for grazing and for chewing the cud. If you turn to Coates' *Herd Book*, whose first volume dates from 1822, you will find other early illustrations of Shorthorns showing some effeminacy in the heads and necks of very noted bulls, as in 'Cleveland Lad' and 'The Duke of Northumberland,' bred by the famous Tom Bates, of Kirklevington (1776–1849). There are portraits also of two cows valued greatly by Bates, 'Duchess 1st,' by 'Comet,' and 'Duchess 34th.' The latter in 1842 defeated one of John Booth's favourites, 'Necklace,' twin sister of 'Bracelet.' These twins won in all thirty-five prizes and championships. Yet the 'Duchesses' and the famous twins invited criticism in their approved portraits, their bags being poor and their jaws and mouths too refined. On the other hand, many later portraits of Shorthorn bulls prove that a revival of masculinity came into vogue, and continued into and through the photographic period down to our own days. Prize bulls of to-day are often grandly male, both in Herefords and in English and Scottish Shorthorns. As for cows, though Mendelians find fault with our present supply of milk, and foretell prolific improvements, I cannot help thinking that the progress made in dairy cattle, and portrayed by painters, print-makers and photographers, during the past eighty years, has been a wonderful victory over agricultural handicaps. Besides, since Nature in animate life responds to influences coming from human experiments, let us remember the law of action and reaction and ask ourselves: For how long will the stimulation of Mendel's guidance be a boon in very productive ways, free from setbacks caused by Nature's variations and counter-tendencies?

It is entertaining to note in portraits of farm animals the assertion of Nature's own processes, shown here and there in a harking back to an earlier type, and now and then into a very remarkable freak. Take the Hereford breed of cattle. It was

one of several differing county types that were evolved from the particular Longhorn breed that Bakewell preferred, and it produced a very huge, astonishing freak in the seventeen-eighties and nineties, while in later days tokens of a reversion to the parent stock were portrayed a good many times, both in length of horns and in the uneven white line along the spine. The freak was an immense ox 19 hands high, reared, not in Herefordshire, but at Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. He was brought to London and exhibited, and his enterprising young owner, John Gibbons, commissioned a portrait sketch in oils from the great George Stubbs, and then employed the artist's son, George Townly Stubbs, to engrave in stipple an effective plate, 13 inches high by 19, published on January 20, 1791. Gibbons paid 100 guineas for the engraved copper and £64 12s 6d for the oil sketch. The receipted bills are treasured to-day by the owner of the sketch, and I have seen them, and also the receipted bill for paper and 500 impressions, costing in all only 15 guineas. Gibbons in a pale-blue coat appears in the picture, erect, dapper and proud, attended by a gamecock that crows—a good symbol of his brave publicity.

A different sort of natural freak was of great service to Bakewell and Robert Fowler, and the description written of it by a notable specialist, William Marshall (1745–1818), was confirmed by a portrait painting. A long-horned bull named 'Shakespeare' was produced by very close kinship breeding, and when he was six years old, in 1784, he was examined by William Marshall, who made detailed notes that he published later. Marshall was astonished to find that, the horns excepted, the bull had inherited scarcely a point from his lineage, and possessed somehow every point of a Holderness—or of a Teeswater—sire.

Could his horns have been changed, he would have passed in Yorkshire as an ordinary bull of either of those breeds. His two ends would have been thought tolerably good, but his middle very deficient. And I am of opinion that had he been put to cows of those breeds his stock would have been of a moderate quality. But being put to cows deficient where he was full (the lower part of the thigh excepted), and full where he was deficient, he has raised the Longhorned breed to a degree of perfection which, without such an extraordinary prodigy, it never might have reached. . . .

Two freaks of Nature aided the brothers Colling by advertising the New Shorthorns; one was called 'the Durham Ox,' a very big beast painted by John Boultbee, while the other was the equally famed 'white Heifer that travelled'—always in a strong caravan, as her immense bulk earned money everywhere. At the age of seven she was painted by Thomas Weaver, whose portrait, finely engraved in coloured mezzotint by William

Ward, was brought out at Darlington by W. Robinson, December 13, 1811. A year later Tom Weaver composed at Barmpton a picture of the two brothers Colling—porcine Charles and the aquiline bachelor Robert—but neither was willing to buy the work; so the painter took it home to Shrewsbury, where it remained till 1820. Then Weaver offered the picture to Mrs. Charles Colling, together with the suggestion that it should be engraved and published. But Mrs. Charles had to consult her husband, who, like Robert Colling, was a queer genius, without a trace of that genial, free-and-easy, lavish good-nature by which Bakewell was urged once into bankruptcy. Mary Colling answered Weaver's letter on May 28, 1820, from Monk End, near Darlington, soon after her brother-in-law's death. She said:

I reced your note by favour of Mr. Thompson. I thought it best to acquaint Mr. Colling with the contents of it, in full expectation that he would have allowed me to have ordered the picture, but he will not hear of it. However, I must request that you will have the goodness to take care of it, and keep it in your own possession, as I certainly should wish to have it if I should be the longer liver.—Mr C desires me to say you must use your own pleasure about the engraving you mention, as it is immaterial to him whether it is done or not, but he thinks you should not be over-precipitate with it, but partly take the sense of the people that you think likely to be purchasers, before you run yourself to an expense that may not be reimbursed.

The sale at Barmpton [of the late Robert Colling's stock] will commence on the 3rd of October. Mr. C begs his best compliments to you.

I am, Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

MARY COLLING

I quote from one of many family letters which the late Sir Lawrence Weaver inherited, and which belong now to his son Mr. L. Purcell Weaver. The portrait of the brothers Colling was engraved very well in mezzotint by William Ward, and the original picture now belongs to Captain William Parlour, a collector who lives at Monkend Hall, Croft, near Darlington. Will it ever be offered to our National Portrait Gallery? Many such offerings are necessary, for the National Portrait Gallery has been negligent both towards the leaders of English agriculture, and also towards the principal sportsmen and their painters of genius who from Barlow's times to our own have been faithful to England's own country life.

WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. CXIV—No. 682

CONTENTS

LITERATURE, like joy, should be unconfined. It is impatient even of those bars with which the critics, or, less fallibly, the calendar, mark it off into periods and movements. When we speak of the literature of a given year, all we can really mean is the literature that happened to be published in that year. It is true that if we take any one such arbitrary handful of books and analyse them closely, we shall often find that there is in one handful or year a vague tendency, a pre-occupation with certain ideas, indicating that a good many people have been thinking about the same things. To make this analysis, however, we need to be at a certain distance from the handful in question, and to have read all, or nearly all, of it. Humanly speaking, this can only be done by isolating books of one kind, and even so there must not be too many of them. To assert anything generally about all the books of a given year demands a knowledge far beyond the powers of the most industrious reader. In discussing the books of 1933, therefore, I can do no more than pick out from those I have read or heard about such as seem to be the most interesting of their kind. Any such list must needs be arbitrary, and I make no claim for what follows beyond that it is the result of a personal taste and a fair degree of reading.

Starting with the very nature of things—*natura rerum*—there is a book which deals with the whole field of science, physics, aesthetics, and philosophy, and which I personally found as absorbing as any novel. This is *Limitations of Science*, by J. W. N. Sullivan (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.). Its charm lies not only in Mr Sullivan's gift for lucid exposition, but in the fact that he approaches his subject as an artist. He is as concerned with the aesthetic harmony of science as with its truth; in fact, he is convinced that the two are ultimately the same thing. The book shows an extraordinary versatility, for Mr Sullivan is as much at home with psychology as with mathematics. There is nothing purely technical in these pages, and his conclusions are gratifying to the humanist. Asserting that science can tell us only about structure, he leaves us our intuitions and apprehensions of divinity, telling us that, as far as scientific thought is concerned, they may indeed be what we have always hoped—aspects of ultimate reality.

Christian thinkers will find interest, if not explicit guidance, in *Christianity and the Crisis* (Gollancz, 5s.), a symposium published at a very low price. Thought will always be divided between those who see religion as a mystery and those who wish it carried to the farthest corner of the market-place; and the symposium will be stimulating to either side. A smaller book, *Completeness in Christ*, by the Bishop of Jarrow (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.), strikes an unusual note in that the author brings to his consideration of the religious character some knowledge of modern psychological theory. It is a sincere and honest piece of work, which may be safely recommended to those who cannot read the ordinary religious book.

The event of the year in poetry has been the publication of Dr W. B. Yeats's new volume, *The Winding Stair* (Macmillan, 6s.). It reveals his thought as passionate and his verse as taut and muscular as ever. There is, moreover, in it a new equilibrium, an acceptance of the

advancing age against which a few years ago the poet railed so bitterly The consolations of Christian thought are dismissed

—So get you gone, Von Hugel, though with blessings on your head—

but without arrogance. Dr Yeats, who commanded the homage of one generation in his youth, is moving the minds of another in his age. From the new poets, the most striking utterances have been *The Magnetic Mountain*, of Mr Cecil Day Lewis (Hogarth Press, 3s 6d) and the *Poems* of Mr Stephen Spender (Faber and Faber, 5s). Mr Day Lewis has not yet found his speech, but he is making every effort to do so and shirking none of the difficulties. He is a man of remarkable powers of mind, some of which still tend to get in each other's way. There is no poet of his age who seems likely to do so much. Mr Spender has a few splendid single poems, and a remarkable individuality of phrase. His work is more immediately emotional, and has met with instant and deserved success. Many will treasure *The Collected Poems of Harold Monro* (Cobden-Sanderson, 8s 6d), whose darkly burning and original talent is strangely impressive in its restricted field, and no one can afford to neglect that Elizabethan figure, Mr Herbert Palmer (*Collected Poems*, Benn, 10s 6d).

The best histories of the year have been autobiographies. Of Mr Lloyd George's *War Memoirs* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s) there is little need to speak. Vigorous and fearlessly written, they reveal to us many things which it was well we did not know at the time, and which it is well that we know now. No one had the same opportunities for an intimate history of the period, and it is hard to see how much that is in these pages can ever be answered. A very dissimilar autobiography is that of Miss Vera Brittain, *The Testament of Youth* (Gollancz, 8s 6d)—school, boy-and-girl love, Oxford, war nursing, bereavement, Oxford again, with the author's subsequent career known to an ever-widening circle. The story is localised and personal where Mr Lloyd George's is vast, but it is every bit as arresting, and to many will bring an even profounder conviction of experience. Finally, there is a second volume of reminiscences from Lady Oxford (*More Memories*, Cassell, 15s) to remind us of her fearlessness, her egotism, her generosity, and her flaming sense of justice. The volume is almost irresistibly tempting to quotation, but I must content myself with a sample of her hard-hitting comment.

Some of us have lived to see the most savage, futile and terrible war ever waged, and during those years what did the Church do to help us? Those who wanted to treat the German prisoners as our guests, or stated our ultimate aims so as to check the useless slaughter of the youth of our country, were hounded out of public life, and innocent men of German names, whose sons had been killed in the War, were driven into penury or asylums. Yet I never heard a word of protest from any pulpit. All I heard was the same smug confidence in the righteousness of our cause, and the same prayers offered up for victory that were doubtless said by all those who were fighting against us.

With so many publishers issuing lists of uniform short biographies, there has been a bewildering array from which to choose. I have read only a few, and cannot pretend to say which are the best, but two at any rate will disappoint nobody. These are Mr W. A. Darlington's short and excellent life of Sheridan (Duckworth, 2s) and Mr Philip Lindsay's longer study of Richard III (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s 6d). The latter is of the whitewashing type, and

Mr. Lindsay, besides being, as always, readable and coloured, makes out a strong case.

The most popular travel book has been *Brazilian Adventure* (Cape, 12s. 6d.), the account of an expedition to find the lost explorer Colonel Fawcett. The author, Mr. Peter Fleming, is a young man of remarkable gifts and remarkable modesty. In fact, his modesty almost spoils the story. It is a little too self-conscious, and perhaps a shade gentlemanly. These, however, are infinitesimal defects in a brilliant and witty narrative which reveals more than the literary qualities of the author.

Among works of pure criticism, the most noteworthy has perhaps been Professor A. E. Housman's *The Name and Nature of Poetry* (Cambridge University Press, 2s.). Professor Housman speaks so seldom and with such authority that anything he says commands the fullest respect. Relying primarily upon a criterion of physical sensation to detect the quality of poetry, he goes on to state—and every reviewer has pounced upon the phrase—that poetry is not the thing said but the way of saying it. Put thus, the statement is misleading, and I venture to think that it has been interpreted in a way that can hardly have been intended. Poetry is clearly not the prose content of what it says; yet no analysis can ever separate what is said in a fine poem from the way in which it is said. A fine poem is the unique utterance of something which otherwise must have gone unsaid, and we may hazard a guess that it is this unique utterance that makes Professor Housman's beard stiffen against his razor (one of the personal criteria he gives us)—an utterance in which the thing said depends upon the way of saying it. Mr. Middleton Murry on *Blake* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) is as individual and personal as he was on Keats, and how we receive his book will depend upon our attitude to Mr. Murry rather than on our attitude to Blake. In the field of fantasy, or mysticism, as in this case some people will prefer to call it, there has been a new book from A. E., *The Avatars* (Macmillan, 6s.). A. E.'s motto has ever been 'Seek on earth the things ye have found in heaven,' and this strange story has all the intensity and beauty of his earlier works, such as *The Interpreters*, with a new gaiety and lightness of heart. It starts characteristically with the picture of a young man fleeing from civilisation to Nature, and the word-pictures have that compelling inward vividness which can only come from a blend of the artist's eye with the seer's imagination. 'The sky leaning over the lofty crags was like a face all majesty of expression yet without features.'

This short prose narrative brings us to the novel proper. Here selection must be more arbitrary than ever. I suppose that about one novel in every six or seven is reviewed, and it would be a whole-time job to read all these reviews, let alone the novels. There have been books from almost all the big names—Galsworthy, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Priestley, and Mr. Somerset Maugham. With *Vanessa* (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Walpole completes his Herries chronicle, a queer and living monument to England, set up among the Lakes. It makes the conclusion of an astonishing imaginative feat, and will seem to many its author's greatest achievement. In its finest scenes there is a wild marriage of landscape and character which modern writing gives us all too seldom. Mr. Priestley offers a satire with a happy ending in *Wonder Hero* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). The last novel from the pen of John Galsworthy, *Over the River* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), is irresistibly readable, convincing in some essentials and painfully un-

convincing in others. There are two major improbabilities to be swallowed, but once this is done the rest follows with uncommon smoothness; and there is a superb court scene. In *Ah King* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Maugham presents six characteristic stories. It is hard to know which to admire more in them—the art that is obvious or the art that is concealed.

An enormous novel from Mr. John Cowper Powys, *A Glastonbury Romance* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), has been one of the successes of the year, and has provoked a great deal of controversy. It bears the signature of genius; but that genius, like the energy that moves a glacier, has in this case brought with it a heavy load of detritus. Mr. Powys keeps one attribute of the great novelist: he creates an imaginary world (which does not resemble ours, and which the citizens of Glastonbury have been especially anxious to disclaim as resembling theirs). As a feat of imagination the book is remarkable.

From Ireland comes a light and joyous book, *Twenty Years A-Growing* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d.). Mr. Maurice O'Sullivan, a native of the Blasket Islands, wrote it in Irish for the amusement of his friends, and this gives it a quality quite unlike that of any other book I have encountered. If a sophisticated writer had written it, he would have been at pains to explain to us the ways of island life and thought. Mr. O'Sullivan, however, was writing for people who knew all about these, but next to nothing about the world outside. This gives his work a totally different emphasis, and makes his account of a journey to Dublin and a visit to a picture-palace a thing of extraordinary wonder and beauty. The book is a delight from start to finish. In a different vein is Mr. Sean O'Faolain's first novel, *A Nest of Simple Folk* (Cape, 7s. 6d.). The author of *Midsummer Night Madness* was at once marked down by the discerning, and the present book has strengthened their belief in him.

For me, the best detective story of the year has been *Murder Must Advertise*, by Miss Dorothy Sayers (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), which is not only a shapely mystery, but an amusing picture of the inside of an advertising office. There are several candidates for second prize, but I incline to Father Knox's *The Body in the Silo* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). Lastly, and in magnificent isolation, there has been Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's *Heavy Weather* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.), wringing a funny situation perilously near to dry, but extracting from it such precious drops that we forgive him the strain.

L. A. G. STRONG

God and the Astronomers. By William Ralph Inge. Longmans.—12s 6d. net.

Limitations of Science. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Chatto and Windus—7s 6d. net.

Science and God. By Bernhard Bavink. Translated by H Stafford Hatfield. Bell—5s net

THE relations of science and religion—or rather, the relations between men of science and theologians—are now happier than they have been for some time This is the result, not so much of any fresh discoveries, as of a more accommodating spirit on either side. No reputable theologian or man of science would now claim that his one small head could carry all the secrets of the universe; it is to be feared that the controversialists of the past have not been guiltless of such claims. Science and religion are both attempts to understand the mystery of the universe, and the exponents of each recognise that *non uno itinere perveniri potest ad tam grande secretum*

In the case of the theologians this change of attitude is a result of the damage done to their own cause by neglect of, or opposition to, science. From righteous Galileo to Darwin, whom they slew between the sanctuary of God's love and the altar of divine providence, the blood of persecuted men of science has come upon them. The lesson has not been lost, and to-day theologians tumble over each other in their endeavour to do justice to science. Dr. Inge's book is the latest example of this tendency. After a long life spent in other pastures, he has heard the flutes of Jeans and Eddington, and tries to bring their strains into unison with his own. Dr. Inge's knowledge of science clearly does not extend far beyond the two writers mentioned, and he is not aware how remote they are from commanding the universal assent of their scientific colleagues, but he confesses the limitations of his scientific knowledge with such humility that the most captious reader could not attempt to make capital out of them, and it must be admitted that on this slight acquaintance with science Dr. Inge has raised a highly satisfying structure. What he has to say about science may not matter much, but the rest of the book might be written in letters of gold and its value would not be exaggerated. Dr. Inge is not here expressing simply his personal opinions, nor even those of the school of thought in the Church of England which looks up to him as a leader, but he is the exponent of the *philosophia perennis*, the philosophical tradition, endorsed by St. Thomas Aquinas no less than by Plato and Plotinus, which finds ultimate reality to be beyond time and change. Though there have been attempts to accommodate Christianity to opposed philosophies, and though Christianity does set more store on historical happenings than any other religion, ultimately there can be no doubt that the Christian faith stands or falls with the Great Tradition, and Christians may count themselves fortunate in having so convincing an apologist for it as Dr. Inge.

Though Christianity suffered heavily for its opposition to Darwin, in retrospect it appears unlucky to have done so. For to the dispassionate eye it must be quite plain that the Darwinian theory of natural selection is wholly incompatible with Christianity, or

indeed with any religion proclaiming a God Who loves and provides for His creatures. The Christians of that unhappy epoch confused two things—the theory of evolution, which was not discovered by Darwin and is well established, and Darwin's explanation thereof, which is now either rejected or modified out of all recognition. It is not a little ironical that in these days, when only a handful of biologists can be found to defend the theory of natural selection in the form promulgated by Darwin, theologians are zealously trying to fit it into their theodicies. But it would not have availed the Christian apologists of the Victorian age to have made a distinction between the theory of evolution and the theory of natural selection, and to have cleaved to the one while rejecting the other; for in those days science spoke with authority, and one part of its message was as sacrosanct as another. The men of science had apparently built up a body of irrefragable truth, and the general public had become quite convinced that what they read in a scientific text-book must be true. The century had not closed, however, before the noble structure of classical physics had been undermined by the researches of Planck leading to the Quantum Theory, and before long the Special and General Theories of Relativity brought down the whole edifice. The result has been a new temper among men of science, who no longer advance their theories with the unlimited confidence of the Victorians. Whereas the Victorians spoke of "assured results," the Georgian physicists are content with tentative hypotheses. It is this change of attitude among men of science that has done more than anything else to bring about the present happy relations with religion.

Details of the revolutionary changes in science will be found in the books by Mr. Sullivan and Herr Bavink. Mr. Sullivan's avowed object is to show the limitations of science—an object that would have brought anathemas upon his head fifty years ago. He ranges over many fields—prehistory and biology as well as physics and astronomy; and while what he has to say is seldom profound and sometimes not up to date, it is always attractively presented. Mr. Sullivan has the right intuition when he attempts to prove that our religious perceptions, the mystic's sense of communion with God, and our response to beauty are equally with science clues to reality. Herr Bavink goes about his problem, that of demonstrating the fundamental changes in scientific theory, in methodical manner. He first gives the world-picture of classical and mechanistic physics, and then shows how it has been demolished. Whereas it was formerly believed that Nature never made leaps, the Quantum Theory has now compelled physicists to ask in all seriousness whether Nature does anything else besides leap. The change in outlook has made more hopeful discussion of the relation of body and mind, the nature of life, and the ideas of causality and freedom, and Herr Bavink makes some contributions to the discussion. His book is, however, primarily a statement of the changes in scientific outlook designed to be read by philosophers and theologians so that they can draw their own conclusions.

Mr. Sullivan gives some attention to the theory from which Dr. Inge starts, that the world is 'running down' to a state of even distribution of energy. This theory naturally has attractions for the theologian, as it supports the idea of Creation. Dr. Inge chiefly uses it for an analysis of the idea of time, which is wholly masterly. He tries to draw the reader away from the perishing world of science to the realm of true and eternal being.

But though he is probably right in his contention that time cannot have ultimate validity, it is doubtful whether the scientific theory from which he starts has the importance which he attaches to it. The second Law of Thermodynamics, on which it is based, holds on the earth, but we have no guarantee that it holds throughout the whole universe. It may do so, but most men of science are chary about making an assertion to that effect.

After a perusal of this trio of books, the question naturally arises, can science tell us much about God? The answer would appear to be that, assuming God exists and is the Creator of the world, then science can tell us what kind of God He is. But for convincing proof of the existence of God we have to appeal, not to His revelation in Nature, but to His revelation in history and in individual experience. This is merely a statement of a philosophy that would take volumes to defend fully, but it is certainly the impression left by the books of Dr Inge, Mr Sullivan, and Herr Bavink. But though science may not be able to tell us whether God exists, equally it cannot assert He does not exist. It is a realisation of this fact that has helped to bring about the present rapprochement of science and religion. [illegible] have been regarded as opposed, nor over the greater part of their history have they been so regarded. Their estrangement in the days of our fathers and grandfathers will look to the historian centuries hence as an inexplicable episode.

IVOR THOMAS

WAR AND PEACE

Fifty Years of Europe. By J. A. Spender. Cassell.—21s. net.

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Ivor Nicholson and Watson.—21s. net.

Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After. By Lord Riddell. Gollancz.—18s. net.

To learn the truth of long past things, Thucydides remarks, is impossible on account of the lapse of time. It is unfortunate that it is not only long past things of which it is difficult to learn the truth. It might have been supposed that, with the lapse of time, at any rate, the broad outlines of the major issues of the Great War would have become hard and fixed. A study of these three contemporary authorities does not encourage that belief.

Two of them are of the first importance. Mr Spender's colossal industry has summarised in an eminently readable volume the contents of the vast mass of official documents on the war issued in the various belligerent countries; and if the historian of the future does not rise up and call him blessed, he will be very ungrateful. Mr. Lloyd George in these two volumes gives his account of history as he saw it and made it—up to the fall of the second Coalition; and Mr. Lloyd George's account of this page of history is supremely important if only because of the part he himself played in it. But it would be a mistake to underrate the importance of Lord Riddell's book, for it gives the point of view of a man of very acute mind, sufficiently near to the things of which he is writing to know very well what he was talking about, and sufficiently detached to be very fairly impartial in his handling of them.

The really astonishing revelation in Mr. Spender's book is that all the customary perspectives of the causes of the war are wrong. In France and this country the accepted view has been that Germany was the villain of the piece; in Germany, that Russia, or France, or Britain, or all three together, were the responsible authors of the world catastrophe. It is now quite certain from the Austrian papers which Mr Spender quotes that, so far as any one Power can be said to have caused the war, it was Austria. So far as there is one villain in the ghastly melodrama, it was Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the Austrian military Chief of Staff. He had been for a 'preventive war' for years. He had urged his Government to attack its ally, Italy, while the Italian army was busy in Tripoli. In 1914 it was Serbia who was to be the victim of his preventive war, and in 1914 he carried his point, dragging a hesitating and half-reluctant Germany after him.

Mr Spender's picture makes it clear, however, that von Hoetzendorf, with his passion for preventive war, was only a slightly exaggerated type of the sort of mind to which the guidance of Europe had been committed since Bismarck's rise. It was a world, as its own records show with cynical effrontery, in which the moral law had ceased to run. Anyone who thought it did was held a simpleton, and anyone who said it did a hypocrite or a liar. Our own position and conduct in this thieves' kitchen deserves the praise of relative innocence. We did not play the game well, because we did not really play it at all. We were the countryman fallen among sharpers in the railway carriage. The general atmosphere was necessarily one of universal distrust and fear which no 'guarantees' could

ever exorcise. When all are professed pickpockets, what guarantee can be of any avail?

It is perhaps natural that the question whether an ultimate explosion could have been avoided should remain a matter of speculation. What is surprising is that so much doubt should still linger about the facts and conditions of the explosion which did actually take place. Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, suggests that if Lord Grey had let Germany know decisively and in time that Britain would regard the invasion of Belgium as a *casus belli*, Germany would not have invaded Belgium. It is possible, though very doubtful. It is certain the doubts about the exact extent of our commitments to France were very disastrous and a contributory cause of the war. It is probable, also, that Bethmann-Hollweg and the German Government were quite honestly startled by the British ultimatum on Belgium. The German Chancellor's famous 'scrap of paper' exclamation was not in the least cynical. What the stiff, gauche, upright man really meant was, 'Do you seriously intend to sacrifice the lives of 2,000,000 men to establish the purely technical point of whether Germany has or has not the right to send troops through Belgium?'

All this is true. But is Mr. Lloyd George right in maintaining that the British Cabinet was united on the necessity of protecting at all costs Belgian independence? The Cabinet records show that even on August 2, when the German armies were actually concentrating on Belgium, a powerful party in the Cabinet was still doubtful as to the necessity of intervention. It was Belgium's direct appeal for help that finally united the whole Cabinet, as it did public opinion, in the determination to defend Belgium's independence. A large body of British opinion was strongly non-interventionist till the very eve of the conflict. 'To hell with Serbia!' was the placard of a very popular weekly. But if this is so, if neither the Cabinet nor public opinion were till the very last really united on our duty towards Belgium, how could Lord Grey, or anyone else, warn Germany of something which was in fact at the time quite uncertain? Or take another point, of capital importance also. Mr. Lloyd George, of course, has always been a well-known 'Easterner.' It was, and is, his belief that the right way to win the war was to strike through the Balkans at Austria, leaving only a sufficient force to 'contain' the German armies in the West. Assume this strategy—for which he argues again with great vehemence in these volumes—perfectly sound, surely the crux of the whole position was that it was impossible, because the French would never have accepted it. They were willing to talk about it with somewhat cynical courtesy so long as they were quite sure that it would not be carried out. But the moment the attempt to move troops in any numbers from France to the East had been made, a cry of '*nous sommes trahis*' would have gone up from one end of France to the other. It is idle to blame the soldiers: the fault in this matter—if fault there were—lay with the French Government and people. If the soldiers had been favourable to the plan, their attitude would still have made it impossible without grave risk of the break-up of the Alliance.

Mr. Lloyd George laments the collapse of Colonel House's proposal for a peace conference in the spring of 1916, and certainly it was a tragedy—how great we know now with a clearness which none could realise then—that peace was not concluded with Germany and Russia still, so to speak, 'in being.' There was, in fact, as Mr. Lloyd George himself admits, no real chance of peace in 1916, because Germany,

just preparing for her intensive submarine campaign, was standing out for terms which the Allies could not possibly have accepted. What was lost by the failure to press forward with the conference was the possibility of dragging America into the war a year earlier. But would she have been so dragged? President Wilson knew Germany's terms; they had been communicated to him. He knew, therefore, that if he went into the proposed conference he would practically be committing himself to intervention in the war. There is no evidence that he was at that time prepared to take this step. It seems impossible to believe that under any pressure Wilson, once he knew what the German terms were, would have been persuaded to enter the conference.

These Memoirs will always be read so long as the Great War continues to attract the attention of mankind. They are fascinating reading in themselves—not infrequently (as in the case of the long-delayed retort to Mr. Keynes) extremely amusing; and they reproduce with an almost terrible fidelity the atmosphere of the war. But the main controversies of the great struggle remain controversies still, and probably will do for ever.

To turn from Mr. Spender and Mr. Lloyd George to Lord Riddell is to turn from the war drums to the piccolo. But the piccolo is important; Lord Riddell himself played a very important part at the Peace Conference as a liaison officer between the Conference and the Press, and played it very well. This Diary is not quite as interesting as the author's last; because the action at this period was so largely in the centre of the stage, and what happened in the wings mattered less than it did during the war. And it is for what happened in the wings that the historian will turn to Lord Riddell, and not in vain. His book is as faithful a reproduction of the after-war atmosphere as the Memoirs are of the grim atmosphere of the war days. It abounds in vivid pictures—of Birkenhead, rushing off to get a Peerage for a dying man, and returning in triumph to him with the letter; of Clemenceau, refusing to dismiss Klotz on the ground that 'Rome was not saved by eagles'; of President Wilson, confessing sadly, as he sat paralysed, that his League of Nations was a 'failure' because the world was not ripe for it.' Nothing of first-class importance is revealed, but a great deal that is very interesting, and that one would be sorry to have missed. One wonders what posterity will make of it all.

No one who has ever talked to Mr. Lloyd George will question for a moment the veracity of those sparkling conversations, passing with such dazzling rapidity from the gravest matters of State to the merits of Welsh hymns and to the length of the life of Hezekiah. But it is possible to imagine the historian of a generation or two hence puzzling perplexedly over the stories of Lady Astor's romps and Sir Eric Geddes singing comic Scotch songs and Henry Wilson chattering about 'the Frocks.' It is all true—even obviously true—to us. But will it seem true to *him*? Will the impression that it makes on *him* be true in reality? For it is not the facts only, but the emphasis and the lights and shades, that make the real history of any period. If they are wrong, all is wrong; yet who can guarantee their accuracy to the reader of thirty, fifty, or a hundred years hence?

STUART HODGSON.

TWO GENERATIONS

A Great Lady's Friendships. By Lady Burghclere. Macmillan & Co. 1933.—21s. net.

Time Remembered. By Frances Horner. William Heinemann. 1933.—15s. net.

King Edward and his Times. By André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. Cassell & Co.—15s. net.

These three books which have lately appeared will all be of use to the historian of the future when the events of the latter part of the last century and the earlier part of the present come to be written. The period is too recent fully to appraise it, but it is important that *Mémoires pour servir* should be accumulated, so that their descendants may know what manner of men those of the older generation were. The first of the books, indeed, deals only with a limited period (1861—1878), while the second has a wider range, coming down to the present day, and the third concentrates on the reign of King Edward. All of them, however, are permeated with Victorian and Victorian traditions as they existed in the governing classes, so-called. The break with these traditions is seen in the books that carry us on furthest. It is there visible how the tide was turning and in a conservative nation how new ideas, and, for better or worse, a new orientation of public life was arising.

Lady Burghclere's book has an interest of a melancholy kind, for she died just before its publication. It is the work of a real scholar—herself a great lady of the days when such existed—and of an accurate and painstaking historian. The book is composed of an annotated collection of letters written from eminent people to a very charming woman (charming in the best French sense as well as able), Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury and afterwards Countess of Derby. Our only regret is that we are not provided with the corresponding letters from herself, for as a daughter of Lord de la Warr (a Lord in Waiting), stepmother of Lord Salisbury (the Prime Minister), and later on for thirty years wife of Lord Derby, she was in touch with high politics on both sides, Tory and Whig. Her friendship was greatly valued by statesmen such as Lord Cowley, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Earl of Carnarvon (the authoress's father), and Robert Lowe; and she was also intimate with women of European fame such as Sophia, Queen of Holland (a constant correspondent), Lady William Russell and that strange figure Madame Mohl, who introduced Renan to Lord and Lady Derby.

Possibly the letters that will interest the ordinary reader most are those from Robert Lowe, that difficult, never-satisfied politician who poured out his woes to his Egeria. Lowe was so violently opposed to Disraeli that he even blamed Gladstone for showing consideration to Disraeli when his wife's life was in danger. It was curious that Lord Clarendon, who had accepted the post of Foreign Secretary in the Gladstone Government of 1868, confided the list of appointments under seal of secrecy to Lady Salisbury and, knowing her interest in Lowe, gave her permission to tell her friend that the Prime Minister intended to offer him the Exchequer—a triumph to him after a lifetime's struggle against difficulties.

Lady Horner's book is a wonderful account of the life of intelligent and distinguished people who in Victorian days lived in ideal surroundings of country and town life. Such a life may never be possible again, and this gives it historic value, for it is peculiar to England at its best, and it records the doings of the best type of English ladies and gentlemen to whom the good things of this world had never to be

struggled for, and hence it came about that these persons did not know what vulgarity meant. The writer's father was a wealthy merchant who represented Glasgow in Parliament and who was deeply religious, but also, strangely enough in those days of Evangelicalism, a patron of art. Hence his young daughter came into touch with the great pre-Raphaelites of the time, Burne-Jones and Rossetti.

From a conventional childhood the young Grahams developed in their own lines, for they had brains as well as beauty and wealth, and the world opened up before them. Frances married Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Horner of Mells. This marriage brought her into an entirely strange atmosphere of old-world traditions and ideas, while she was modern and recalcitrant. Hence (as is amusingly told) her ideas and those of her immediate neighbours clashed, but, as usual, the new overcame the old, and the squire's wife became the heart and soul of a circle of friends. There were some of those friends, known as the 'Souls,' who paid constant visits to the lovely Park and later on to the Manor-house.

Her friends were many, and yet not too many, for they were chosen with discrimination. The early days of artistic contacts passed into others—friendships with the most distinguished of the men then in political life; Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane (as they then were) above all. These were constant correspondents and visitors, and the accounts given of them form a very interesting part of the book. Asquith's letters reveal a side seldom displayed by that often misjudged man. Mr. Haldane, too, was cajoled into taking part in the amusements of the lively young party and induced to do what was, indeed, a favourite entertainment of his—that is, to tell blood-curdling ghost stories on dark winter's nights.

The last of the trio is a book which will appeal specially to those who have lived and worked through the brief Edwardian period of ten years. It is an account of the King for whom the ordinary Briton has a specially personal regard as representing the type which he understands and admires; but it also tells much of the time he lived in, its politics, its international relations, as well as its social features. And M. Maurois is the kindly and shrewd observer whose conclusions we are always ready to listen to with appreciation whether we agree with them or not, for they are generous even when mildly satirical.

The book itself reminds one curiously of a French Impressionist picture. It has the same vivid colouring proceeding from a palette of paint well laid on in contrasting colours. M. Maurois' sense of humour and his eye for the picturesque enables him to lay hold of the salient points in the history of the time—he sees them more clearly than an Englishman would, and though we are apt to think that they are magnified for effect, they do attract the attention of the reader and interest him in political events which otherwise he might not trouble to remember. But probably it is the magnifying glass that is turned on our social life that will appeal most to the ordinary reader. As life goes on around us we are apt not to notice the 'shuffling of the cards,' as M. Maurois calls it, and even the alignments that took place at a given time. The development and influence of the Press is in itself a study of deep interest.

Altogether this book, if sometimes provocative, will give both amusement and cause for serious thought. There are some slight inaccuracies observable, but most of the statements are documented, and there is a good deal of new material, or material which has not as yet been used in popular history. Hence the book has a special value.

ELIZABETH HALDANE.

THREE WOMEN

Christina of Sweden. By Margaret Goldsmith. Barker—10s. net.

Marie Antoinette. By Stefan Zweig. Cassell—18s. net.

Blessington-D'Orsay: A Masquerade. By Michael Sadleir. Constable—9s. net.

THERE are some interesting points of contact between the subjects of these three recent biographies. All of them lived for a while in an artificial atmosphere of reckless extravagance; the early happiness of each was soon overclouded by misfortune and financial worries; they died, bravely enough, but miserably, two of them in exile, the third beneath the blade of the guillotine. Two of them were queens, two of them women of remarkable beauty. Christina was formidably learned, Marie Antoinette adorably stupid. Lady Blessington, neither one nor the other, a great hostess and an engaging wit. The troubled lives of all three can best be explained, as their latest biographers insist, by the simple and yet complicated fact that they were women. They are memorable, after all, not so much for anything they achieved, but for the peculiar psychological problems in which their very femininity involved them. For this reason, above all, that they were the tragic victims of their own sex, they are of permanent interest to the student of human nature 'simple yet complicated.' It is only necessary to read a few chapters of Miss Margaret Goldsmith's penetrating study of Christina of Sweden to realise what hopeless complications arose from the fact that she was a woman and not a man; or Mr. Michael Sadleir's brilliant sequel to *Bulwer and his Wife* to see that the tragedy of Lady Blessington's life may be attributed to the fact that she was a wife and not a mother; or Herr Stefan Zweig's solid biography to understand how deeply Marie Antoinette's character was altered by the fact that she was a mother, but never, in its fullest sense, a wife. Such, very briefly, were the keys that locked up the hearts of these three women and, by imprisoning their natural instincts, diverted their emotions from their normal course.

There can be very little doubt, I think, that Miss Goldsmith's interpretation of Christina's particular problem is correct. Certainly this is the first time that the suspicions and hesitations of her early biographers have been discarded in favour of a frank statement of opinion. Christina's childhood and education were unusually harsh. Her mother never ceased blaming her for not being a boy, and, because she was an only child and heir to the throne, she was brought up as one. As she grew up, she dissociated herself more and more from the obvious distinctions of her sex, in her clothes, which were, to say the least, extraordinary; in her manners and conversation, which were frequently the reverse of delicate; in the company she kept, which was exclusively male. She disclosed an abnormality that covered a more profound psychological aberration. Those of her friends and counsellors who suspected nothing of her passionate relations with '*la belle comtesse*' Ebba Sparre may not have suspected her real reasons for refusing to marry and resisting the most concerted attempts to persuade her to change her mind. Torn between duty to a people she despised and a ruthless determination to get her own way, she held out as long as she could, surrounding herself with learned foreigners, who either quarrelled amongst themselves or died on her hands, until her own anomalous position and the disturbed finances of the country gave her the opportunity she had long desired to abdicate.

In Italy, in France, and again in Italy, whither she returned to die, she preserved her almost terrifying independence. But only at a price. She died a disappointed, dissatisfied woman, physically and spiritually bankrupt. As Miss Goldsmith shows throughout her very able and intelligent study, she was forced from the beginning to sublimate the natural expression of her sex. To the end of her life, and even in exile, she could not keep her fingers out of politics, or resist the temptation to fulfil her personality by the only means at her disposal—a wilful and intransigent disposition to interfere.

Herr Zweig's elaborate analysis of the unhappy background of Marie Antoinette's life is quite as outspoken as Miss Goldsmith's. His perceptions, however, are much less subtle and too easily deflected by false sentiment. His canvas is large and he covers it with sweeping strokes, the general effect is not unimpressive, but the details, so essential in a study of character, appear blurred on closer inspection. His style, in fact, is better suited to narrative than analysis. Even a competent translation cannot disguise the clumsiness of his description of the queen's anxiety for the baby Dauphin during the famous convocation of the States General.

Herr Zweig emphasises the disastrous conditions of the first seven years of her married life, and spares his readers none of the painful physiological details of her husband's disability. Even without this additional knowledge, it is clear that when she finally bore children she had long ceased to take any interest in her marriage. It is true that she was a devoted mother, but the love she could have given a husband she respected she frittered away on a thousand and one passing fancies. Her emotions, thwarted of a definite object, found vicarious satisfaction in such things as dancing, painting and architecture, in everything we connect with the epithet *rococo*. Herr Zweig, quite rightly, does not try to make out that Marie Antoinette was an extraordinary woman. Through the distorting influence of calumny and adoration, he sees her in her proper perspective, a mediocre creature, caught up in the wheels of a destiny over which she had no control, but which nevertheless gave a certain tragic dignity to her helplessness. One of the merits of this biography is that it rigorously excludes all the innumerable legends and apocryphal memoirs written many years after the revolution. But while Herr Zweig very properly discredits the letters forged by Feuillet de Conches, it is a pity that he has made no use of the deeply moving reminiscences of Thomas Blaikie, the Comte d'Artois' English gardener.

The 'Masquerade' of the French Court under Marie Antoinette's frivolous leadership was a great deal more splendid, but not half so personal or interesting as that of 'the gorgeous Lady Blessington' and her circle half a century later. In one sense Mr Sadleir is justified in describing the tangled lives of his two protagonists by this title. But with his unique knowledge of the life and letters of the early nineteenth century, his romantic sensibility, his gift of imaginative reconstruction of character and period, he has produced a study in which the conflict of personality is raised from the mere prettiness of masquerade into the realm of tragedy. In this poignant tale the clue to character is to be found once again in physical incompatibility. Lady Blessington's first marriage at the age of fifteen was a psychological disaster of the first magnitude. Mr Sadleir is the first of her biographers to show, with some justification, I am convinced, that it terrified out of existence her capacity to relate emotion and physical sensation. Thereafter,

though theoretically she was to live under the same roof as another man, and in due course to become theoretically the wife of Lord Blessington, she was "incapable of love." What of tenderness and affection remained from the wreck of her sexual sensibility she gave to D'Orsay, who took it, like everything else in the world, for granted. For the rest, she cultivated her wit, her charm and a rare gift for diffusing happiness, gathering about her, as a kind of protection against herself, a circle of cultured and intelligent men, envied by every other hostess in London. Mr Sadleir has built up a very plausible case, by deduction from character and circumstance, to show that D'Orsay, unlike Louis XVI, was constitutionally impotent. There is, of course, no direct evidence for this, though it does help to explain intelligibly for the first time the peculiar and scandalous termination of his marriage with Harriet Gardiner. It helps to explain much more besides. His fantastic improvidence, his dandyism, the deliberate and artful cultivation of his charms, which made him the idol of a youthful and irresponsible post-war society—all these characteristics can be attributed, as Mr Sadleir shows, to a half-conscious, half-subconscious desire to assert himself, to conquer and subdue others, and so to disguise a fundamental weakness. Just as one cannot blame a butterfly for its vain and empty life, so one can hardly blame the exquisite creature that flutters through Mr. Sadleir's enchanting descriptions of the brilliant morning of his life in Italy and St. James's Square down to its dark evening in Gore House and foreign exile. Mr. Sadleir attaches neither praise nor blame to the actors in this tragic and pathetic history, told with so much grace and sympathy, of the instability of human affairs and affections.

JOHN HAYWARD.

WHIG AND TORY

Marlborough. His Life and Times. Vol. I. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Harrap. 25s. net.

Charles the First, King of England. By Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 16s. net.

MR. CHURCHILL is well qualified to bring before us the life and times of his great ancestor. He is a master of the pen, eloquent, vivid in description and—notably in the life of his father—with a true historical sense not deflected by pious partiality. An illustration of this historical quality is to be found in Mr Churchill's confession that he long hesitated to undertake the work of setting forth his ancestor in all his grandeur until he had satisfied himself that the most damning piece of evidence against his integrity and patriotism was a forgery. No one reading this book could fail to admire the scholarly precision with which the author has grappled with the available evidence on controversial questions, and illuminates his whole narrative by his wide reading of contemporary literature. Again, his practical familiarity with the soldier's profession and with great affairs of State is an asset, the absence of which for such an undertaking is hardly compensated for even by the most accurate investigation of written sources. By his connexions he has two great advantages: first he has the imponderable but subtly valuable advantage of family tradition, sucked in from boyhood, about the founder of his family's eminence; also he has had all the Churchill archives at Blenheim and Althorp, some previously inaccessible, thrown open to him—advantages which give him an authority hardly possible for any other living writer.

The two salient features of this first instalment of *Marlborough* are the penetrating descriptions and explanations of the political, social and military scene during the last forty years of the seventeenth century and the defence of its hero against the aspersions cast on his honour during that period. Mr Churchill in the first respect has rendered a service to historians that can hardly be exaggerated. As to military affairs, it obviously lies beyond the scope of the volume to describe most of William III.'s campaigns, but in all the affairs in which Marlborough took a personal part the narrative is not only vivid, but gives a comprehensive view of the military methods of the time. Ensign Churchill's presence on board the flagship at Solebay affords a welcome excuse for a spirited account of that battle, while the predominance of siege operations in the Continental campaigns of the period justify the author's brief but lucid and valuable description of what he calls their 'routine and ritual,' as perfected by such masters as Vauban and Cohorn. He takes us to Somersetshire, where Marlborough, though subordinate to Feversham, was the master mind in the campaign that ended at Sedgmoor, and to Ireland, where, again, Marlborough, in his first independent command, accomplished a characteristically clean piece of work in his capture of Cork. He introduces us to the battleground of Flanders, which must prove the main scene in the next volume, for Marlborough's early engagements as a regimental officer and for the solitary occasion when William entrusted him with high command on his own special preserve. All these accounts are illustrated with maps and plans that are a model for clearness. There is a ferocious sketch of Louis XIV.'s character, perhaps too Macaulayesque in the intensity of its pigments to be the last word on the subject; a juster verdict on William, who 'almost seemed . . . a being . . . created for the sole purpose of

resisting the domination of France and the Great King,' a verdict which does not ignore his harshness to his wife and others or his ruthlessness, but gives full credit to the 'sagacity, patience, and discretion of his statecraft,' and above all to the essential pathos of this ailing, lonely man, one of our greatest kings. What is needed to understand the social anarchy of Charles II's court is well sketched in as a background to, if not an apology for, Marlborough's hardly commendable beginnings. But Mr. Churchill is at his best when discussing the political difficulties of the Revolution statesmen, especially with regard to the divided loyalties of so many of them between James and William. He speaks with the authority of a practical statesman in this notable passage: 'If anyone will look back over the last three or four years of his own life or of that of his country, and pass in detailed review events as they occurred and the successive opinions he has formed upon them, he will appreciate the prevailing mutability of human affairs. Combinations long abhorred become the order of the day. Ideas last year deemed inadmissible form the pavement of daily routine.' Mr Churchill himself—and all honour to him—has changed his political connexions when he believed that the tenets of the party he belonged to no longer represented the best policy for the country. But that is not to say that a man is justified in having his feet in both camps at the same time.

This naturally brings us to the defence of Marlborough in particular. The main reasons from his own time to the present day why his reputation as a man, quite apart from his eminence as a soldier and statesman, has suffered are his early relations with James, the seducer of his sister, and with Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, the King's mistress, his conduct in deserting James at the Revolution, his subsequent dealings with him after the Revolution, and above all the famous Camaret Bay letter, in which, if it was genuine, he gave notice to James and the French court of the expedition against Brest in 1694. Mr. Churchill admits, while suggesting some palliation from the circumstances and morals of the time, the first two of these charges. He makes out a very good case on patriotic and religious grounds for the desertion; and as to the professions of loyalty to James after the Revolution, which might have meant anything or nothing, he contends that Marlborough was doing no more than Halifax, the justly respected Revolution statesman, and for the same reasons. The crucial point is the Camaret Bay letter, the discussion of which occupies four chapters. It has long been known that James and the French court had been secretly informed of the intended descent on the French coast from other sources before this letter could have reached them, but it is obvious that additional secret information in such circumstances and from such a man as Marlborough would probably stimulate further precautions on the French side. But was the letter genuine? It has been the subject of controversy by Colonel Lloyd, Colonel Parnell, and Mr Godfrey Davies during the last forty years, but it has been left to Mr. Churchill to give the most powerful argument against its authenticity. It is impossible in the brief space here available even to summarise his

[1] I may perhaps here be permitted to protest against the imputation of 'docility or inertness' levelled at me by Mr. Churchill for a note in a recent book of mine stating that Tallemash fell as a victim to Marlborough's treachery. I was aware that the information had previously been sent to Paris, but, assuming the Camaret Bay letter to be genuine, as nearly all historians had, I deemed Marlborough's treachery to be none the less grave, a view shared by Mr. Churchill himself, to judge from his preface, before he was convinced that the letter was a forgery.

careful and scholarly arguments. They do not entirely carry conviction, especially the argument that the unceremonial form of the letter would not have been adopted by Marlborough in writing to James; that argument would be still more applicable to Melfort or Nairne, if one of them, as is there suggested, had concocted the letter. But at any rate, the arguments as a whole deserve careful consideration.

But the aspersions on Marlborough's character are not the only or even the chief reason why the great soldier has waited so long for the great biographer. The chief reason is much more owing to the impenetrability of his character. Probably no other of the great figures in history has been so little known in himself, so much dependent on his mere achievements for an understanding of him. Mr Churchill has done something to overcome this difficulty, by showing us more of the circumstances in which the boy grew and of the family tales of his surroundings, by showing us, too, something more of that testing-time in a man's life when he is overwhelmed by his first and only great love. But even so Marlborough remains somewhat of a riddle in these early years. Even Mr. Churchill is often reduced to surmises as to what this calm, serene man was really thinking or planning. It must be admitted, too, that the necessity for arguing about his hero's motives and of denouncing Macaulay through many pages, in a style sometimes resembling Macaulay's own less mature and most vigorous condemnations, detracts to a certain extent from the limpidity of Mr. Churchill's presentation. But when Marlborough comes to his own in the next volume the need for argument will be less urgent, and we may well serenely look down from the islands of the blessed on his eloquent and vigorous successor recounting, as they deserve to be recounted, his great deeds of generalship, and still greater deeds of statesmanship.

Mr. Belloc's fascinating style and power of making a good story serve him well in this loyalist presentation of Charles I. The book hardly pretends to be history; not a reference is given for any of the many debatable assertions contained therein, nor is any list of authorities vouchsafed. But it is a charming essay which will delight not only those who hold Mr. Belloc's view, but also those who profoundly disagree with him. It must be admitted, too, that he makes some excellent points, though none of them are particularly new. For example, he dwells effectively on the Crown's financial decay at the beginning of the seventeenth century as explaining some of the disputes between King and Parliament; he justly emphasises the Puritans' desire in those early days, not to separate from, but to gain possession of the Church of England; and he fully realises the importance of the Revocation Act as one of the chief causes of the break with Scotland. But it is difficult, even on his own showing, to follow his almost unbounded admiration for Buckingham as a statesman and strategist; nor can one unreservedly accept such *obiter dicta* as that 'human negotiation is based upon falsehood,' a statement which leads him to deplore, not that Charles was a liar, but that he was a poor liar. Throughout he talks—and that is a result of his theory that the Revolution was the handiwork of a rich middle class solely intent on preserving their ill-gotten gains—as if monarchy was attacked for the first time in English history during the Stuarts' period, and leaves entirely out of account John, Edward II. and Richard II. with their imposed baronial councils. But the book is delightful reading.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

SIX LITERARY BIOGRAPHIES

Samuel Pepys: the Man in the Making. By Arthur Bryant. Cambridge University Press.—10s. 6d. net.

Jonathan Swift: a Critical Essay. By W. D. Taylor. Peter Davies.—10s. 6d. net.

Harlequin Sheridan: the Man and the Legends. By R. Crompton Rhodes. Blackwell.—12s. 6d. net.

The Later Wordsworth. By Edith C. Batho. Cambridge University Press.—16s. net.

Flush: a Biography. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press.—7s. 6d. net.

The Life of Katherine Mansfield. By Ruth E. Mantz and John Middleton Murry. Constable.—10s. net.

SAMUEL PEPYS has achieved two high reputations—a contemporary reputation as the 'Saviour of the Navy' (the title of Mr Bryant's projected sequel) and another and greater, delayed until more than a century and a quarter after his death, as the author of the most unaffectedly self-revealing journal the world has yet seen. In the ten years from January 1, 1660, until his sight gave out he committed to a curious mixture of shorthand and polyglot longhand 1,300,000 words of intimate personal record, of which a selection was printed by Lord Braybrooke in 1825, and a larger, less squeamish selection by Wheatley in 1893–99. A yet fuller edition is being prepared, and meanwhile Mr Bryant, with access to the whole original, has been able to present a more complete picture than editorial scruple has hitherto allowed.

Yet it may be disputed whether editorial delicacy was not in the right. Or rather, while there can be no reason now for suppressing those passages of the Diary which show Pepys thoroughly licentious, if half Puritanically ashamed, in his private life, it remains a question how far, in a biography, the details of his repeated amours can add value to the plain statement that they occurred. Mr Bryant tends to overweight his book with particulars of Pepys's indulgences (though these indulgences, both in themselves and in their moral and material effects, have admittedly a definite importance in the interpretation of this singular man), and the lack of balance is the more noticeable that the Diary abounds in other enlivening and illuminating incidents for which he has found no room.

There was that side of Pepys's life; and there was another which, except when he made a sailor's wife his mistress or found a mistress's husband a ship, overlapped it not at all. His achievement at the Navy Office would be a subject only for the naval historian, his routine work a matter of little moment, were it not for the human searchlight of the Diary. Here Mr Bryant has sifted and dealt well. He tells the story largely in Pepys's own words, though with ample outside corroboration. The Clerk of the King's Ships was assiduous in his labours, far-seeing in policy, tactful and efficient—if, at the same time, as corrupt as others and more obsequious than most. Above all, his work gave him a pleasure of which neither his conscience nor his wife could complain; and it is that delighted interest in little things and great, well reproduced in this book, which has made literature of his everyday record of mundane affairs.

Pepys so bared his soul to posterity that he presents no problem. Swift is a problem that neither biographer nor critic has ever solved. Pepys was honest at least with himself. Pope was as dishonest in the pursuit of his own ends as a man could well be, but he saw those ends clearly; but Swift never saw himself clearly.

perpetually deceived himself, yet emphatically asserted his own sanity of judgment. To one commentator he is 'the gloomiest dean'; to another, 'kindly, tender, not the callous misanthrope he has been represented.' To Macaulay he was a political renegade; Forster will have none of this. And the Stella–Vanessa–Cadenus triangle has been defended as often as condemned; it has never been explained. The *Journal to Stella* is as unlike Pepys's *Diary* as possible, for while it seems to answer all the questions prompted by his published writings, it in fact answers none. Mr W. D. Taylor, whose approach is rather literary-critical than biographical, is content perforce to conclude with an unanswered query: 'Is the humour of the satires a piece of daemonic subtlety to induce us to take to our hearts what will sear and wither them? Or are *Gulliver's Travels* and *A Tale of a Tub* the gentlest means ever invented of convicting us of our vices and weaknesses?'

A celebrated friend of Dean Swift's (in the words of the *European Magazine*), who further declared himself 'famous for giving the best advice and following the worst,' was Dr Thomas Sheridan, the father of one of the Dean's biographers. He has a third claim to celebrity. He was the grandfather, and still remains (for all fables to the contrary) the earliest identifiable ancestor, of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr Crompton Rhodes, who five years ago edited the best and most authoritative text of Sheridan's plays and poems, has now written the best and most authoritative life. As the subtitle implies, he is at pains to disentangle the real man from the legendary; and in doing so he has both ferreted out new facts and greatly modified the conclusions that previous biographers, from Tom Moore onwards, have drawn from the old. Thus he disposes of the proud Irishman's mythical forebears, and of his supposed third name, 'Butler'; more importantly the Prince Regent is exonerated from the usual charges of treachery and ingratitude, and for the first time the paternity of the first Mrs Sheridan's daughter is satisfactorily resolved.

Inevitably Sheridan's career as a playwright takes up less space than what was to himself more important, his political career; but it is perhaps a pity that Mr Rhodes should pass briefly over the history of *The Rivals*, referring the indigent reader to his expensive edition of the plays for a full account. Very little is said of Sheridan's married life, at least with his second wife; of his sons practically nothing appears—certainly not the dates of their birth, and only by the barest implication the fact that Charles was the second wife's child. His 'old friend and companion Dr Goldsmith' is mentioned only as buried in Poets' Corner in the final paragraph. The text of a previously unknown address is given in an appendix, but this is differently (I presume inaccurately) quoted in the body of the book, while other, more familiar, documents differ in unimportant particulars from the text in the authorities cited. These, however, are small blemishes beside the considerable merits of the book.

Miss Batho has made the first real attempt to deal with the later Wordsworth. Like Mark Rutherford, she combats the 'widely-spread opinion that Wordsworth towards the middle of his life underwent a great change, and that he apostatised from his earlier faith both in politics and religion.' But she goes further, and presents a full and understanding portrait of the poet in the years from 1815 to 1850—a portrait that followers of the 'Lost Leader' tradition have only indifferently sketched.

Flush, too, is ostensibly a first excursion into a new field. It is

also a new approach to an old subject. The printed sources for a life of Mrs. Browning's spaniel are not many—a letter here and there, and a few lines of verse. But Mrs. Woolf has dipped deep into the well of her abundant, but critical, imagination, and has drawn forth two pitchers of clear water: ostensibly a book about a dog with a most percipient nose, who loved his mistress and bit his master, was starved in a den of thieves in Whitechapel and scourged with fleas in Florence (all these are authentic incidents); less obviously, but more valuably, a freshly conceived study of Elizabeth Barrett Barrett in the years on either side of her elopement. As a "dog-book," this is a good one among many of varying merits. It will live as the interpretation of a great woman writer of the nineteenth century by a great woman writer of the twentieth.

The Life of Katherine Mansfield—more accurately announced before publication as "the early life"—covers the formative years between her birth in New Zealand in 1888 and her meeting with Mr. Murry in 1911, when little of the work on which her fame rests was written and still less published. Miss Mantz, who has written all except the introduction and the final chapter, has diligently sought out her material and presents it sympathetically, but the whole is only to be regarded as a prelude to the published *Journal* and *Letters*. Not the least illuminating episode is one that was withheld from the biographical notes with which Mr. Murry assisted Miss Mantz in her bibliography two years ago. It is probably to the failure of her first marriage (it lasted only a few days), and to the still-birth of the child that was not her husband's, that we must look for at least a part cause of the melancholy that gave such point and poignancy to her genius.

SIMON NOWELL SMITH.

Sir Anthony Sherley and his Persian Adventure, including some contemporary Narratives relating thereto. Edited by Sir Denison Ross. With 10 plates and maps. The Broadway Travellers, Routledge.—12s 6d net

First Russia then Tibet. By Robert Byron. Macmillan.—15s net

Cairo to Persia and Back. By Owen Tweedy. Jarrolds.—18s net

Buddhists and Glaciers of Western Tibet. By Giotto Dainelli. With 32 plates and map. Kegan, Paul.—18s. net

SIR ANTHONY SHERLEY was a card. Serving first his queen, then accepting a decoration from the King of France, for which he sat in the Tower till he explained it away, he passed lightly from master to master. He lived through an extraordinary Odyssey which has fortunately come down to us in the records of three of his companions; and very good reading they have given us—Abel Pinçon, a Frenchman, and two Englishmen, William Parry and George Manwaring. It is a piquant story, for which we are indebted to Sir Denison Ross.

Chancing, when in Venice, to hear from a wandering Persian that Shah Abbas had restored the glories of Iran, Sir Anthony decided that there was a country where he could find scope for his energies. So he boldly set forth with his small band of companions. At Aleppo, where they were hospitably entertained by the English community, they were introduced to a 'certain kind of drink, made of an Indian seed'; 'they drink it extreme hot; it is nothing toothsome, nor hath any good smell, but it is very wholesome'; 'this strange drink they call koffwey.' So much for Mainwaring's taste. Parry did not like the Turks, for besides that 'they are damned infidels and sodomitical Mahomets,' he found that 'they are beyond all measure a most insolent, superbous and insulting people.'

It was a relief to them to cross the frontier into Persia, where Shah Abbas, seeing in them representatives of the Christian States of Europe who would be useful as a counterbalance on the other side of his great enemy the Grand Turk, received them royally, so that they formed a cheerful impression of his country. But they were a little startled at the Shah's methods. 'One day on parade he was not satisfied with the drill, 'whereupon he presently ran in amongst them with his sword drawn, like to an Herculean offspring, and upon a sudden he gave four of them their death's wound. One gentleman, which did but only smile, the King never left, and coming for succour into our company, the King gave him such a blow on the middle, that the one half of his body fell from the other.' The Englishmen were rather shocked at the Shah's violence, but Abbas explained that they did not know the Orientals. It was the only way to govern them, he said, and, indeed, the result justified him, for they found law and order firm throughout the country.

Persia was rich and full of food, bread and victuals cheap, the people polite and civil. The Shah appointed Sherley his ambassador to Europe. Thus equipped and armed, the knight set forth to return through Muscovy, and then his troubles began. Pinçon writes that the sailors on the Caspian 'knew as much about stars as they did about

spices,' but even this would hardly account for the two months that it took them to reach Astrakhan from the Persian port. Thence up the Volga, to a 'fair city called Cassane' (Kazan) and 'Negana' (Nijni Novgorod), a ten weeks' journey to Moscow, where they were entertained by some 'aquavitae-bellied fellows,' and had an uncomfortable time. Unfortunately, none of the chroniclers give us much information about Russia at that period.

Sherley's adventures were not finished with his return to Europe. In 1604 he was a pensioner of the King of Spain at Messina, and in the following year the Emperor Rudolph II. sent him on a mission to Morocco. Hearing of this, some Austrian horse-breeders gave Sherley 14,000 ducats to buy them Arab stallions, on which he appears to have had a good time. From 1607 to 1610 he was in the service of Spain, where he seems to have ended his days as a pensioner. This account of the Odyssey of this second son of a Sussex knight is definitely a book to have and to keep.

The sidelights on the places they passed have a modern ring. They found Cyprus a most ruinated place, and describe the Kurds as a pilfering, thievish, and brutish people. They have not altered much since—at least outwardly, judging from Captain Owen Tweedy's sprightly book, which gives a cheerful account of Persia to-day, where Riza Khan is the spiritual successor of Shah Abbas. The book is written in a facetious style more suitable for an article, which tends to pall after 300 pages of it. Still, it is good to follow this cheerful and very human philosopher, who has so many of the qualifications of the good traveller, a reasonable disregard of comfort, knowledge of languages, powers of observation, no excess of race prejudice, and a sense of humour.

He writes interestingly of the Assyrian problem, which he explains clearly, and the chapter on Iraq is refreshing reading for us much-abused Britons. There are several touches that show the Persians in a pleasing light, such as the tale of the Customs officer who protected the swallows nesting in his office, and the unaffected, sincere, hospitality of the sergeant of police, and, above all, that great character George, his servant and interpreter, who turned out to be a prince of the blood royal, who in due course entertained his employer in his own feudal domain. In Kurdistan he came to a village, called Sakkis, which had been occupied during the war by Russian, Turkish, and British troops in turn. The opinion of the natives on the relative character of the three nationalities is illuminating. The Turks, they said, were harsh. They took what they wanted, from bread to women, and promptly strung up any who resisted their imperious demands, but they were sober. The Russians differed from the Turks only in that they drank. Then came the British, who did none of these things. Jolly fellows, poor fools, gullible as children, who actually paid for everything they took, and at treble prices.

Persia maintained its fascination till the end. Though he loved Ispahan, it was Persepolis which touched him most deeply, with its abiding impression of symmetry and immense size. The winged bulls impressed him more than the colossi of Thebes, and in romance and mystery equal the Sphinx himself. Captain Tweedy has the soul of a poet, for no other could compare the green back of a bee-eater to the under-surface of a wave.

There are men who can travel in Russia itself and see other things than Communism. What a relief it is to read Mr Byron's book, for Bolshevism no more absorbed him than did the climate! He is one of the

few modern writers who 'realise the futility of materialistic economics,' and in the Five-Years Plan sees but an incident in the history of Russia. He does not confuse Bolshevism with Russia, as do so many writers, and although his visit was of only a few weeks' duration, and apparently he does not know the language, and though, especially in Moscow, he was insulated from the people, he has nevertheless grasped the Russian character remarkably clearly, seeing its expression in her art and architecture. Mr. Byron has a nice humour. When the guide was showing him the dungeons of Peter and Paul, with the wax figures illustrating the horrors of the Tsar's *régime*, he asked him, 'when will you be thus showing the "cold cells" of the Lubianka?' But answer came there none.

The illustrations are clear and distinctive—those of the Russian churches particularly charming. Those in the second half of the book, which deals with Tibet, are less representative. The text tickles our palate with descriptions of quaint characters and extraordinary costumes which should offer splendid subjects for pictures. The first three chapters of this half, too, are disappointing. But when he warms up to his subject he gets back to his old form.

The most interesting part of this section of the book is the account of Tsarong. Tsarong was, clearly, a remarkable man. In a land without an army he was soldier enough to organise one and keep the hated Chinese at bay at Tsang Po in 1910, and then when the army was demobilised he became a *shapeh*. It is not 'all beer and skittles' being a *shapeh*, which, clearly, is a rich man's job, for the State robe is so stiff with gold that it stands up by itself and needs two servants to bend it round him. It costs £750, and the winter hat of black fox fur as much, so presumably the appointment is for life. Mr. Tsarong found that he could get the fur cheaper from America, so he set up a system of barter, sending Tibetan curios in exchange for furs and—flower and vegetable seed for his garden in Lhasa! He was a man of vague origin who rose from sheer merit, a wonderful achievement in a land where birth is prized.

Professor Dainelli was so attracted by what he saw on the de Filippi expedition to the Karakoram that sixteen years later he went back, of his own free will, at his own expense. He loved the Ladakhi of Western Tibet so much that he could find no fault in them except that they do not wash. He describes their general well-being, the absence of poverty on their wintry plateau, the smiling content, the relatively high standard of living, the intelligence of the people, greater than that of many European peasants, the high level of education where 90 per cent. of the population are literate (a figure that would make some European Ministers of Education jealous), their 'geniality, artistic sense, cheerfulness and humour,' their 'deep spiritual feeling,' 'open, jovial character,' and 'spontaneous subtle humour and general contentedness.' How does he account for these marvels of Utopia? He attributes it to their Malthusianism, to their practical method of limiting the family: so that this unproductive country is not over-populated. And the method whereby they do so is interesting. They do not adopt the various artificial methods of the sophisticated West. They attain their limitation, with all its desirable consequences, by a combination of two methods—by sending half their sons and daughters into the monasteries and nunneries, and by the adoption by the other half of polyandry. This chapter of the highly original social system of the Ladakhi is the most interesting in the book.

MALCOLM BURR.

THE GADARENE PROGRESS

The World Economic Survey, 1932–33. League Publication. II a. 16. Allen and Unwin.—pp. 345.—6s. net.

The League Assembly in 1930 and 1931 resolved that an annual economic survey of the world should be published. The present volume is the second of these Surveys, and therefore the first to yield comparisons with a former survey. Coming again from the experienced pen of Mr J. B. Condliffe, it is succinct, detailed, and lucid, while for the wealth of its economic information it is a veritable cornucopia. Interest attaches this time, however, to the comparison of its diagnoses with those of the former Survey, rather than to its mere description; to its pointing of a moral rather than to its adorning of a sorry economic tale. The tale is of economic confusion worse confounded; the moral, rather, is that the Gadarene slope down which our herd of national economies has been rushing leads to utter submersion.

The present Survey was written between February and July this year, and in this short period the United States had their banking crisis, departed from the gold standard, and began their experiments with the N.I.R.A. and the codes. When we remember, therefore, that in the former Survey the author looked forward, albeit circumspectly, to a slow if painful recovery in the autumn of 1932, we have to abstract from the unknown quantity, the United States, and its kaleidoscopic variations. In fact, after the Lausanne Agreement, there was a general stock-market rise, a "boomlet," in the autumn of last year; but it "petered out" in the spring of 1933, following the American developments. And though President Roosevelt's emergency measures sent prices soaring in mid-summer of 1933, the ensuing difficulties brought them down again almost to their former levels, so that, in the end, he was forced to invoke open depreciation of the external value of the dollar in the hope that thereby the American people could be panicked into sending prices up again. This uncertainty across the Atlantic leads Mr Condliffe to express graver doubts as to the continuation and outcome of the crisis than he expressed last year at the same time. The tenour of his present Survey is that "At the end of July 1933 there was more confidence and greater economic activity in the world as a whole than at any time since the financial panic began in the spring of 1931." But he is careful to make reservations, and one can only conclude that, if he had finished writing three months later, his reservations would have become concrete diagnoses of yet another malaise in the world's body economic.

Let us turn, however, to the Survey of the year 1932–33. In 1932–33 the bottom of the trough was reached, both in the prices of most products in the world market, and also in production and trade. Since 1929 average prices fell about 50 per cent., the quantum of goods exchanged fell by 25 per cent., so that total world trade by the end of 1932 was about one-third of its 1929 level. This was largely due to the currency crisis and the foreign exchange strangulation, and these in their turn took their origin in the collapse of price levels of internationally traded goods, which made it impossible for both debtors and debtor countries to pay their debt services or permit the continuation of the hitherto prevailing quantities of imports. From this cause began that vicious circle of moratoria, exchange restrictions, emergency tariffs and quotas, and the virtual extinction of international trade, while, in closed economies behind these for-

midable barriers, unusable funds accumulated, interest rates fell, and wholesale conversion operations ensued. This by itself was all to the good; but short-term ('panic') capital also accumulated, and rocketed round the world's money markets with every fresh political spark. This fund was estimated in mid-1932 at 50,000 million Swiss francs, and, in an already exchange-throttled world, worked havoc at each new rumour. Exchange instability becomes the villain of the 1932–33 piece—South Africa, New Zealand, Denmark, and finally the United States, all 'monkeyed' with the buzz-saw to one purpose or another; and by the spring of 1933 it only needed the American moratorium and departure from gold to prick the balloon of economic activity which was slowly distending at the end of 1932.

This was not all. The price structure, already long out of gear owing to the disparate rates of decline between prices of consumption goods and those of investment goods, and owing to the disparities between real wages, other costs, and wholesale (selling) prices, received a shocking blow in the spring of the present year. Added to this came the intensification, with the failure of the Economic Conference, of *Autarkiepolitik* in every State: primary countries unable to sell their products intensified their setting up of home industries, industrial States unable to sell their manufactures increased their provision for agrarian self-sufficiency. National policies to bring agricultural and industrial wholesale prices into equilibrium were pushed through, regardless of their temporary insulation from the world market by reason of the emergency tariffs, quotas, or other impedimenta to international commerce. Thus innumerable wheat markets resulted, with equally innumerable prices, quite unrelated through exchange rates owing to tariffs or quotas. Cartels and entrepreneurs' associations maintained the home price level for their goods; but other goods in the home market, non-cartellised, fell further by roughly 20 per cent. Nothing was done to correct the disparity between the prices of consumption goods and those of investment goods; and therefore cheap money failed to stimulate recovery by forcing attractively cheap money into capital-goods industries with the consequent reabsorption of the unemployed. As a result, the heavy pre-slump debts remained, to a large extent, unconverted; for the requisite readjustment of their capital structure to the lower price levels in other spheres was impossible as long as their selling prices were artificially maintained above the 'equilibrium level.'

Mr. Condliffe refers tentatively to the rise of prices in July of this year. There were then glimmerings on the economic horizon. They might have been the dawn of recovery. Actually they now resemble a kind of economic Northern Lights, 'most visible in complete darkness.' And, if we hold fast to exchange manipulation as the villain of the 1932–33 piece, surely he is having his fling at the moment. As far as national, and even more so international, economic policies are concerned, there was never such obscurity in the world as reigns at present. One can only be grateful to Mr. Condliffe and to the Economic and Financial Section of the League for telling us the way by which we arrived at the present *impasse*. But the ground seems to be bearing us quicker out of our way than our own feet, and in spite of the slight revival that seems to be taking place in this country, we cannot tell where we are while we read their description of where we were in the year ending last July.

D. GRAHAM HUTTON.

IN MY TIME

The Theatre in My Time, by St John Ervine; *Literature in My Time*, by Compton Mackenzie; *Art in My Time*, by Frank Rutter; *Music in My Time*, by H. J. Foss; *The Press in My Time*, by R. D. Blumenfeld. Rich and Cowan.—6s each.

'IN my time' is a conveniently loose phrase. It can mean in my lifetime, or my lifetime and the time I can remember my parents and grandparents talking of, or even be stretched to cover at any rate the recent time known to us by history. For instance, anyone born in the last twenty years of last century might not illegitimately include in 'his time' those early years of the century which he knows only by our reaction from them. Sensibly, to my mind, most of the contributors to this series have not refused to consider the times before them, for it is unprofitable to discuss contemporary tendencies except against a background of the immediate past. Even so, all these books, except Mr Ervine's, and to a lesser extent Mr Rutter's, suffer from confusion. There is little composition, and too great and conscious an effort to include almost every manifestation of the subject under discussion, while too often one or two important aspects are altogether missed. Mr. Blumenfeld, for example, in his lively run down and across Fleet Street, altogether ignores the weekly papers, whether popular or 'highbrow'; yet one of the most remarkable things in recent journalism is the decline in influence or complete disappearance—I would not say in merit—of the organs of opinion: the *Spectator*, the *Nation*, the *Saturday Review*; and another is the remarkable circulation of such a paper as *John o'London's Weekly*, which found a new public for itself as surely as did the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express*. He notes the gradual pushing out of the editor by the manager in all but the best of the daily papers; but hardly stresses enough the evil results of this on journalism and journalists. The change from the newspaper which recorded the news to the newspaper that makes news is one of the most noteworthy and most disastrous of our time.

About music I write as one of the unlearned; but, so far as I can judge, Mr. Foss has done his task well. He wanders outside England far more than any of the other authors, and so burdens himself, no doubt necessarily, with the difficulty of too great a load of material. I am surprised, however, that he does not have more to say on the great improvement in church music, and the wide revival of plain chant: had he written a little on this, he might not have omitted to praise so English and delicate a musician as Martin Shaw, for whose name I searched in vain. Mr Foss has a happy gift of literary allusion; but I confess I am at a loss to understand what he means when he writes that Arnold Schönberg's '*Pierrot Lunaire* has the spirit of the *fin de siècle* magnified to a morbid and introspective power a hundred times greater than the picaresque horrors of Poe or Machen.' Unless 'picaresque' has a musical meaning unknown to me, it has no proper application to the work of Poe or of Machen.

Which brings one to literature and the odd fact that Mr. Mackenzie finds no room for Machen either as story-teller or essayist—in spite of the fact that *Hieroglyphics* is one of the few pieces of creative criticism

of our time, that Arthur Machen's essays in recollection enshrine recent London in an unforgettable form, and that his stories of the uneasy are the greatest since Poe and Le Fanu. Mr. Mackenzie's book, however, is written almost entirely from a very singular reading of his title. He writes about 'My.' He scarcely mentions the development and growth of the essay in this century; he is ridiculously reticent about poetry; he has nothing about the literature of theology or history, yet the work of von Hugel, of Tyrrell, of Figgis, of Trevelyan, of Bury, of Fletcher has a far better chance of immortality than the novels and light work with whose praise Mr. Mackenzie fills his pages. His book has, of course, its entertaining moments, but what can be said of the sense of proportion of a critic who does not, though he pays much attention to recent novelists, mention at all Stella Benson, C. E. Montague, or H. M. Tomlinson? Who, in his few pages devoted to poetry (and Mr. Mackenzie once wrote verse himself), has nothing to say of Walter de la Mare, gives two pages to T. S. Eliot and one infelicitous phrase to W. B. Yeats ('writers like W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge')? Who devotes nearly three pages to Alfred Noyes, and only one to John Masefield? Yet I search the index in vain for such names as Robert Frost, Edmund Blunden, Sturge Moore, Laurence Binyon, Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen, and Edward Thomas. It is small comfort after that to have a few brisk lines on Mr. Priestley's *The Good Companions*. It is, however, not only by omissions and commissions that Mr. Mackenzie's book must be judged. Though he prefers and is far better at chattiness than criticism, he is forced at times to venture on the critical: his capacity here may perhaps be judged from the fact that he thinks Seton Merriman can be mentioned on a level with Rudyard Kipling, and that 'of the many judgements I have listened to on literature the least fallible of all were Ford Madox Ford's.'

I know no one with a better right to comment on *Art in My Time* than Mr. Rutter. He is not our best art critic, but he is fair-minded, can laugh at extravagance, knows what he does not like (far more important than knowing what you like!), and has during this century been intimately concerned with the progress of modern art. It was he who organised in 1908 the famous London Salon at the Albert Hall, which gave their earliest encouragement to many painters now famous. My criticism of his book is mainly that he has concentrated too much on oil-painting. One of the most notable things in British art in this century is the good work done by etchers, wood-engravers, lithographers and black-and-white draughtsmen. There is a mention of Muirhead Bone, but nothing about the work in these kinds by Eric Gill, Clare Leighton, Robert Gibbings, Edna Clarke-Hall (who should also have mention as a painter), Ethel Gabain, John Copley, Spenser Pryse, Gertrude Hermes, Agnes Miller Parker, Henry Rushbury and Vere Willoughby. In compensation there is proper tribute to Max Beerbohm, though Mr. Rutter is mistaken in thinking the *Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen* depended a good deal on the written comments for their fun. There are no written comments to these drawings, to which he does not do justice; nearly all are admirable, especially the Beardsley, the Prince of Wales, the A. J. Balfour, the Harcourt, the Kipling, and the Duke of Cambridge. Also Mr. Rutter is wrong in his statement that the books of Ricketts and Shannon 'were based on the work done by Morris at the Kelmscott Press.' Morris's influence can be found in a few of the

Yale Press books; but nothing could be further from the Gothic which haunted Morris than *The House of Pomegranates*, *The Sphinx*, *Hero and Leander*, *Silverpoints*, or the lovely excerpt of *Cupid and Psyche* from Apuleius. On modern oil-painting, however, Mr Rutter is excellent, and it is delightful to read a critic who can be enthusiastic about William Rothenstein as well as about Sickert, who can look at Matisse without losing his wits and at Barbara Hepworth without abandoning a sense of tradition and proportion.

Mr Ervine's book has a sense of composition, an arrangement which the other volumes lack. It is at once more personal and more traditional than Mr Mackenzie's and Mr Blumenfeld's, and it is profound at times, even in its long aside—with the sentiments of which I agree too ardently to judge it—on the Sins of the Cinema. Mr Ervine tells us of his early theatre-going days in Belfast, and discourses on the way in which the theatre was condemned by religious people, Catholics and Protestants. After a witty and sound discussion of that astounding theatre of a hundred years ago, where the play was nothing and the actor all, he leads up to the great revival in England. He shows his natural sense of the theatre in his praise of the pioneer work of Arthur Pinero, work to-day often most monstrously under-estimated. Mr Ervine has the gift of being just to the merits of people he can also criticise severely, and his essay provides the reader with the best guide available to the rise and fall (let us hope temporary) of the English theatre from the rise of Ibsen to the reign of Pirandello.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SOME AUTUMN NOVELS

Three Cities. By Sholem Asch. Gollancz.—8s. 6d. net.

Berlin Tenement. By Ernst Erich Noth. Hurst and Blackett.—7s. 6d. net.

Feuer Heil. By Josef Maria Frank. Macmillan.—7s. 6d. net.

I Face the Stars. By Geoffrey Moss. Hutchinson.—7s. 6d. net.

Trumpeter Sound. By D. L. Murray. Hodder and Stoughton.—7s. 6d. net.

Miracle on Sinai. By Osbert Sitwell. Duckworth.—7s. 6d. net.

The Enchanted Village. By Edward Shanks. Macmillan.—7s. 6d. net.

Youth Can't be Served. By Norah Hoult. Heinemann.—7s. 6d. net.

Of these eight novels, four are commentaries on urgent European discontents, and books more vital than their fictional form might indicate; one is a fine piece of romantic antiquarianism; while the remaining three, which describe or satirise contemporary English life, seem, in contrast to their continental fellows, mere marginalia to reality.

England's good fortune in having escaped the cruelty of defeat and the horrors of revolution is her novelists' misfortune. The raw material of their fiction is fundamentally non-dramatic in comparison with that available to writers concerned with Russia and Germany. Wherefore, although Mr. Sitwell, Mr. Shanks and Miss Hoult give us satirical brilliance, deft actuality and competent realism, although Mr. D. L. Murray, by way of neo-Dickensian humour and lavish early Victorian *décor*, leads up to Crimean scenes of slashing splendour, their efforts seem a little jejune beside the records of turbulence and suffering which, to novelists in Central Europe, are the commonplaces of recent history. For this reason, Sholem Asch's tremendous chronicle of Russia in revolution, and the three commentaries on post-war Germany by Noth, Frank and Moss, must take precedence over the novels of English manners.

Three Cities presents Petersburg before the war; Warsaw at the war's outbreak and during its opening phases; Moscow after 1917. It is written by a Jew, and the emphasis on Judaism (with its ceremonial, intolerance, and—when emancipated—ruthless arrivism) may discompose readers in whom the seeds of anti-Semitism are already sprouting. But even they must admit the impressiveness of Asch's colossal panorama. He poses the inescapable alternatives—a clinging to the right, despite its obstinate brutality, in the service of privilege, or a rapid slide to the left in company with fanaticism and hooligan self-interest. The characters in *Three Cities* have the traditional qualities of Slavdom. They are childishly genial, savagely cruel, grandiose in ideals, endless in talk. But they are the folk who made Tsardom and marred it, who brought it low and enthroned the inverted autocracy of Bolshevism.

The three novels about Germany present different areas of the Reich, are written from three political points of view, and compose a chronological sequence of vivid significance. It would hardly be possible to recommend, to anyone wishing to understand the what and the why of Hitlerism, a commentary on post-war Germany more condensed but at the same time more informative than that provided by these three books.

Berlin Tenement—a "red" novel—gives a picture of the poverty and endurance of the slum-dwellers of Berlin in the evil days of 1920, which is valuable for its details of food-queues, methods of trading in stolen goods, and other miseries and shifts of that desperate time. The failure of the Kapp *Putsch* is also well described, and with a freedom

from Marriet jargon for which one is grateful. But the outstanding interest of *Berlin Tenement* is its graphic account of life in a big boys' school. The daily existence of the pupils, whatsoever their class, is dominated by politics. They live under a persistent threat of social collapse. Day by day, unless they cheat and steal, the poor starve; day by day the rich lavish worthless money in luxury and dissipation. All have the one philosophy: 'Get what we can and how we can, for to-morrow, as likely as not, we die.'

The schoolboys of *Berlin Tenement* have now grown to be young men, and those who survive rule Germany in Hitler's name. How, with such an upbringing as this, should they be anything but lawless, headstrong and fanatical? Thus we find our first clue to the riddle of Nazidom—the reason for its ruthlessness.

Fever Heat is a far better novel than *Berlin Tenement*, with surer characterisation, greater economy of words, and a wistful optimism lighting its tragedy to a sort of menacing beauty. To the heart of East Prussia, where the embittered spirit of Junkerdom persists and feeds its hatred of the republican *régime* on obstinate denial of Germany's defeat, comes an enlightened schoolmaster, appointed from Berlin to the headship of the local school. Rainer has all the eager and cultivated idealism which gave to republican Germany its enchanting atmosphere of freedom and intelligence; at the same time he has the honourable but fatal readiness to reason with, rather than to crush, opponents, which has brought the republic to ruin. As he soon discovers, the mortification of the old order has soured into besotted loathing of everything and everyone which recalls its loss of privilege. No intrigue is too foul, no sabotage too cowardly, to hamper the republic in its struggle to restore Germany. So Rainer finds himself in a society which speaks him fair words but slanders and thwarts him behind his back, and finally drives him to suicide.

His defeat is the traditional defeat of liberalism by extremism, and the particular defeat of the German republic at the hands of Junkers and Communists. With Rainerism dead, those who have killed it fly at one another's throats. The Communists are overborne, and East Prussia reverts bombastically to type. Then all the old-time imbecility and arrogance (which the war was fought to destroy) come lumbering westward once again; send excited youth to parade the streets and wave swastika flags and beat up helpless foils, and themselves climb with grunts of satisfaction into the very seats of power and profit from which, at the cost of a million lives and only fifteen years ago, they had been ejected. *Fever Heat* must be read by those who want to know why, behind the flamboyant sincerity of Hitler (and queerly out of place among the rulers of Nazi Germany) persists the suave and sinister figure of von Papen.

As for *I Face the Stars*, it offers the only convincing explanation yet published of the support given to Hitler by many Germans of breeding and good-will, who are not loutish reactionaries.

The first half of the novel shows us Dusseldorf in French occupation, and a travelling Englishman revisiting a pre-war German friend in his distinguished but faded home on the outskirts of the city. The visitor soon realises that von der Nieldegg is deeply implicated in an underground organisation, vowed—by sabotage, by ruthless damage to property, even by murder—to make the French mastery of the Ruhr as uneasy and as dangerous as possible. The desperate men engaged in this work are mostly ex-officers, come home to the Rhineland from the confused fighting on the Polish

frontier to find foreign troops in their home streets. Communists shamelessly intriguing with the invaders in order to break down the stubborn patriotism of starving workmen, their parents and women-folk cowed and hungry; and a few Jewish opportunists making fortunes from the bondage of Germany. No praise can be too high for the skill with which Mr. Moss makes us realise the spiritual exaltation of these secret plotters, the almost religious ecstasy in which they go about their work, the sullen hatred which gathers in their hearts against Communists and Jews.

And then, after ten years, the same Englishman comes once again to the same house at Dusseldorf. Hitler has been in power a few weeks; the Nazi terror is at large over Germany. Von der Meldegg's three children, now fatherless, have grown to maturity. The hopeless aspirations for which died von der Meldegg and his little band of colleagues are now achieved and have become a national religion. They themselves are national heroes. With the fierce gravity of youth the Nazis interpret and exaggerate the doctrines of the dead. Not only are all Communists and all Jews regarded as vermin, but everyone connected with the country's post-war humiliation is held to be a traitor. The patience and courage of republican Germany is forgotten; only the corruption of the few who exploited it remains and festers in the memory.

The strangely rarefied atmosphere of Nazi-ruled Dusseldorf is depicted by Mr. Moss with remarkable effect. The matter-of-factness of his style is more impressive than any fine writing. He does not make us like the Nazis; indeed, their cold fanaticism, with its blank inability to see any other point of view, is repulsive and terrifying. But he makes us understand their prejudices and respect their integrity.

The novels about England can be summarily appraised.

As *Trumpeter Sound* is mid-Victorian, as readers of *The Bride Adorned* will realise, Mr. Murray can conjure the past with the documented vigour of a romantic scholar. Some may feel that the first part of this long and careful novel is overloaded with "period" decoration, but no one will be able to resist the gallant fervour of the Crimean episodes. The toy soldiers which gallop across Mr. Murray's wrapper are more of a pastiche than this vivid evocation of past gallantry deserves.

Mr. Sitwell writes with such vigorous beauty, and the idea behind his novel is so grandiose, that one could wish he would not waste time in scarifying types which contempt has already made harmless. The solemnly Napoleonic newspaper magnate; the absurd Anglo-Indian general; the governess with her prunes and prism; the film star—all these are stock-comics, and as such, hardly worthy to provoke Mr. Sitwell to caricature. A little less irony would make space for a little more of that descriptive prose whose poetic quality is of itself sufficient to give distinction to *Miracle on Sinai*.

Mr. Shanks has written a sophisticated story of high-brows in a Sussex village. It is deft, unprejudiced and subtly characterised; the airless summer night is admirably evoked; but whether the queer happenings under the moon constitute comedy or tragedy, only the reader's predilection can decide.

To Miss Holtby's admirers *Youth Can't be Served* will be a disappointment. We want more than competence and traditional readability from the author of *Time*, *Gentlemen*, *Time*. Here is only a picture of the now familiar English family, with disgruntled young people, parents sympathetically drawn, and a painstakingly happy ending.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

AUTUMN POETRY

The Winding Stair. By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan.—6s. net.

Summer Harvest. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick and Jackson.—5s. net.

Poems, 1927—1932. By Edward Shanks. Macmillan.—10s. 6d. net.

Sanctuary. By Christina Chapin. Shakespeare Head Press.—3s. 6d. net.

Poems and Ballads. By Shane Leslie. Benn.—6s. net.

Ladies' Mistakes. By James Laver. Nonesuch Press.—6s. net.

One Way Song. By Wyndham Lewis. Faber and Faber.—7s. 6d. net.

This review is headed 'Autumn Poetry,' not merely because the volumes under notice appeared in the fall of the year, but much more because many of them are the products of the poets' Autumn. As such, many of them have a deciduous air, though not less poignant because of the coloured hints of the winter so soon to come. Nevertheless, though there is the sigh of the falling leaf in much of this work, there is also mellow fruitfulness.

Mr. Yeats in *The Winding Stair* makes no secret of his autumn mood:

> Fly-catchers of the moon,
> Our hands are blenched, our fingers seem
> But slender needles of bone;
> Blenched by that malicious dream
> They are spread wide that each
> May rend what comes in reach.

As long ago as 1919 this coldness had crept into his blood, as when he wrote in *The Wild Swans at Coole*:

> Hands, do what you're bid:
> Bring the balloon of the mind
> That bellies and drags in the wind
> Into its narrow shed.

This weight of weariness and of mortality has increased with him during the long years, and in truth, by virtue of much introspection, the mind has lagged. Never a poet of intellectual values, Mr Yeats has more and more leaned upon the rod of emotion, which, by beautiful miracle, still turns to roses in his wise and guiding hand. His strength has at his greatest always been twofold—first, like Donne's beloved Lady, his very body thought; and, secondly, he found for that delicately poised fusion of sense and thought a rhythm as equally divided in its slow and wave-like movement between the body and mind.

In this last volume, when he calls upon mind alone it will not respond. There is no strange profundity sealed with cadence. He says:

> I toiled long years and at length
> Came to so deep a thought
> I can summon back
> All their wholesome strength.

It is not true. If ever his pure thought had wholesome strength, it has become thin as a wisp of the moon and bodiless as the moon's shadow:

> *The Soul.* Isaiah's coal, what more can man desire?
> *The Heart.* Struck dumb in the simplicity of fire!
> *The Soul.* Look on that fire, salvation walks within.
> *The Heart.* What theme had Homer but original sin?

That is neither poetic truth nor paradox. It does not illuminate.

But when Mr Yeats turns to emotion experienced in terms of thought he exhibits his unchallenged supremacy. The rhythm, almost unsummoned, answers the enchanter's least beck:

> But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
> Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
> Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

The greatness of Mr Yeats has always lain in that predestined association between the least bodily of emotion and of all poetic movements the least terrene. In his Autumn his touch is as certain, his instrument as sweetly pitched. It

follows, therefore, that not a few of the poems here will pass into the language.

Mr. Drinkwater writes in less autumnal mood than Mr. Yeats, but, since it is nine years since his last volume of adult verse appeared, it is not unreasonable to expect a quieter and more reflective note than hitherto. He is occupied chiefly with what is past or passing. He has in his English memories a poem typical of several for 'The real Mrs Grundy':

> In Thrumpston on the River Trent
> As I was walking of a Sunday,
> I passed a rose-red tenement,
> The natal place of Mrs. Grundy,
> Who was, as you may not have heard,
> The dairy maid of George the Third.

He writes of 'Prinney' in his address 'To the Memory of Lady Sarah Beaumont' as he writes of Pepys:

> Along the woods of Hinchingbrooke

So in his 'American Vignettes' he muses on John Brown:

> As he left the store, the Boss of the town
> Came in, and said, 'That's old John Brown,'
> But we didn't know then he was on the way
> To Harper's Ferry at break of day.

'Mr. Lincoln' comes into his mind—how should he not?—and Mint-Julep and John Calhoun. From all of which it is fair to guess that Mr. Drinkwater is sitting by the fire and remembering. The falling leaves rustle.

Mr. Shanks cannot be wholly included in the autumnal group, since we have here his *Collected Poems*. But he writes in a sad little preface that the poet's 'desire to write verse is no less than it was. . . . But neither desire nor effort of will can any longer draw verse from him.' It is therefore not merely Autumn, but, if we may believe him, Winter with Mr. Shanks. In the penultimate poem of the collection he writes:

> The sky is heaped with cloud from rim to rim
> Which the wind herds before it and the light
> That all day long has struggled now grows dim
> In ditch and rampart. It will soon be night.

Will it soon be night for Mr. Shanks' work? If we look back to earlier pages we find a tranquil, if small, light that gives promise of maintaining its candle against the dark.

> Let us remember most of all
> When the bright air no more
> We breathe, what young and morning oaths
> In the high hills we swore.

Let Mr. Shanks now remember. Others will remember for him hereafter.

Mr. Shane Leslie last appeared on the poetic stage in 'Eroles' vein with his Jutland epic; now, with the others, he suffers the contagion of the soft season. He is much concerned with the beloved dead and with the cold hand of mortality.

> Last time shall you to lover beckon
> And last time let beside you lie.
> Before you keep the watch of ages
> When only ghosts come nigh.

And of another mortality—his own—he writes:

> Death-like the tide shall soon wipe out the scene,
> The vestiges that figure days from school,
> The sandy castles raised with wooden tool
> When life inspired and artist soul was keen.
> The tide shall e'en obliterate the pool
> Where once I dreamed a mermaid might have been.

This mood in Mr. Leslie is in no sense an indication of failing powers. It is rather the too-ready response of a sensitive and direct mind to something lethal in the air. His hand is for the moment unnerved, and his voice hushed, but the cool vigour that inspires the Mr. Leslie of prose safeguards him from the surrender to which Mr. Laver commits himself in *Ladies' Mistakes*. Mr. Laver is young and has high accomplishment, but the post-

war miasma is in his throat. He will not face his own real emotions for fear of becoming earnest. At all costs he will treat his own heart as a joke. He has great skill with the couplet. Indeed, at times he is positively Papal. But, unlike Pope, he hides his feelings, not because he has none, but because he is afraid of them. This is to yield to decay before the leaves have turned. It is to celebrate a St. Martin's Autumn. But even so it is not too late. Mr. Laver may yet be a poet in his own despite.

The last two volumes belong to a wholly different season. So far as Autumn is concerned, if it dared to protrude its mellow head in Mr. Lewis' neighbourhood he would hit it with an axe. Mr. Lewis is the living Hammer of Thor. He has smashed pretensions right and left—in painting, in the novel, in metaphysics and in the general world of politics. Now with the same resistless and all-consuming energy he has hurled his great weapon at the Jormungand of verse. Mr. Lewis has such palpable genius that, even in an alien art, he cannot write negligibly. But poetry is for him an alien art because it exacts too great economies. Nevertheless, *One Way Song* has the great loose shoulder of a Titan. It exalts, it hews, it thunders, and it is magnificently sane. It may not be very good poetry, but it is very good Wyndham Lewis.

Finally we may welcome the intrusion in this august company of *Sanctuary*. It is perhaps more of a preliminary exercise than a poem of achievement. Nevertheless, Miss Chapin has already a wise power of selection, a delicate ear and an observant eye. There is skill, by no means wholly derivative, in her management of the line. Miss Chapin is not in the Modernist tradition. She may be none the worse poet for that.

HUMBERT WOLFE.

MORE NOVELS AND A TESTAMENT

The Woman on the Beast. By Helen Simpson. Heinemann.—8s. 6d. net.

Over the River. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann.—7s. 6d. net.

The Curse of the Wise Woman. By Lord Dunsany. Heinemann.—7s. 6d. net.

Folly Field. By Adrian Bell. Cobden-Sanderson.—7s. 6d. net.

The Bird of Dawning. By John Masefield. Heinemann.—7s. 6d. net.

This Bright Summer. By Clare Meredith. Rich and Cowan.—7s. 6d. net.

Fare you Well, My Shining City. By T. Washington-Metcalfe. Faber and Faber.—7s. 6d. net.

Gay Life. By E. M. Delafield. Macmillan.—7s. 6d. net.

From a View to a Death. By Anthony Powell. Duckworth.—7s. 6d. net.

Oh! Definitely. By Maurice Lincoln. Constable.—7s. 6d. net.

As the Unicorn. By H. R. Fedden. Macmillan.—7s. 6d. net.

Testament of Youth. By Vera Brittain. Gollancz.—8s. 6d. net.

THE inquisitor's function is to discourage private universes; the novelist's, to propagate them. The one has, therefore, an inquiring turn of thumbscrew; the other, of mind. It is now the novelist's turn to have the inquisitor at his mercy. *The Woman on the Beast* is, of course, she of the Apocalypse. Miss Helen Simpson has brilliantly recognised that to accept the whole Christian verity and defeat heaven at the seventh trumpet gives an ironical texture to all foregoing reality. The whole intellectual order becomes provisional. It can only be ratified by a triumph which she withholds. The clear gain of her assumption is that irony flows quietly out of the future; her protagonists swim in it, like those of Sophocles, nesciently, up-stream. Her three episodes deal with a kidnapped inquisitor in the sixteenth century, a dancer in the French Revolution, and the evangelisation of the world by Emma Jordan Sopwith in 1999; the mysterious androgyne, Antichrist, haunts them all. The reality of the characters lies in their significance to the ultimate issue, rather than in their personal reactions to the present. This gives the book an attractive coolness. At some points it strikes a peculiar chill in the mind, as if a man not feeling fear *knew* himself afraid.

Over the River continues the Cherrel family fortunes and concludes, not lamely, a fine literary career. To the end Mr Galsworthy's endearing quality is faith in an instinctive rightness from the heart. His elect have it; provided they keep their form, they can be a law unto themselves. For the lesser breeds there is a diffused compassion. It almost seems that, in beginning his saga, Mr. Galsworthy set himself to give present-day youth a century's start and catch it up before the end, confident of finding its heart in the right place. He has done so.

The Curse of the Wise Woman is an exile's retrospect upon an Ireland before the trouble. Quietly and beautifully written, as such a book should be, it carries a conviction of actuality lacking in Lord Dunsany's earlier novel *The Blessing of Pan*, where an English outcrop of paganism produced an unreality and a dilemma, an isolating madness. Here the suddenest transitions of the mind

seem smooth and appropriate. What makes the book exciting is not the adventure, but the intensity of participation offered to the reader in a mixture of things ordinary and extraordinary together. To have shot that goose or followed that memorable hunt is of the same order as to have been sworn by four gunmen upon the True Cross, or known a dying man, having looked towards the west, adventure the bog to cheat hell in Tir-nan-Og, or watched the turf factory ingurgitated by the Wise Woman's conjuration of the same vengeful bog.

Mr Adrian Bell gives us, in *Folly Field*, a just picture of English farm life, not of the stark and earthy 'cold-comfortable' variety, but rather hum-drum and hard-working in its own returning rhythms. Either a man has roots in it, or not; if he have, he will find a rightness in this story of Richard's loyalty to it, as against what Cambridge, or Sally, or South America could offer; if he have not (God forgive him!), he can still read *Folly Field* to his comfort.

The Laureate's *Bird of Dawning* is the 'other side' of *Dauber*. Cruiser Trewsbury, ambitious to paint ships, is the efficient second mate of a China clipper. His Odyssey is one of those 'grim epics' of shipwreck, unsensationally told. Here is a world in which there is no emotional outlet, except for the Dauber's; there is tension and restraint right up to the edge of madness. Captain Miserden, Bloody Bill China, and Captain Duntisbourne all crack under the strain. Briefly, Cruiser's survivors from *Blackgauntlet*, for two days in an open boat, board Miserden's abandoned *Bird of Dawning* and win the London Prize. Mr Masefield's method of telling, with all his skill in technicalities and his feeling for loveliness in ships, is utterly appropriate, keeping the emotional aspects firmly in hand—a deliberate reticence through which we hardly realise the strain until the relief and triumph of the ending break it. There is a descriptive passage of the ship's home-coming at cock-crow which could leave prose like a swan leaving the water: another moment and there would be that remembered beat of wings. But the relief comes, checking this swan-flight to walk strangely upon ground.

In savage—literally savage—contrast, *This Bright Summer* has no reticence. Miss Meredith has an amazing genius for negotiating the pitfalls of human animality without quite losing her balance. Life at Lobe's End goes in perpetual terror of its gigantic bullies and their feuds. The romance of Lake and Sarah, whom both Sam and Matthew covet, struggles precariously and ends tragically, against a background of subhuman ferocity on a more than human scale. In a sense, this is Matt Carver's tragedy, the pathetic bewilderment of a Frankenstein's monster. Throughout there is no slackening of the tension, no relief: a fascinating, rather horrible display of what an accomplished artist can make bearable.

Mr Washington Metcalfe continues the story of Santa Anna from O'Callaghan's death to its climax of revolution amid earthquake. There is no disputing his descriptive power. The prelude to the electric storm at the start is so oppressive as almost to deter the reader from continuing and lose him much fine narrative. Things happen in this book, and at a good pace. Strongbow's frigid love-story is cut short when scarcely crowned with understanding. The episode of the Crucificadores is magnificently done. But the author seldom sufficiently convinces one of the value of his characters to produce a sense of real peril or real tragedy.

Gay Life, as lived upon Miss Delafield's Riviera, seems hardly worth the journey. She does not

lose her capacity for adding insight to injury; and she has brought down some biggish game in her time. This time her bag is mostly vermin—a rabbit or two, some rats, weasels and jays. The few pleasant people in the book and some delightful children, steering clear of most emotional complications, live rather in the background. The cads and futiles disport themselves. But even the ineffable Denis Waller is not so exasperating as the girl novelist who leads him up the garden.

'I wanted to get sex-experience some time or other—but I think it was really mostly because I thought it would be good for my work.' 'I gave him everything he wanted, of course—almost immediately.' (Of course!) 'I've had lovers—but it's been because I've cared for them. And of course it's been terribly good for my writing.' (Of course!) In default of Rabelais, thank heaven for Miss Delafield!

Mr. Powell injects a Bloomsbury 'superman,' unrecognised as such, under the hide of an eccentric country society. Zouch—locally pronounced 'lousy'—paints, seduces, becomes engaged, riding for the appropriate fall. Two or three together, the extravagant characters are tremendous. When they should function concertedly, we feel occasionally fobbed off. We miss the meet of these extremes.

Mr. Lincoln's characters, on the contrary, a well-drilled set of gossip idols, play up to one another hard and continuously, inhabiting a universe of addiction, always on the verge of the 'cock-eyed.' And the Fairies! The *Oh! Definitely* cocktail comes pat out of its shaker, very ingeniously contrived.

Mr. Fedden's first novel, *As the Unicorn*, interests inasmuch as he himself is interested in his characters. Benjamin disputing with Martin the affections of Miranda resembles Aguecheek embroiled with Cesario. There is no egging them on. The successful 'intellectual' is too aloof and wrapped up in himself to contend, the failure so pusillanimous that, experience knocking at the door, he turns the key. The method of building up each character in turn 'from the inside' sunders them further. But this intractable material, characters to be got into neither action nor passion, is well handled, and landscape quietly attractive and pleasant, we anticipate, to revisit.

Testament of Youth is not fiction. It is the autobiographical study of a lady coming of V.A.D. age early in the War—subsequently, she tells us, a successful journalist and the authoress of two novels. It moves, therefore, a triumphal progress, from the Potteries to prominence. Autobiography is tending to be so much more the prelude than the privilege of fame that Miss Brittain is, if anything, late in the field. But better late than clever; for, hers is an Odyssey of the heart, an irreticence disarming the nations with one hand, the reader with the other—Godiva riding to Geneva.

What is disconcerting is that, where one mile suffices, she would compel us to go with her twain. It is as legitimate that the novelist should project herself articulately into her own past, as into an imaginary character; she is entitled to all the sympathy she can win. But to mobilise that sympathy to further journalistic causes is to run the milk of human kindness through the gas-meter.

Youth, whose testament this is, has a way of arguing to rectitude from its own qualities even after it leaves school; they are its ultimate reality. Rightness is in the heart. Vivid, enthusiastic and a trifle cocksure, it demands a 'No Heaven and a New Earth.'

GERALD CROW.

ART NOW—AND THEN

Art Now: an Introduction to the Theory of Modern Painting and Sculpture. By Herbert Read. London: Faber and Faber.—12s. 6d. net.

Modern Drawings. By Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E. London: The Studio, Ltd.—30s. net.

English Watercolours. By Laurence Binyon, C.H. London: A. & C. Black.—7s. 6d. net.

The jazz cover and ugly type of *Art Now* are not reassuring, still less the 'jacket,' in which a flat diagram and a solidly photographic mask are incompatibly put together. This is a tribute, perhaps, to Mr. Read's admiration for Max Ernst, who gives himself and the profundities of his titles away when he combines with fantastic diagrams a face which betrays the commonness of his natural vision. The illustrations bear out these misgivings. The collection is indiscriminate, including a modicum of examples in which some element of design is present, but for the most part consisting of obvious trash.

When we ask how a writer of Mr. Read's intelligence and learning should be so easily imposed upon we may find the cause in the remoteness of his literature from the facts, in his failure really to see the work of art about which he theorizes. Thus he describes Oriental painting as renouncing the appearances of the actual world, including perspective. That is as untrue as it is sweeping. The Chinese and Japanese painters are close students of natural forms, and their perspective of receding geometrical shapes is one out of the possible conventions, presupposing a distant point of vision. In every face, figure or drapery drawn by them there is, of course, perspective. Chiaroscuro they do renounce, and the result is an abstraction of line and colour-space from the total effect of Nature. But all painting and drawing is an abstraction in one direction or another, in one degree or another, from that infinite total. The Occidental mezzotinter suppresses line and colour in his abstraction of light and shade. Illusionism, pursued for its own sake, is the forbidden thing. But when this forbidden thing, the stupid reproduction of the visible world, turns up with a 'modern' label, Mr Read accepts it without a qualm. On plate 75 is a revival of the old-fashioned *trompe-l'œil*, with its texture and cast shadows, a very poor relation of those ancient pheasants against grained wood. There is no inadvertence here, for Mr Read, after enlarging on the modern 'departure from reproduction,' welcomes with equal hospitality two movements in the exactly opposite direction, which come with German and French names to disguise their banality. One is '*Die neue Sachlichkeit*,' the New Matter-of-factness. Of this return to 'grim realism' an example is given on plate 14, where in Max Beckmann's nude woman the breasts spring from below the waist.

The French school is that of the '*Surréalistes*,' the orthodox among whom proceed by a careful reproduction of objects. But this lifting of the taboo on 'Nature' is aimed at discrediting the 'boredom' of reality by bringing together incongruous objects in juxtapositions 'as beautiful as the unexpected meeting, on a dissecting table, of a sewing-machine and an umbrella.' Since this shock depends on the meaning of the objects, for Mr Read it is 'literary,' since, like other literary critics, he uses that word of visual meaning. Nor is there only meaning, but also, no doubt, a sad falling away from the 'purity' which even Mr. Fry has tacitly renounced.

Earlier in the canon of modernity are those loose sketches from

Nature, Matisse, Derain, and the still earlier Cézanne. Matisse is a painter with a considerable gift of colour who minimises tone. His own special plea for his art is cated, but that the parts of a picture should hang together is true of all painting. Mr. Read adds as a novelty those considerations of focus which I developed forty years ago and traced back to Reynolds. They have no special relevance to the failures of drawing in Matisse, which arise, not from 'integral vision,' but from misses in a hit-or-miss procedure.

A propos of a saying by Cézanne (who was by no means a cubist in practice), Mr. Read calls in, dangerously, the Socrates of Plato's *Philebus*. Plato, sacrificing any sensibility he may have had for painting, sculpture and music, threw overboard practically all of those arts, moved by a fanatical Greek mistrust of the *ἄπειρον*, the indefinite, and determination to have alone what lends itself to easy measurement. This leaves him only the most rudimentary lines and planes and curves, the baldest devices of the builder and carpenter. Cézanne, obviously, would go overboard with the rest, and most of the so-called 'Cubists' as well. Philebus, the obsequious disciple, swallows the monstrous prohibition without a gulp. What, of course, he ought to have replied is this: 'You forget, master, that you also are an artist, an artist in speech, and that there is not a noun, a verb, an adjective or adverb, you employ which is not indefinite, except those which convey a precise number or shape. All this you must renounce and limit yourself to statements like "Two and two are four." Then speech also will be pure and beautiful.'

Between the sketchers and the careful copyists comes the realm of Nonsense-design. Mr. Read is at a loss to find immediate ancestors for this development. He forgets the genial creator of the *Quangle-Wangle*, of *Fafiacia Superba*, and the rest of 'Nonsense Botany.' Curiously enough, he resents a parallel play with language, Lear's *Jabberwocky*, as applied by Mr. James Joyce. Does he also rule out Miss Gertrude Stein's translation of Picasso's stammer of forms into words? Nonsense-making is a harmless amusement; unfortunately it has given occasion for a huge literature of portentous solemnity by eloquent gas-bags. Mr. Read divides it into 'Abstract Art' and 'Subjective Idealism.' It is a confusion to use the word 'Abstract' to cover distortion and dismemberment, which are different things. Mr. Read nowhere comes to grips with actual procedures, like Picasso's ingenious methods of counter-changing, transparency and reduplication. Picasso is a variety artist, who has done turns in many kinds of sense and nonsense, so that he reappears among the 'Subjectives,' who attempt to create forms 'entirely divorced from representation,' and are credited with 'dredging the subconscious.' The results are few and disappointing, the treasure-trove running to objects like an old bone or a pebble. Plate 87 might stand as a symbol of this umbilical contemplation. An object something like a bed-pan with a couple of clay pellets on its margin is described as 'Two ideas and a navel.'

That way lies bankruptcy for painting and sculpture, and Mr. Read's final conclusion, but for its ambiguity, would be a bankruptcy of criticism. Baffled by contradictions of theory, he finds a common element of great painting only in the artist's 'handwriting.' The virtues of handwriting are beauty and legibility; the valid elements of great painting are beauty and significance; anything 'personal' outside of these is no more than a husk and an alloy.

ere is much more to be said. pace forbids and compels me eat too briefly the remaining s on my list.

r. Dodgson's Moderns are of a e normal type. Among about score drawings there is a fair nber good as drawings and resentative of their authors, but e net has been spread too wide r a severe anthology; the whole ction, for example, of the United tates might be omitted with little oss. Rothenstein, John, Cameron, Duncan Grant are among those who make a good show in the British section; Maurice Denis, Dignimont and Picasso in the French; the inclusion of the Gromaire and the scribbles of Marquet at Honfleur and Tangier is puzzling. Among the Germans, Liebermann, Kolbe and Schaefer may be mentioned; and of the Italians, Gino Ponti and Dazzi's *Lionesses*; animals, indeed, come off well throughout. The jumps from one scale and manner to another naturally do not favour comely book-making; the captions are another disturbance, and to mount coloured prints on black paper is a dreadful device of the art monthlies.

Mr Binyon takes graceful leave of his department in a compendious survey of British watercolours. Parts of the field he has previously covered; now he fills in the rest with due proportion and some fresh matter from recent research. Towne is one of those who have been dug up, but he hardly deserves pride of place in a frontispiece, none the better for its colour. Paul Sandby's *Milkmaid*, on the other hand, is at once unhackneyed and delightful. Of the others, Cotman reproduces best. Brabazon deserved better than a depreciatory reference, but his best things have been swamped by the marketing of his slighter notes. Tom Collier, Crawhall, and Mrs. Cheston are among the few omissions.

D. S. MACCOLL.

It is difficult to tell whether bibliographical publications either noticeably influence or accurately reflect current tendencies in book-collecting; and it is probable that the more scholarly they are, the less they can be said to do either. A really thorough bibliography is the result of work spread over many years of possibly changing fashions, and is usually the product of its author's devotion to his subject rather than its publisher's sense of any wide public demand. Mr. Michael Sadleir's *Trollope*, Mr. Greville Worthington's *Waverley Novels*, Mr. Geoffrey Keynes' *Donne* (second edition)—three of the most important bibliographies of the last five years—all coincided, it is true, with the culmination of an interest in these authors which had been spreading among collectors for a decade or so. they were all recognised as filling, to admiration, a definite want; but, although the first two at any rate were only printed in editions of 500 copies, none of them has yet gone out of print. This is a fortunate thing for anyone who wants to buy a copy, but it shows that, as with scholarly works in any other field, their value and importance are independent of any purely contemporary demand.

No bibliography proper of this calibre has appeared in England during the last year, and out of a considerable crop of bibliographical the only two books of any substance are both catalogues of author-collections. Mr. Wise's *Byron*,[1] though described as a bibliography, is in fact a detailed record of his unrivalled collection, and if we have to put up with his descriptions of slip-cases and bindings we get a number of interesting autograph letters thrown in for good measure. The two volumes contain a larger number of mistaken judgments than Mr. Wise's reputation might lead the reader to expect, but with some grains of salt handy he will find them an invaluable storehouse of information. Mr. Morris L. Parrish goes to the other extreme. In the handsome catalogue[2] of his magnificent collection of first editions and letters of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontës, he specifically disclaims any bibliographical function whatsoever; yet the completeness of the range and the care and fullness of the collations make his catalogue in effect the standard reference book for these authors. This may be a paragon to the owner of the copy of *Cranford* which the author gave to her husband, but it is highly satisfactory to his fellow collectors and students.

To descend to the lower ranges is to find some justification for posing our original question. There is a class of bibliographical publication which clearly aims at supplying the want of the moment, and perhaps directing the taste, as well as the footsteps, of the more docile collector; and while it is obvious that these *ad hoc* methods will seldom produce work of any permanent value, such books as a whole repay some study as straws showing which way the wind—what there is of it—is blowing. The only inference which can be drawn from them is that it is blowing much the same way as it was in 1925–1929; and this, to anyone familiar with the effect of Wall Street's October 1929 on the book-collecting world, is both strange and rather depressing. The most prominent features of collecting taste during the great boom period were two: 'high-spots' and 'modern firsts.' If a man were rich, he took no

[1] Privately printed. £4 10s. A supplementary volume is announced.

[2] *Victorian Lady Novelists*: Constable. 42s.

es, but went for the recognised hionable masterpieces of all s—the gilt-edged stocks. If ere less rich, he played the t, by plunging on Shaw or orthy or backing his fancy for coming man. To speak in of the stock market is not ggest that all collectors are ators; they are not, but at ime there were in the field, I s a good few of that repre- le breed, an unusually large er of novices, and these l to follow (and thus to) the current fashions—partly the herd instinct, partly se the booksellers were too buying Boswell's *Johnson* and to find *Lady Audley's Secret* e time to guide them into any e many pleasant and un- eyed paths which always the new collector

st of the minor bibliographica e year suggest—and the ex- ce of my friends in the book confirms the point—that those eatures are as prominent on at of to-day as they were g the alps of 1929. All the graphies and priced check lists ithors deal with moderns— ence, Barrie, Charles Morgan, Herbert, Coppard, O'Flaherty, G. Strong, John Collier, and dozen more; and, although ting moderns is as admirable y other form of the game, this se concentration is not quite ly. Moreover, the high pro- on of inferior work is not only graphically shocking—it will damage and disappointment llectors in its train.

igh-spot collecting also re- s strongly entrenched, though a good many of yesterday's *rara* are to-day's plugs, its asis is often different. It is which is better, more diffused e, five years ago, a man might at securing the Grolier Club's red Great Books, and Mr. A. wton was content to canonise A Hundred Good Novels. Mr. Andrew Block now prescribes, as *Key Books of British Authors 1600–1932*, over a thousand titles.


Much as I should enjoy drawing up my own list of a million masterpieces (which would be published under the title of *A High Rash*, and would probably sell in large numbers), I am far better pleased when I hear of a collector exploring some new alley or shaping a coherent group of books round some intelligent focal point, whether of subject, author, or publishing practice. The opuscula of the Tractarian movement or of the Darwinian controversy; nineteenth-century Annuals; minor part-issues; books illustrating the evolution of publishers' binding styles; 'yellow backs' and 'bloods'; the literature of gossip; second editions; seventeenth-century sermons; pamphlets dealing with the development of London's sewage system; first appearances of famous hymns; books printed on blue paper or in the Fiji Islands; early detective stories; or the complete output of George Augustus Sala—there are a thousand and one possibilities, more than enough to go round.

Whether originally inspired by a serious scholarly spirit or by that pure lunacy which makes a man collect something because nobody else either ever has, or is ever likely to want to, any collection planned and expanded on intelligent and enterprising lines is not only a source of pleasure and pride to its maker; it is also bringing more books, and different books, off the top shelf and restoring their self-respect. In any book-shop may be found shelves filled with what the bookseller would (in private) describe as 'junk'; but nearly every book there would fill a gap in some collection or other. There is no need to be even moderately rich to collect books. To be humble, and imaginative, and persevering, is enough.

JOHN CARTER.

INDEX OF BOOKS REVIEWED

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